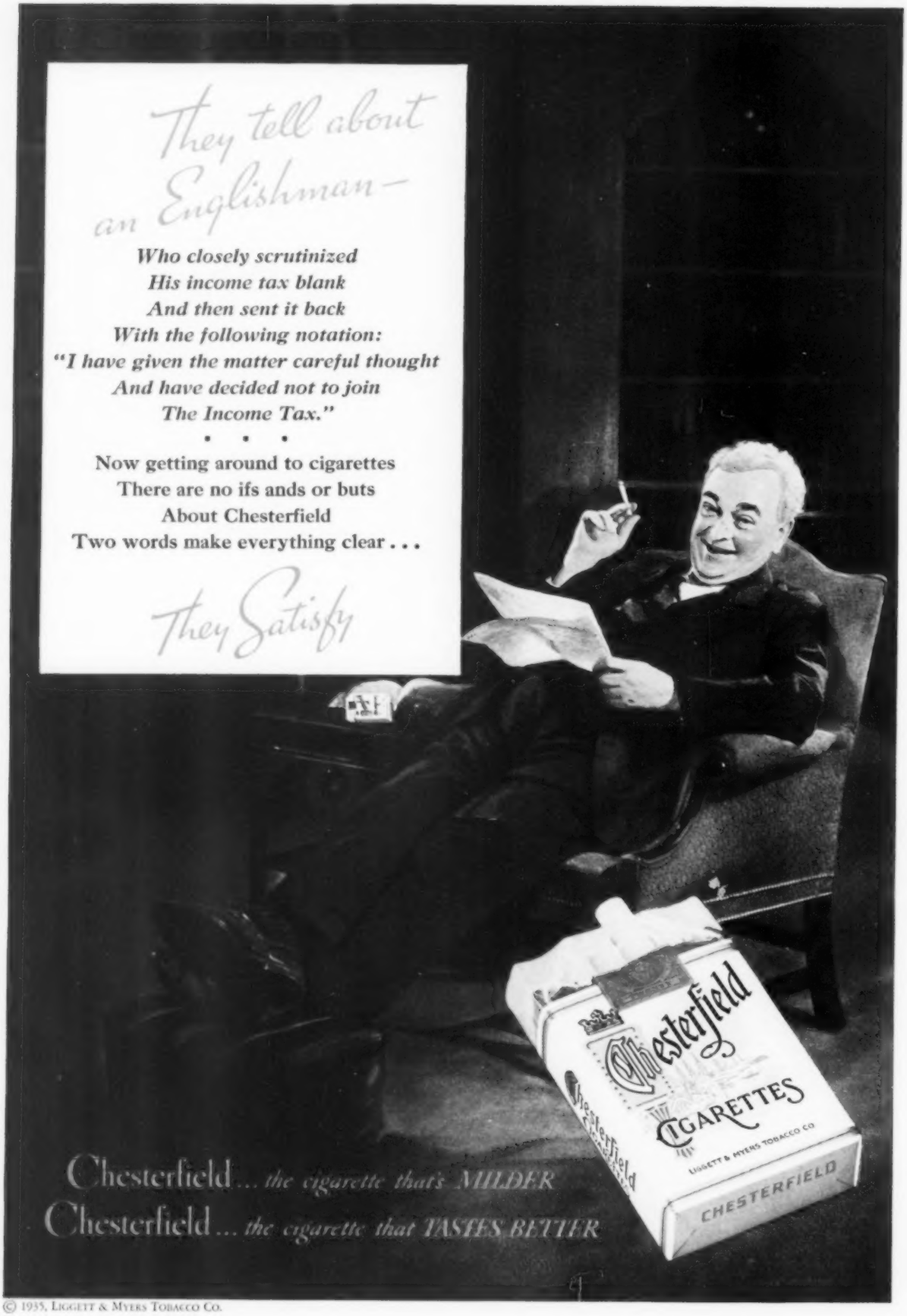
THE LEATHERNECK

October, 1935 Single Copy, 25c



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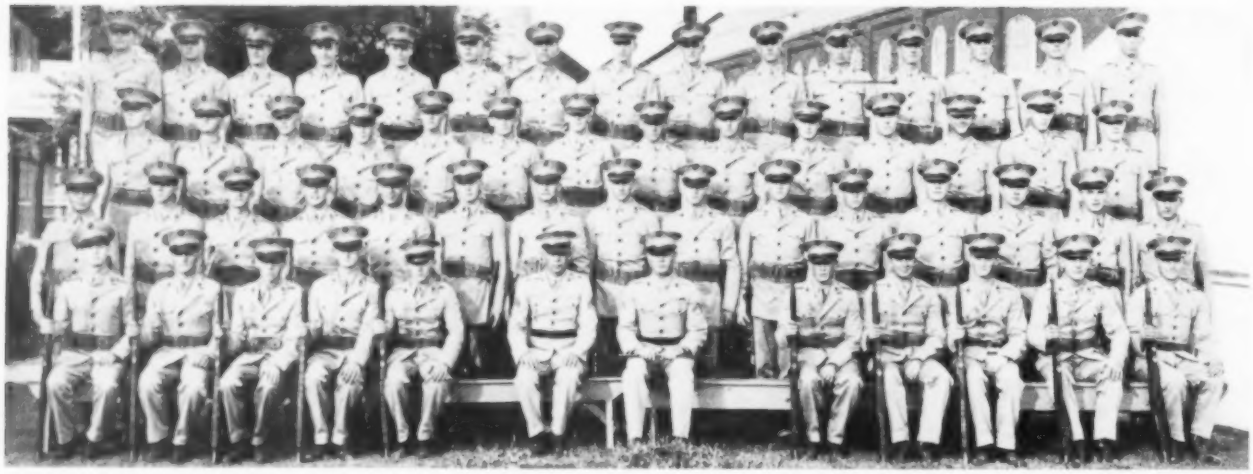
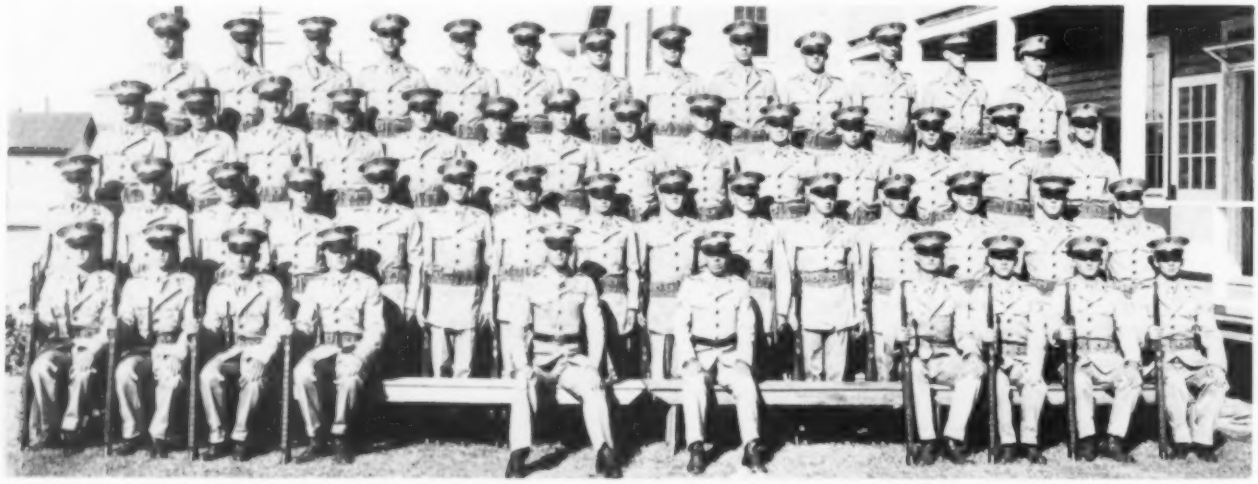
SGT. SHORTY
by TOM DOERER
??
?
SARGE IS THAT A CIGAR IN YOUR MOUTH— OR DO YOU JUST EXHALE SMOKE?
SIR?
WHO? ME?-SIR! WHY WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
SARGE, YOU'LL SWALLOW THAT CIGAR STUMP- HERE HAVE A FRESH SMOKE!
?
?
THANKS, LIEUTENANT -BUT I JUST BOUGHT THIS ONE!!
A MILE LONG
HELP!

WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



Platoon 13, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. Nagazina and Cpl. Nicholson



Platoon 14, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. Slusser and Cpl. Moore

14TH PLATOON, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Instructors: Sgt. Asa B. Hudson and Cpl. James S. Harris

Loyd J. Acre; Raymond C. Balch; Eugene E. Bourassa; Wilber D. Brown; Herbert J. Camden; Joseph R. Chalfin; Henry O. Christiansen; Ray J. Clark; Floyd W. Glover; William A. Cook; James E. Cowgill; Arthur P. Davis, Jr.; Gilson A. Tallentire; Martin J. Fauls; Allison G. Folson, Jr.; Eugene C. Frey; Fred P. Grondorf; Samuel B. Hagg; Russell D. Hall; Harold A. Harwood; William C. Heincke, Jr.; Warren W. Hillis; Percy B. Houston; Jack D. Howard; Earl B. Hunter; Laurence S. Johnson; Robert C. Lake; Fred Loos; Clark O. Lovett; Harold M. Lyon; Benjamin F. Marshall; Harold LeR. McKelvie; Lucio Mosciaro; Earle E. Parks; Stewart H. Patton, Jr.; Herbert D. Rush; Clyde R. Strauss; Glenn J. Taylor; Gail E. Tracy; William W. Walton; Melville R. Westenberg; Chester V. York; and Russell L. Young, Jr.

The LEATHERNECK

Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 10th of month preceding date of issue.

Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Robert H. Williams, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Gunnery Sergeant Frank H. Rentfrow, Corporal Charles S. Adams, Private Lewis E. Berry, Private Sidney D. Dowell, Private John W. Chapman. West Coast Representative, Sergeant D. S. Catchim.

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Cover Designed by Capt. E. A. Fellowes

It Couldn't Be Done

"IT can't be done; it is impossible. It's too ridiculous for intelligent people to think of. It is a crazy idea." These expressions of the so-called wise men were ringing in the ears of Christopher Columbus when he set sail in his little ship steering for an unknown sea.

It was said that airplanes could not possibly float in the air; it was impossible and couldn't be done! But today airplanes have flown around the world, over seas and continents, to the North and South Poles, and into the mysteries of the skies. They are now carrying man and commerce in many parts of the world.

When Marconi said that messages could be sent through the air, without wires, people said that he was crazy, that he should be locked up, that there was something the matter with his head, but today thousands and thousands of people are using this thing that "couldn't be done."

Our wonderful bridges, our subways, our elevated railways are things that "couldn't be done." With tubes under the river it was said that there could be no way of keeping the water out, it had such terrible pressure.

Professor Bell's friends told him when he was so poor that he had to borrow money, that they thought he had more sense than to waste his time trying to do something which couldn't be done, and now millions of people could not get along for a single week or even a day without the telephone.

Every day we use multitudes of these things that "couldn't be done." Thousands of people said that power couldn't be taken from the air for the lighting of houses. Now vast concerns in Germany are doing an important business with the nitrogen taken from the air and used as fertilizer.

Frank W. Woolworth conceived the idea of starting five-and-ten-cent stores. He was ridiculed by everybody. They said that supporting a store by selling five-and-ten-cent articles could never be done, that it never could be accomplished in a big city, and that people wouldn't go to a store for a ten-cent article. Yet, when Mr. Woolworth died he was worth many, many millions from his ten-cent savings, a wonderful example of doing the impossible.

Every day we ride on the things that couldn't be done. When Stevenson asked the House of Commons for permission to build a permanent railway they said that the thing was ridiculous, that it couldn't be done and even if it could be done it was dangerous to life to be hurled through the air at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Finally he was granted permission to be allowed to make the experiment but on condition that the train should never run more than fifteen miles an hour. People today are riding a mile a minute on this thing that was utterly inconceivable and sinfully sacrilegious.

After seventeen years of failure in trying to do the impossible, Cyrus W. Field laid his cable at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, and now tens of thousands of people are using this thing that "couldn't be done."

Nothing is impossible to the determined spirit, to the man who has one aim, one ambition, and who cannot be diverted or turned back from his purpose, however impossible its accomplishment may seem.—*Walla Walla.*

Education

THE word education is derived from a Latin word meaning "to lead out." Properly speaking, to educate a man is to lead him out and away from the narrow limits of thoughtless and unreasoning habit.

The word is often misunderstood and frequently misused. Education does not necessarily imply an acquaintance with several languages, a grasp of the mysteries of higher mathematics, a comprehension of the laws of science, nor a knowledge of the details of a profession. It may involve any or all of them, it generally includes at least one of them, but may mean none of them. Education in the strictest and best meaning of the word means simply the development, the leading forth, of the qualities or talents which lie within. The most backward individual possesses some talent along some line. It is the duty of every individual to search for his talent and to permit it to be led forth to be educated.

Why not awaken those inspirations within you which will force you to make your own opportunities? After all, those opportunities made by yourself are the ones most likely to be made the most of.

Come on, Marines, let the Marine Corps Institute aid you!

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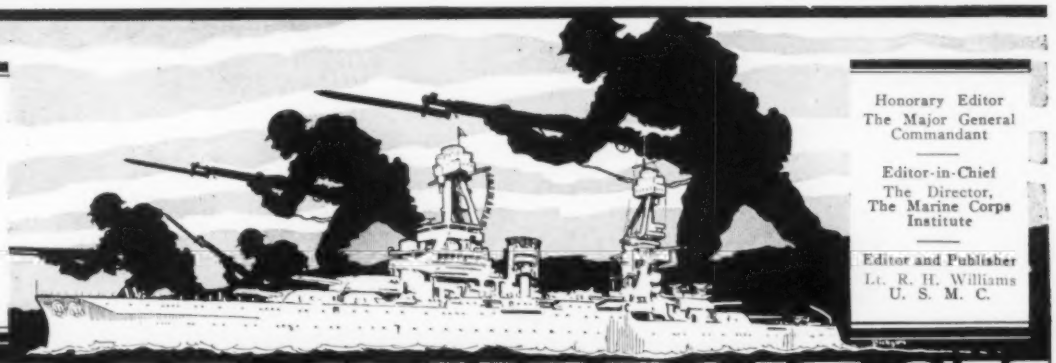
PUBLISHED
Once a month
by
The Marine Corps Institute

Address:
8th and Eye Sts.
Southeast
Washington, D. C.

Honorary Editor
The Major General Commandant

Editor-in-Chief
The Director, The Marine Corps Institute

Editor and Publisher
Lt. R. H. Williams
U. S. M. C.



THE LEATHERNECK

VOLUME 18 — WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 1935 — NUMBER 10

THE "JOLLIES" TAKE OVER

BY D. L. DICKSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. D. L. Dickson, whose artistic brush has evoked so many favorable comments for this publication, was visiting London, England, on August 24, when an event of historical importance occurred. For the first time in history, Royal Marines were detailed for duty at the palaces, replacing the Coldstream Guards. The relief was effected amid colorful ceremonies.* THE LEATHERNECK *is fortunate in having one of its staff witness this occasion, and we reproduce herewith his story and a few sketches he made during the ceremonies.*

"WE SENT for the Jollies—'Er Majesty's Jollies — Soldier an' sailor too!" So sang the immortal Kipling a few years back, and it has come to pass that the Jollies have been sent for to take over the duty of guarding the royal palaces, relieving the Coldstream Guards. It was a military spectacle unequaled since the World War, and it was our good fortune to be present on this memorable occasion.

A little after 10 a. m. on Saturday, August 24, the Royal Marines relieved the Coldstream Guards of "providing the public duties." In other words the Marines, for the first time in their 270 years of history, took over the Guard at Buckingham and St. James's Palace.

Since the King was not in residence at Buckingham Palace, where the ceremony is usually held, the world famous "Changing of the Guard" took place at St. James's Palace. Here, despite the heavy downpour of rain, stood a large crowd, patiently waiting to see the Marines write a new page in their long history.

The people were finally rewarded when with a blare of music from their band, the Marines stepped smartly down the street. Leading the column was the Marines' six-foot-two drum major who, as the courtyard was reached, tossed his twirling mace high in the air and caught it again. The Marine Guard halted, facing, but not opposite the Coldstreams. The Marines wore their picturesque white helmets, but owing to the rain, had covered their neat, dark blue uniforms with roll-collar, khaki overcoats. The splendor, too, of the Guards' scarlet and yellow tunics was hidden under long blue-gray overcoats buttoned to the neck. However, their enormous bearskin busbies were still very much in evidence.

Relieving the Sentries

Even though the Marines have a high tradition of smartness and discipline, such ceremonial duties require special training. So, for some weeks past, the Marines, drawn from Chatham, Portsmouth and Plymouth, have been carefully rehearsing the changing of the guard, instructed by a veteran Coldstream sergeant. And now, in spite of heavy, rain-soaked overcoats, the ceremony went on smartly.

(*Continued on page* 46)

THE COURT OF BARON MULROON

BY JOHN CULNAN

HJEALOUS weisenheimer would later quiz us at Cavite and find some depraved sort of joy in criticizing Skipper George for marching the company to Marigny by broad daylight in column of squads. Why? Nobody was killed on the way in there. We were due there and Skipper George got us there. Within four weeks he marched his command out of there, and while it retained its familiar designation its ranks included scores of unfamiliar faces, those of the replacements. This Bois de Belleau was that kind of woods.

On the way in, though, it was hard to realize that it was very likely hell we were all a'heading for. Shakespeare to one side, with his primrose paths and such, which Corporal Williams would sometimes quote, the fact was that, despite all our reading or any experience we may have had, we were still young in heart and we refused to believe that any great harm could lie ahead of us in the middle of a beautiful country, the calendar reading June, the rain clouds few and far between, the ration cart close at hand, all the brothers present and in the pink, and wine and romance just filling the air.

True enough, we had already fixed bayonets, but Joe Toulson put that gesture in its place by carrying aloft on his shining blade a stout round loaf of French bread and a roll of toilet paper.

That file of civilians we saw near Meaux a few days before, however, had given us a sharp jolt. As we rolled upon the scene in camions we stared at this strangest procession we'd ever seen—women and children mostly, and males represented only by the very young, the very old, and the crippled. The bodies of all of them drooped, and their faces carried the imprint of tragic despair, but it was the things they were trying to carry with them that struck through our field soldier sense of values and had us cursing or swallowing lumps, according to our respective styles. A few had carts and oxen, but mostly the poor souls were staggering afoot under great bundles of the simple home things that are so cheap to own but so expensive to buy anew.

Refugees. Gradually it dawned upon us that somebody must be mighty close at hand to have pried them loose that-a-way in the fourth summer of the war.

"Oh, yes," said Drummer Snair reflectively; "there was some talk of a German army."

We had been in training too long. In France eleven months and more, and to date only one casualty under battle conditions, he being good old Somers, wounded on patrol in our recent defensive sector. We had been drilled to a fare-ye-well, the way we had developed a growing hunch that in some respects practice conditions were tougher than the real thing. Yet, again—.

Toward noon on 3 June, 1918, the company angled to the right off the white, winding highway and prepared to bivouac in a broad and grassy trench closely bordering a sizeable copse. We had paused, several kilometers rearward, to stow our blanket rolls in great piles in a field, and had proceeded without them, having only our light packs, arms and ammunition. And dog-tags. A husky calf was mooing in the thicket nearby, and the galley force, as if already well versed in the gentle art of martial pillaging, butchered it expertly and served it to us in a noble slumgullion within three hours. There was talk of serious illness that would follow the eating of such overly fresh meat. It was unheeded. We loosened our belts, afterward, and lolled in the afternoon sun, enjoying the full stomach.

The patch of woods lay between us and the enemy. How close he was we were not told, and we concluded that we must be in reserve, for no drastic commands were forthcoming.

On the third afternoon a plane droned far aloft, and we thought little of it until a short while later a shell burst a few feet from our grassy trench, killing Frazier and Kellum, and nicking several others. We faded from the surface into the trench pronto, while Mulroon, the property sergeant, jabbed iodine into wounds the way he had done nothing else for years.

Old Man Death had suddenly made himself one of us.

His zeal in this self-appointed role was not in the least brutal, simply indomitable. Everything we knew about him was like that. The top had often spoken of him, back in the Norfolk barracks, before we ever saw him, Mulroon being at that interval on the Outside, after a rousing first enlistment.

THE day we declared war he was a conductor on a crosstown car, and a glimpse of the scareheads while rattling across Broadway was enough for him and his motorman, who was also ex-service. With a yell they abandoned their car at the end of the line and ran for the recruiting office. As for the receipts on hand, Mulroon would explain, they kept only what was fare.

He was a strapping Marine, the ideal physical man for the job. Good height, rangy enough to be unusually handy in a brawl, yet well-knit. His carriage was elegant in erectness and ease, and his face bold and determined, with a fine humorous eye.

Eye was singularly right, for during the months at Naix-aux-Forges, where we trained during the summer of '17, he fought over a girl and was poked, by the noncom who opposed him, with a fist bearing a studded ring, and he had to report to sick bay.

"Has the other fellow been here yet?" he asked the battalion doctor.

"Not yet, Mulroon."

"He'll be along," said Mulroon.

It was hospital for him, but the doctor, mindful of Mulroon's high standing in the outfit, listed him as injured "in line of duty," the way his pay would not be forfeited or his service record so inadvertently impaired.

There is yet to be enforced to the full a rule that would put aside all human regard.

At the hospital they found the bruised eye practically sightless, and were for shipping the patient home.

Not Mulroon. He escaped back to the company, and again the battalion doctor was for him, and Skipper George, too, and he was allowed to stay and was given the property sergeant's berth.

He laughed about the visible glaze over his right pupil, and undertook to learn sighting his Springfield by getting his left eye in line with the sights, still firing from the right shoulder, and he succeeded. But we noted that he put in additional time with his gat, as though he felt that would be his mainstay now. So we liked him more than ever, and no man was keeping our morale at its high plane more than Mulroon.

HERE we were near Marigny, and old man death had suddenly made himself one of us, and even upon losing our first two forever we felt that we knew him of old.

So on the afternoon of the 5th, while we chatted of the fond memories we had of Frazier and Kellum, the shadows began to stretch from the edge of the copse toward the southeast. Mulroon, who had been rereading a discolored letter, now tore it to bits and looked grimly about our small horizon.

"Bad news from home?" suggested Blalock, in his compassionate way.

"Home?" echoed Mulroon. "My home is right here."

"Nice little place you've got," Cygan observed. "How far does your property run?"

"From here right through into Germany," said Mulroon, and drew a laugh out of us. His musings must have stayed in that channel, for presently his eye settled upon a magnificent chateau to the right rear of our position and but a few hundred yards away. "As I live and breathe heavily," he exclaimed, "if that isn't me ould ancestral mansion!"

"We must be closer to the Boston barracks than I thought, then," replied Stahl, with a snort.

It occurred to us, suddenly, that the lordly folk of this manor, no less refugees than the long file we had met along the roadside, must have deserted it on short notice.

Skipper George was away at a regimental conference, and the lieutenant in charge gave Mulroon permission to take a few of us over to the pale sandstone abode of vast wealth.

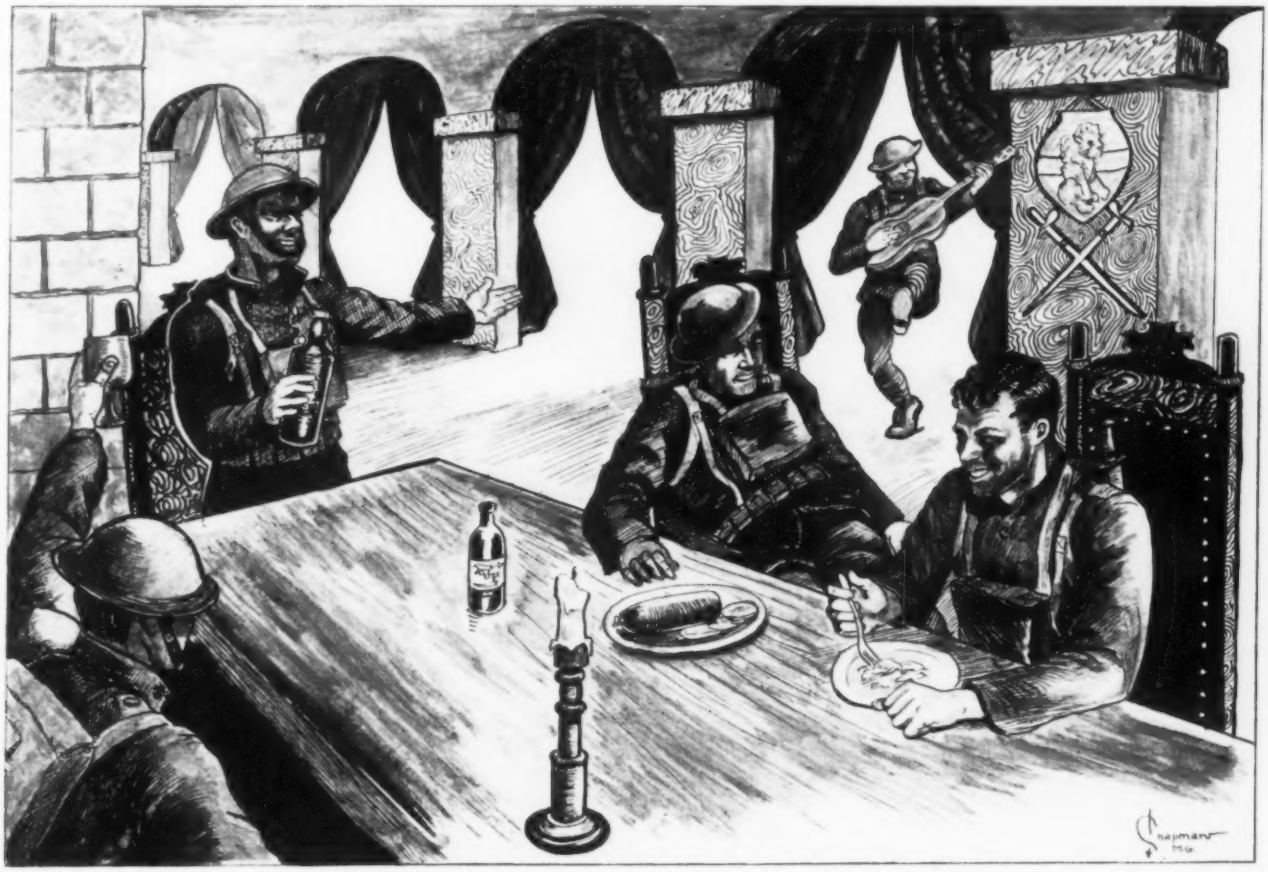
"But mind you, Sergeant," he warned, "keep someone looking this way every minute, and get back here on the double if we signal. You know this isn't any summer tour we're on."

"Aye aye, sir," replied Mulroon, and we stepped lively toward the chateau, keeping under cover of trees as much as possible.

We found that the shell of an Austrian 88, that weapon Fritz used so successfully in replying to communiques from the French 75, had burst full into the great bed of pansies in the dooryard.

Mulroon paused at the portal and surveyed the ruin of this tender beauty.

"They might have spared my flowers," he muttered. "Why, people from Paree used (*Continued on page* 46)



We found that Toulson had mustered a buffet lunch fit for a general staff

TO END ALL PUNS

The next time you drag and some misguided soul tries to inject a pun into the conversation at every opportunity, tell him this one, just for the good of the old Navy Line.

There were three lions lyin' in a line out in the jungle, papa lion, mama lion, and baby lion. Mama lion was rather peeved at papa lion because she thought that he was lyin' about where he had been the night before. Papa lion said that he had been to a meeting of the Lions' Club but mama lion didn't believe that old line. Mama lion said, "you're a beast, no respectable lion would keep his wife lyin' awake half the night and then come home lyin' with some line about the Lions' Club, you beast." Papa lion came back with, "sure I'm a beast, they call me the king of the beasts." At this point baby lion spoke his line: "Well, that beats all." The beast in mama lion now came to the fore and picking up a stick that was lyin' nearby she said, "I'll beast you." Baby lion said, "at's the old spirit mom hit that lion."

Just then a line of missionaries came along singing "Throw Out the Life Line" and all three lions lined out for the jungle. Gad it's been boring writing this.

—*USNA Log.*

A Navy observation balloon was blown far inland. As the gas bag floated along, nearer and nearer to the ground, the observer sighted a farmer driving through the desolate country. Shouted the lost balloonist: "Ahoy, there; where am I?" Replied the farmer: "Heh, heh, you can't fool me, by gum. Yer right up there in that little basket. . . . Giddap, Susie.

—*Shipmate.*

Lawyer—"Then your husband, I take it, is elderly?"

Client—"Elderly? Why, he's so old he gets winded playing chess."

—*The Humorist (London).*

Government Officer—"Are you married or single?"

Applicant—"Married."

Officer—"Where were you married?"

Applicant—"I don't know."

Officer—"You don't know where you were married?"

Applicant—"Oh, I thought you said 'why.'"—*Pathfinder.*

GROG RATIONS REVIVED

Two Chief Storekeepers (who had done pretty well for themselves) retired on twenty and went back to a small town in Arizona, where they bought a neat little saloon. The place was painted inside and out, being closed for the repairs.

After a few days some of the thirsty natives gathered outside the place, and one of them knocked at the door. A window above opened and one of the ex-gobs asked what they wanted.

"We want to know when you're going to open up," was the reply.

"Open up?" yelled the sailor, "Hell! We bought this place for ourselves."

—*Shipmate.*

He—"Where are all the nice girls this evening?"

She—"Out with the handsome men."

Private Feathersby upon arriving at his new post in the tropics decided to express his love to the girl friend back home by sending her a nice juicy pineapple. But due to the holiday rush the package got misplaced in the mails. When it finally arrived it was in a very decomposed state. The girl friend opened it and got one whiff. The next day Private Feathersby received the following cablegram—"Thanks for the skunk. It was sweet of you to send it."

—*Our Army.*

WIFEY SAVES THE DAY!

A disgruntled husband had grown sick and tired of paying his wife's fines for speeding, illegal parking, etc., etc. She had had several accidents that had cost him a pretty penny. She had done about everything that a woman driver can do to annoy her husband.

Hubby was at the end of his rope. He had argued, cajoled, begged that she be more careful. To no avail. She was forever getting into trouble.

One morning as he left his suburban house after breakfast, he was raging within at the thought of all the money that he'd wasted on her fines and damages. They'd just had a nice little war over the breakfast table, and he'd decided that it was useless to argue any longer. As he stepped out on the street, he made up his mind that it was best to resign himself to his lot.

Just then he heard the clang of a fire engine tearing down the street and, looking about, he saw smoke pouring from the window of a house across the street.

As the engine drew up near him, one of the firemen leaned down from his perch and shouted, "Hey, buddy, is there a hydrant near here?"

"I don't know," answered our hero quietly, "but you might let my wife drive you around a while and park."

Dentist: "Awfully sorry, miss, but I just tore off a piece of your gum."

Patient: "That's all right. Just stick it under the chair and I'll get it as I go out."—*Witt.*

Striker: "How'll I cook these sausages?"

Cook: "Fry 'em like fish."

Striker: (after ten minutes' work) "But there's not much left to them after they're cleaned out."—*Shipmate.*

Psychology Prof: "Give me a significant number."

Stude: "Dorchester 10083 and ask for Helen."—*The Sentinel.*

Mrs. Smith (showing portrait of herself in her mother's arms)—"This is how I looked twenty years ago."

Guest—"Wonderful! And who is the baby on your arm?"

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

GIVE HIM ROPE ENOUGH

A middle-aged but rich widow, who had a very disagreeable temper, complained to her son-in-law that she was annoyed by the attention of a certain man.

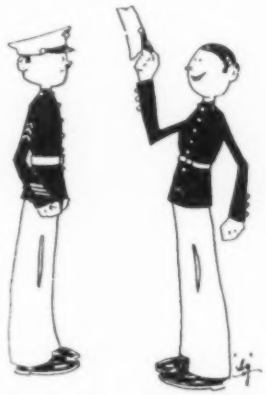
"How shall I get rid of him?" she asked.

"Marry him," replied the son-in-law.

"I'd see him hanged first."

"Just marry him, and it won't be long before he'll hang himself."

—*Modern Woodman.*



"Where d'ja get the black eye?"
"In the war."
"What war?"
"The boudoir."

An Alaskan gold rush veteran was telling how crowded a certain ship had been in the hectic days of '98. One day a would-be miner came to the captain and demanded a place to sleep.

"Why," asked the captain, "where have you been sleeping?"

"Well," replied the passenger, "I've been sleeping on a sick man, but he's getting better now, and won't stand for it."

—*Panther.*

Husband (after the theater)—"But, dear, what did you object to?"

Wife—"Why, the idea of you bellowing 'Author! Author!' at a Shakespearian drama!"—*The Christian Science Monitor.*

Lawyer—"You say you saw the man stabbed in the hay-field with a fork. What kind of a fork?"

Witness—"Well, did you ever see a tuning-fork or an oyster-fork in a hay-field?"

—*Grit.*

Registrar, to a Seaman Second applying for a marriage license: "The lady is not a minor, is she?"

Prospective Groom: "Oh, no; she works in a fish market."

—*Tennessee Tar.*

Ship's Barber: Was your tie red when you came in here?

His Victim: No, it wasn't.

Barber: Gosh, I must have cut your throat.

—*Shipmate.*

Stable Sergeant (to recruit): "Now let me remind you once again about walking up to a horse from behind. Always speak to the animal. First thing you know you'll get kicked on the head and we'll have a lame horse."

—*Our Army.*

THE DOUBT

The story is told of the Kentucky colonel who had an argument with the devil. The devil said that no one had a perfect memory. But the colonel maintained that there was an Indian on his plantation who never forgot anything. The colonel agreed to forfeit his soul to the devil if the Indian ever forgot anything.

The devil went up to the Indian and said: "Do you like eggs?" The Indian replied, "Yes." The devil went away.

Twenty years later the colonel died. The devil thought, "Aha, here's my chance." He came back to earth and presented himself before the Indian. Raising his hand he gave the tribal salutation, "How."

Quick as a wink the Indian replied, "Fried."

—*A. and N. Journal.*

Visitors from Quantico were being shown through the various schools of the Marine Corps Institute. "This," explained the guide, "is the Academic School."

"Fine," piped up one of the visitors. "Now would you mind taking us through the curriculum? They say you have a fine one here."

She: "I'm Colonel Fortune's daughter."
He: "Oh, yes; the well known Miss Fortune."

Two Scotchmen were watching a football game; one had a bottle, the other had only a thirst. The bottle man was talking very largely about his knowledge of the game and what a fine player he was himself.

During the conversation he helped himself very liberally to the contents of his bottle, whereupon the thirsty one said: "Weel, I notice ye're a fine dribbler, but ye're nae guid at passing."

—*Humorist (London).*

Customer—I want a pair of stockings for a medium sized leg.

Salesgirl—Flesh?

Customer—Certainly! Did you think it was wooden?

A tourist traveling through the Texas panhandle got into conversation with an old settler and his son at a filling station.

"Looks as though we might have rain," said the tourist.

"Well, I hope so," replied the native, "not so much for myself as for my boy here. I've seen it rain."

—*March Field CCC Courier.*

WRONG HUNCH

When Mr. Keedick reached home one evening he was confronted by a very angry wife. He had scarcely got inside the door and hung his hat on the hall-rack before she blurted out:

"You've got a new typist!"

"Why, yes," replied Keedick. "How by all that's wonderful did you find it out?"

"Oh, I am up to your goings on, I can tell you. You got your new typist yesterday."

"I did. Who told you?"

"Well, if you must know, it was Mrs. Gaskett. Her husband told her. You needn't think you can keep things from me."

"I have no desire to, dear."

"Don't 'dear' me! Your typist is only about 18 years old."

"As nearly as I can judge of ages, I should say that was about right."

"And has melting brown eyes," Mrs. Keedick went on, indignantly.

"Possibly; but I haven't noticed them doing any melting."

"Oh, no! Of course not. With a soft voice and charming manner."

"You are nearly right."

"Nearly right! I know I'm quite right!" exclaimed the jealous woman. "Now, I want you to tell me the name of the forward creature."

"You want the name of my typist?"

"Yes, I do."

"What for?"

"Never mind what for. I want your typist's name."

"It is John Henry Simpson."

—*Modern Woman.*

A Chicagoan, visiting Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, had occasion to call Appleton. Upon asking what the charge was, he was told fifty cents.

"Fifty cents. For that distance? Great Scott! In Chicago you can call up Hell for fifty cents."

"Possibly," coolly answered the operator, "it's in the city limits."

—*Walla Walla.*

Sergeant: "What have we got for breakfast this morning; I s'pose it's the same old thing—ham'n eggs?"
Cook: "No, it ain't ham an' eggs this morning."
Sergeant: "What is it?"
Cook: "Ham."

VIRGINIA

By Grantland Rice

The glory that was Greece—
  The grandeur that was Rome—
Oh, Babylon and Ninevah
  Of golden spire and dome—
Yes, Attila and Genghis Khan
  And all that ancient host—
I wonder if Virginia, too,
  Is looking at a ghost?

Once Persia ruled the world,
  And Spain was near the top—
But one by one from off time's bough
  The reeling nations drop;
Is Hannibal around today?
  Is Caesar at his post?
I wonder if Virginia, too,
  Is looking at a ghost?

The Grecian phalanx broke
  Where battle flags were furled;
And Tamerlane no longer casts
  His shadow down the world;
They stand against the sky—
  Then break beneath the load—
I wonder if Virginia, too,
  Sees phantoms down the road?

A SALUTE TO THE DOUGHBOY

By L. H. Brown

All is silent on the battle-ground;
The cannons' echoes will no more resound.
The shouts of heroes fighting with the foe,
The cursed cry of wounded men in woe,
The rumble of guns, clash of swords,
And echoes of hate-ridden words
Are still, and silence reigns.

No more will hero's efforts prove
For fatherland, the hero's love.
No more will gallant soldiers' strife
Make safe the world for child and wife.
No more will those brave men parade
Or fight for shell-scarred barricade,
For they're the army of the dead.

No more to thrill at maidens smile,
Or dream of sweetheart all the while.
Some are happy, others sad.
Some are good men; others bad.
But for a common cause they fall,
And listen to the last roll-call
Through silence of the grave.

Can wars succeed in making free
The men who fight for liberty?
Of what avail the battle-cry
When fathers, sons, and husbands die?
To mourning kin, of what real worth
Are medals, when the mother earth
Holds fast the gallant hero's corpse?

A CANNON SPEAKS

By Clinton Scollard

Mine is no mighty conquest blare
  No red, revengeful fire;
Not mine to fright God's quiet air
  With peals of unrelenting ire.

Rather I sound the death and doom
  Of the old tyrannies of earth;
And destine to the dreamless tomb
  The cruel wrongs of ancient birth.

And while my voice is that of war,
  When its loud echoings shall cease
For conquered and for conqueror
  Shall dawn a far serener peace.

BALLADE OF THE MARCHING SEA

By Julie Polousky

The crested army of the sea
Comes marching, marching up the shore;
That muffled tread of infantry
Will sound its threat forever more,
From Newfoundland to Singapore.
And through the long and weary night,
The stars have watched from Heaven's door
To see "Squads left and column right!"

The crested army of the sea
Comes pounding, pounding up the shore;
The restless, valiant cavalry
Whose plunging chargers swiftly tore
Along the rocky beach of yore,
With flying manes of snowy white,
A score, and then another score
Appear, then gallop out of sight.

The crested army of the sea
Comes crashing, crashing up the shore;
The rumbling, dread artillery
With ominous and hollow roar,
Together with the wild wind swore
Eternal unity to fight;
And broken shells are hurled before
The fury of their blended might.

ENVOY

The army thunders up the shore—
What enemy can be in flight,
That, rank on rank, forever more
It marches onward, day and night?

OH, MOURN HIM NOT!

By Dorothy Doane

Oh, mourn him not! You with your earthling's mind
Can have no concept of him, or his kind.
He loved the cold, clean air in which he flew
With deeper passion than you ever knew.
He lived apart from stolid, earthly things,
Roaming the boundless air-ways borne on wings
That caught the golden glitter of the sun,
And when at last his plotted course was run
He asked no better journey's end of Fate
Than death in glorious flight—come soon, or late.

ULTIMA RATIO REGUM

By Hair-Trigger Hop

The drums of the West are throbbing,
  The Eastern trumpets blare;
And North and South the sons of Mars
  Keep watch for the scarlet flare.

Grim tocsins peal wild warning notes,
  Alarm guns shred the night;
And East and West the loins of Youth
  Are girded for the fight.

The bloody spear, Rome's ancient gage,
  From Bellona's throne is hurled;
And the splintering crash of the fatal shaft
  Is echoed around the world.

Forgotten hates of Albion,
  And smouldering flames of Gaul,
Cast a mantle to smother the earth
  In a black and grisly pall.

The pibrochs pipe, the war-drums roll,
  The spear-heads flow and sweep;
But the mothers of men, who know the cost,
  Bow down their heads and weep.

TO AN OLD JOKE

By Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

Reminder of the dim, forgotten past,
'Twere fitter far your old age to respect;
A chance to rest, a peaceful grave at last,
  Were you but half the age you should expect.

Long years have passed away since first we met;
  And though you've often reappeared since then,
The antiquarian's appetite to whet,
  I've thought—I've hoped you'd bore us ne'er again.

Were you a horse a way they'd surely find
  Out of your misery to put you quickly;
With, jokes it seems they cannot be so kind,
  However old they are, infirm and sickly.

Yet don't despair; for know, 'tis my intention
  To start a new society or two
The aim of which will be for the Prevention
  Of Cruelty to Antique Jokes like you!

ADROSPECTION

By Philo Sopher

I usually take a magazine and start in at the back—
  And read the advertisements, one by one
Forgetting for a moment, that I haven't any jack—
  Just let my errant mind go wandering on.

In fancy, I am sitting in a costly limousine;
  Or lounging in a comfy easy chair;
Or listening to the latest style of radio machine;
  Or robbing foods from out a frigidaire.

I turn each page expectantly, and quickly glance to see—
  If something new is advertised therein.
Or what the pretty girl in scanty lingerie
  Is displaying to attract the eyes of men!

Each ad holds my attention, as I read it through and through—
  Be the ad for socks or soap or cigarettes.
I scan them every one, until the last comes into view.
  Then—I close the book with many fond regrets.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

TUMBLING RIVER RANGE. By W. C. Tuttle (Houghton, Mifflin). A murder-western thriller. Joe Rich, sheriff of Pinacle City, drunk on his wedding night, is accused of murdering his intended father-in-law, train robbery, and a bank hold-up. Things move rapidly, with Hashknife and Sleepy acting as sleuths. $2.00

BLAZE McGEE. By Jay Lucas (Macaulay). When young McGee saw his daddy shot down in cold blood, and was himself wounded by the assassins, he swore a mighty oath that the murderers should never escape him. But he had not counted on love standing in way of his vengeance. $2.00

MODERN SHOTGUN SHOOTING. By Lawrence B. Smith (Scribner's). A volume of interest to all shooters and sportsmen. A complete handbook on the care and use of the shotgun. $2.50

PATHS OF GLORY. By Humphrey Cobb (Viking). A dramatic story of an incident in the World War. A decimated unit of the French Army fails to take an objective. So the commander decides that a firing squad will improve their courage. $2.50

G MAN. By Charles Francis Coe (Lippincott). Mr. Coe, one of our foremost exponents of the gangster story, gives us a splendid yarn of the clash between mobsters and the Federal law. $2.00

QUICK TRIGGERS. By Eugene Cunningham (Houghton, Mifflin). Clay Borden, as acting sheriff, decides that cattle wars and lawless characters upset the peace and quiet. Plenty of blood is spilled before he gains his end. $2.00

CORNISH OF SCOTLAND YARD. By G. W. Cornish (Macmillan). Two score years at Scotland Yard, written by a former superintendent. An interesting collection of actual crime cases that confronted the famous organization. $2.50

BLOW, DESERT WINDS! By William Corcoran (Appleton-Century). An escaped lifer becomes involved in a range war, and endangers his freedom by remaining to aid a widow and her daughter. $2.00

SOUTHEAST OF ZAMBOANGA. By Vic Hurley (Dutton). A young American tries his hand on a coconut plantation in the Philippine jungles. His roseate dreams turn into nightmares. $3.00

ROAD TO WAR. By Walter Millis (Houghton, Mifflin). The story of our pre-war days, detailing the manner in which we became involved in the great struggle. $3.00

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE MARNE (Longmans, Green). An impartial study of attack and defense in the great battle of the Marne. $3.75

LOOSE AMONG THE DEVILS. By Gordon Sinclair (Farrar and Rinehart). An adventure-travel book, visiting Devil's Island, Haiti and Africa. $2.50

THE TAVERN ROGUE. By Robert Gordon Anderson (Farrar and Rinehart). A swashbuckling, two-fisted novel of the Elizabethan period. Plenty action and suspense. $2.50

ALL'S FAIR. By Captain Henry Landau (Putnam). The operations of counter-espionage and of actual systems employed during the war. The author was chief intelligence officer in Holland for the British. $3.00

BOOKS—*Passing in Review*

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

WESTERN BLACKMAIL

HELL'S STAMPING GROUND. By Westmoreland Gray (Lippincott). $2.00

Johnny Malone and Rawhide, a couple of rambling punchers, ride back to the Bar 5, where, years before, they had worked for Sandy and Ma Carter. Not far from the ranch house they discover something significant in the range country; a thin, "veil-like trail of smoke" ascending from beyond a brush.

"Looks like a branding fire," said Johnny.

They reach the old ranch to find two things distinctively different: Sally Bolin, Carter's niece, whom Johnny knew, was visiting; and the Carter welcome was somewhat strained and lacking in warmth.

Only a few of the old punchers still remain, and there is a tense, unusual atmosphere hanging heavy. Drago, the new foreman, tells the two visitors that he is running the outfit to suit himself. Not only is he not hiring any riders, but he thought Johnny and Rawhide had better clear out.

Knowing something to be wrong, and unconvinced by Carter's protestation that everything was all right, Johnny looks about. He openly accuses Drago of rustling cattle. Carter's face whitens: "Johnny, you were mistaken. You didn't see these men stealing cattle. And whatever Drago says goes on the Bar 5."

Johnny and Rawhide leave, but they plan to be close by, knowing Drago has a hold of some sort on the old cattleman. The two are riding along the trail when they are suddenly covered by four guns. Their own weapons are taken, and Johnny and Rawhide are beaten unmercifully.

Refusing to leave the vicinity, the two punchers scout about for evidence to confirm their suspicions. Plenty of it is found. But the opposition is not inactive. Rawhide is jailed on a murder charge.

Drago extends his sinister hold over Carter and makes advances toward Sally. Hoping to find out what is behind the whole affair, Sally promises to go away with him; but Johnny has her kidnapped.

There is plenty of action and suspense, and there are gun fights and fist fights before the foreman's hold is broken.

ROMANCE AND REVOLUTION

THE HOUSE OF TRUJILLO. By Anne Cameron (Appleton-Century). $2.00

The Industrial empire of Bronson Weir had collapsed. Hoping to deflect scandal, and to avoid possible indictment, he takes his daughter Ruth on a trip to South America, traveling incognito. Alert reporters uncover the identity, but Weir maintains he is simply going away for a month's vacation.

Aboard the *Santa Ynez* Ruth meets one Señor Trujillo-Rojas, an expatriated Parazuelan, born of the ruling stock, but now exiled because of his revolutionary ideas. He still plans to return one day as president of his country. Ruth spends much time in Trujillo's company.

At Havana Bronson Weir learns that he is to be arrested as soon as he reaches Rio. He intends to kill himself but Ruth interrupts the suicide. She confides in Trujillo, who tells her of an isolated hideout which he once used. Together they plan, and at Colon effect the escape of Bronson Weir.

Romance and gratitude induce Ruth to accept Trujillo's offer of marriage. As mistress of the House of Trujillo, Ruth becomes involved in the deep, mysterious intrigues as plotters gather to plan the revolt.

The American government is financially interested in the welfare of the Latin Republic. Mark Flint has been sent down from the United States as Financial Adviser. It is he whom the revolutionists blame for all the difficulties they encounter. Loans are not forthcoming and the finances of the revolutionary party are being wasted through leaks.

Ruth volunteers to go to Parazuela, and pretends to be an American journalist to gather such information as she can to aid her husband. After some discussion he finally permits her to do so.

At the capital she discovers that the party in power have information of every move Trujillo makes. She endeavors to uncover the informer. Then she meets Mark Flint and finds him not at all like she thought. They fall in love.

The revolution crashes about their ears, and Ruth finds the war in her heart as cruel as the war for the throne.

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MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE NEWS

THE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

THE School of Engineering of the Marine Corps Institute deals with practical and technical courses designed and written for those students that are interested in broadening or refreshing their knowledge of engineering subjects. These courses consist of Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, and Architectural Engineering. In this division is also found Radio, Telephony, Plumbing and Machine Shop. The latest course to be added deals with a modern idea in Heating and Ventilation. This course is called Air Conditioning and deals with a field of work that has very few thorough trained men in it. The course is very complete and up-to-the-minute data is given.

RADIO

The Radio Courses cover all modern radio subjects. There are four up-to-date courses covering Radio Operating, Practical Radio Servicing, Sound Technician's and Radio for Aviators. The field of radio covers a wide range and is becoming broader every day. Scarcely a week passes that some new improvement is not added. Due to the speed with which radio is moving, all business men require their radio men to be able to handle the latest machines and equipment in the radio field. In the manufacture of radio transmitting and receiving equipment, expert help is required to design, develop, assemble, test, and inspect the parts and complete units. Radio salesmen are selected because they possess a technical knowledge plus their sales ability. Commercial radio telegraph companies, Broadcasting Companies, etc., require radio engineers, supervisors, testers, operators, and maintenance men. Preparation for one of these jobs may be made by studying a correspondence course. All the Marine Corps Institute radio courses are especially adapted for home and part time study. The radio courses cover Codes and Code Practice, Tubes, Antennas, Amplifiers, Transmitters, Microphones, Short and Long-wave Receivers, Automobile Radio, Public Address Systems, Sound Picture Work, and Police and Aviation Radio Transmission. The Radio courses are so designed that the beginner starts with the fundamentals and is carried through to the advance stages by texts that cover each point thoroughly. We believe that no field of endeavor offers as many possibilities for the student as does the field of Radio.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

The Marine Corps Institute offers to Marines eight courses in Electrical Engineering that are complete up to our present day. These courses are designed so that they are easily understood without the presence of an instructor. They deal with all phases of electrical application from simple home installations as door bells to power house work. By careful thoughtful study, a person can very clearly understand the theory and application of electricity.

The electrical engineering courses cover the modern field in the realm of electricity. There are sub-courses for the person who wishes to specialize in one certain branch of electric application as, electric wiring, electric lighting, and other practical electrical work.

The value of an electrical course cannot be over-estimated because it is a well-known fact that there is a constant demand for skilled workers in the electrical field. This skill is acquired either through long costly experience or by the study of some good practical corresponence course. The Marine Corps Institute is able to bring this kind of a course directly to you without any financial obligation on your part. There is no plausible reason why every Marine that is electrically inclined cannot prepare himself for a future in the electrical world.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

Civil Engineering is just what the name suggests. Civil, meaning the affairs of a city or nation, and Engineering, the science and art of designing and constructing Public Works. So by combining the two we have a man who with his technical knowledge can design and construct the public works for the city and nation.

The wheels of progress are kept in motion by engineering. There is always a need in this field for well trained men with the ability to apply their training to practical purposes. Practically everything you see in the nation had its beginning in the mind of some engineer, either mechanical or civil. The great highways, railroads, canals, dams, power-plants, high-tension lines, harbors, and buildings were all planned, and built by some engineer.

The Civil Engineering course of the Marine Corps Institute covers all branches in the field of civil engineering. This course is divided into several sections. Each section covers some specific part of civil engineering, as drawing, physics, road building, bridge design, sanitation, and dam building. The main part of civil engineering is the surveying and mapping. There is a short course covering just these two branches.

(*Continued on page* 48)

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE PERSONALITIES

Gunnery Sergeant John J. Rausch, Principal, School of Engineering.

Throughout the Marine Corps are many men who, prior to their enlistment in the Corps, did not have an opportunity to get the type of education they preferred. A large portion of public high schools offer only an academic education, and do not include in their curriculum the technical training so necessary to success in a highly specialized field of employment today. Most of the brilliant successes in our industrial world today owe that same success to the fact that they were able to follow a boyhood hobby up with a technical education in the same field.

If you are one of those to whom higher academic education appeals but little, whereas a technical education is intensely interesting, the Marine Corps Institute opens to you the opportunity to gratify your desires. The specialized training offered you by the Institute free of charge is training that others must pay heavily for in order to realize the profit in dollars and cents that the world pays as tribute to their knowledge.

Where others must pay in both money and time, you are asked only to allot to your future a regular daily study period. Successful completion of a correspondence course means work, of course. You are buying it on the installment plan, your payments being study periods. Pay these installments regularly, and make a worth-while contribution to your future, and to the Marine Corps as "The best educated military service in the World."

Detachments

THE LOST DETACHMENT

By The Shadow

Hidden away among 640 Naval Recruits at the Naval Training Station at Newport, R. I., is a small detachment of twenty Marines who are carrying the Marine Corps spirit.

The detachment numbered twenty-seven men, but without warning they were transfered to different posts. The missing are listed:—

Privates Humes, Kendrick, Pohlig, Ryan, Newcomer, Fulton, Knat.

We wish the boys all the luck in the world on their cruise wherever they go. After the boys left three new faces appeared among us. After a close inspection we found they were Privates Adams, Jacobs and Rosenberger from the Naval Torpedo Station across the bay. We welcome these new men and trust they will enjoy their stay.

Our society club contains the following gents:—

Private First Class Rudolph, Privates Harmon, Jim Norfolk and Ecker. The boys seem to be making it all O. K. "Fire Chief" Elmer is now the Admiral's chauffeur and one may see him dashing here and there with the official car.

"Foreign News"

"Ambush" Johnson from Florida wonders if he will have a home to go to when he goes on leave. These storms, "Ambush" says, are very tricky, and sure can fool one who has never been in one before.

Pvt. "Rebel" Kendrick, "Ambush's" brother Floridian, was among the transferred. "Ambush" truly misses "Rebel." They came through the "Boot Camp" together.

Well, fellows, time is up—carry on.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Charles S. Adams, Jr.

I am guest-columning for Berry this month while he is *not* on vacation. Just hope that this fantasy, which this will be if I stick to the subject, does not end up in a fanfaronade. That last word choked me. I just happened to run across it and if your vocabulary is no larger than mine it means: "blustering talk or swagger." See the green back MCI dieshunary, page 254 right hand column eighth word from the bottom. (Note: Patton, Thompson, et al No. 5.)

Coming in early one morning, meaning not so long after high midnite, I take a notion to traipse about through the bks. and observe, unofficially, a few things that you can't see other hours. Do you wonder how you look when you sleep? If I don't get you in this and you'd like to know I'll be glad to stay up later than you do some evening (night) and make notes, all in the dark.

You've probably read the Mother Goose yarn about the crooked man that lived in a crooked house and walked a crooked lane. It didn't mention the fact but we'll suppose he slept in a crooked bed. If Louie Rodier (Cpl.) could obtain that heirloom I dare say that he'd be much more comfortable. And I was fortunate in catching Airdrome Hanger in his bed—Oddity dept. note pls.—which gave me the impression that the wall locker overhead might well be the Old Apple Tree. Ser pity that his couch is not so located that the brilliance of the moon could array him in silver splendor. Up above I find the Goodyear Blimp in bed. Had always imagined that they locked it up out at Hoover Airport. No, there it was, all motors roaring—you seemed to be enjoying it HWH. Piscacek, which I spelt (ouch) correkly the fust time, and Ward should be taught that it is not in the Manual that you have to sleep on the edge of the bunk. If you both want to be Scottish about it why not make your bunk down on one side only. The QM would only have to survey your linen once every two weeks.

First Sergeant J. J. Jordan

Stumbling back through the Inds. sq. room I notice Carl Wiggins emulating the Nawth Wind, with sound effects fit for NBC, and Kniley, Flanik and Bill Astelford soapboxing it for no apparent reason other than to scare away the deathly silence that would have otherwise prevailed. Their subjects, likewise their diction, were unintelligible. I've said that people are such oddities when they entrust themselves to Morpheus.

Taylor was sparring with someone—maybe it was shadow boxing or just nervousness. Anyway it was amusing. A short jab to the chin followed by a right cross to the side of the head. If you ever find yourself rudely awakened by a poke in the eye I suggest you write yourself a letter explaining how it happened. That old reliable one about a door is passing out. The fan did make it cool there so I tarried for a spell and allowed myself to chuckle in silence. (Pls. don't embarrass me and ask me how I managed to get down and then up out of the f. room).

Non-com row gave me an idea of what I was to run into two sq. rooms ahead. All doors were fast so, not being a transomite, I can't give you any low-down on those inhabitants of our merry domicile. But when I hit the "home-town"—Fohner: A paralytic just after his second stroke. He must be a contorshunist. His nex' do' neighbor J. Farwell Bryan reminds you of a babe just after that which it shouldn't have. Hodgdon: The Lincoln Memorial in a prone position together with the calm serenity of the elite suburban districts. Spivey: A body embalmed. "Half of two thousand pounds," I don't think, need be like an ostrich. He might like to know that the head goes on top of the pillow.

Having once visited Bethlehem Steel Works, I can appreciate what it is to sleep in the S. D. Sq. room, up on the third tier. Ke(a)rns, whose similarity to a movie star is lost whilst he slumbers, reminds you of Midnight (the feline of past days) at noon just after a hearty meal. Which brings up the question of where is Midnight—has she left this for other places, and in so doing willed her privileges to that grey, paw shaking feline? But to get back to the question and study of sleeping people. In Kroneberg, Pfc. Robert, whose pastime of the daytime is skillfully wielding a paintbrush, we have a contrast between a sleeping lion and a victim of the St. Vitus dance. Robt. is not the sleeping lion! Joe Limerick whispers sweet nothings to . . . ! No, Joe, I didn't eavesdrop, 'n fac' I didn't even linger long enough to catch the name. Benton and Cox sleep like any two other civilized American Citizens—no sound effects—just the slow and steady rhythm of breathing, not unlike the wind creeping through the wooded hillside. Sweetly.

Gentlemen, I ask you to follow in my

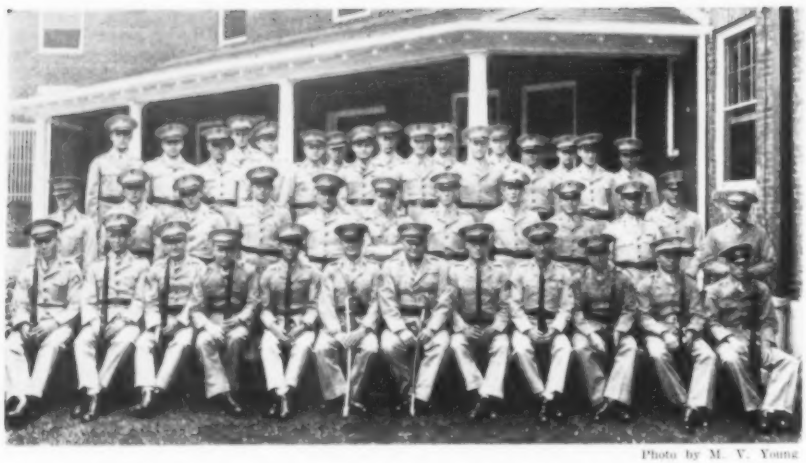


Photo by M. V. Young

Marine Detachment, Iona Island. Capt. H. W. Bacon, commanding

footsteps, to witness that which I did when I entered the Bks. Det. and FM. Sq. room. Stoical Cpl. Burns is still the same in his sleep—Keithley does an about face every fifteen seconds—Gearhart asks himself a question without wanting it to be answered—Stanczak puts his knees in his abdomen, clinches the pillow and clings on for dear life. Warfield practices the side-straddle-hop—getting ready for the early a. m. exercises, E. M.? And on back to find Whidby, whose elongated frame is also bent in the middle to fit, sleeping like you see Tom Sawyer under the spreading Elm down by the river.

No, I haven't forgotten them—Murphy takes it easy—Wydick is still master of all that he sees—even in his sleep. Rucchio is just passing time until the Sun begins another journey across us. Hiltbrand sleeps on one side with his fingers crossed, legs scissors-like. Looks peaceful enough but the crossed fingers—beyond me. A squad going over the top—the top of what I don't know — Palmer — Rector — Pace and Mosher. At timed intervals each would emit some weird sound. Brahin acted as M.C. and seemed to grunt in between each of these strange noises. It could be that he had eaten so much for dinner that sounds were not forthcoming. Dunkley reminded me of the masterpiece, Age of Innocence, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. (What a time I had finding it.) From then on I had a difficult time getting the names as blankets were turned wrong. Upstairs Sampley groaned, possibly because of his having to arise so early these mornings. Others didn't use blankets, anyhow this can't go on forever . . . nothing does.

Some will remember him as he *did* a few weeks here, others from other places. Addison McClain "went home" on 22 Aug. with a GC medal. And doesn't this place seem to have lost a bit of its landmarkishness since MT.Sgt. Fred Milam left? After twenty long and faithful years with the Corps he decided to try his luck with the majority lot. The ceremony of August 30 was most impressive. The Corps was the loser. The Band's being away left a chasmical opening—the Monday evening concert—the familiar numbers at parades and reviews. Like tried and true friends—never quite appreciated until gone. The return of such a familiar character as Bob Rawlings is quite heartening. Confidentially, he says the ninety was too long. Clair Shisler's return from a like vacation fills a gap. Good to be back in harness they tell me. Seems to me I once before wandered off on the story of vacations, but I can't call McPike's anything short of a Cook's Roman Holiday Tour. Where he didn't go is a puzzle to even him. Roy Long comes roaming in from Georgia with some weird tales—it must still be the same old Georgia that Sir James Ogelthorpe started way back when. Hon. Piercy (M. P.) is known to have he-heired while down in Tenn. Long says he sent a present and has written several notes without a peep out o' him. Attributes it to the night duty he must be having. And those tours of duty are more often than not over four hours. We shall be expertly advised upon the return. Captain Ridgely is reported to have enjoyed his sojourn at Rehoboth Beach, Del., on Chesapeake Bay.

Lt. Col. Thomas S. Clark is a most welcome member of our Post official personnel. We trust that his tour of duty as CO will be a pleasant one.

Murads would have been the order of the moment several Monday nights back. Two musicians from the band had been stationed under the arcade to sound their trumpets in a prelude to a rendition by the band. About midway their performance, Cpl. Riggs dashes up and informs them in no uncertain tones that they would be brigged if they persisted in interrupting the concert like that. The darkness prohibited recognition until too late.

Memo to MCM: A squad noted at drill not long ago consisted of five sergeants and three privates. Lo, the po' corporal was not present.

The Marine Corps has been found to have two G-Men. V. E. Howard and Sgt. A. W. Kessler of Hdqrs. Both won $5 in the *Washington Times* G-Man contest. Which means that you'd better watch where you leave your fingerprints!

He broke into local newspaper print as Robert J. Mogee, but it hasn't bothered him to the extent of foregoing his vacation, during which time he will act in such a manner that apartmenting he will be going upon his return. His across the hall neighbor, Sgt. Rogers, has a new fashion in socks. Rip them in half—use the bottom for the usual reason—the upper for knee braces. If your knees aren't weak, the fashion is of no use to you. What man in these Bks. has a fictitious Omar the Tentmaker as his tailor? Verily, what man receives Sp. Del. ltrs. morningly—or does he still! I can't give the credit, but who made the statement: "I'm an instructor in the . . . School, still I'm a—dental—mental—(I don't remember which) cripple!"

And to conclude, Mays F. Cox doesn't sleep so sweetly—in fact I am told that he keeps an alarm clock close at hand to prompt him in his extemporaneous lectures throughout the night. Tends towards the boilermakerish atmosphere.

London's Lloyd's won't insure me against personal attack so I'm ditching my t'writer and wishing to *myself* the best o' luck.

PORTSMOUTH POTSHOTS

By Dunning

Well, August has come and gone and with it most of the men from the *Henderson*. The good old ship came in from the China Seas bringing back everybody but Jean Harlow and Clark Gable. To be a bit more specific, about two hundred and twenty-five men, several police dogs, and stuff that looked like tea, disembarked and came trooping in about the twenty-seventh of the month. Many of the boys have since been transferred to the various posts along the coast, while the remaining few await discharge at this post. The latter received a hearty welcome from the local guard aggregation although it is doubtful whether there is any reciprocity, whatever that means.

Labor day was a misnomer except, possibly, for the energy expended in carrying around the prodigious amount of chow consumed at the holiday table. Our mess sergeant really extended himself to the extent of laying out heaping piles of "Wimpy's delight," (duck to you serious-minded), everything else that it takes to make a meal and plenty of beer and cigarettes to settle it. This column is unreservedly for more and heavier holiday diners.

While it is a well known fact that all that glitters is not gold, there remains a slight doubt as to whether all that shines is a star. I am now convinced that the latter surmise is erroneous. It seems that Sgt. J. J. "Bughouse" Bukowy met up with one J. J. Braddock, or someone nearly as good, for though the night has a thousand eyes and the day but one, J. J. has two and they're both well done. Pardon me just a moment while I confer with my insurance broker.

We are proud to herald the advent of our efficiency expert—QM-Sgt. Frank Manly is our latest candidate for the post of traffic manager. Frank has had some little difficulty with the train schedules of late and has been seen loitering about the local railroad yards mysteriously engaged in the checking of berths and the capacity of pullmans in general . . . The men must go through!

Speaking of schedules, swimming instructions have been added to the training routine at St. Juliens Creek. First Sergeant Burroughs is seeking the enlistment of one Johnny Wiesmuller, said to be a pretty fair water cleaver, to demonstrate the approved crawl to the shore once the boat has capsized and the oars refuse to float . . . But ask the Top for the more elucidating details. All I know is that there were six men in a boat and the damned thing wouldn't float.

The "ICS" has announced the receipt of Corporal Hogan's application for a course in surveying. For some unknown reason Hogan cannot determine just where the yard plates should be attached to his car. He tried placing them on the windshield but was informed that this practice conflicted with yard regulations, so, feeling the approach of a bad case of jitters, Hogan decided to know the truth and forthwith sought enrollment.

Our green keeper, handsome haired Telford, has left our ranks for the cruel outside. It is rumored that the many haircut inspections seriously interfered with his social activities and that he had decided to team up with the kinky haired Ethiopians, to be known henceforth as "Telford the Terrible!" Might not be such a bad idea for yours truly to tag along with him.

And now, though Townsend is once more walking around on his heels, he cheerfully turned over his files to me with a "Thank God that's over." So what? So you'll have to read this until they find someone better—they couldn't find anyone worse...

TAKE-OFFS FROM THE NAVAL AIR STATION

Pensacola, Florida

By C. H. S.

We are herewith stating, with typical Marine modesty, that the Detachment at Pensacola should take its place in the sun—the literary sun, we mean, of course. No one can complain of a lack of the real article here in Florida, notices in the press of hurricanes notwithstanding. A big, bad hurricane has been lurking out in the Gulf for the past week, and was responsible for a Station Order placing the entire Command under Condition 1. Condition 1, my hearties, is just another name for hustle and bustle, and secure everything movable. Quartermaster Sergeant Jackson, however, brought to bear the awesome and occult powers, possessed by quartermaster sergeants the world over, on said hurricane and durned if it didn't turn tail and miss us by many miles. Sergeant Jackson gets a vote of thanks on this one, though, as it obviated the necessity of moving all the stores topside.

The past few months have seen some interesting changes in personnel, from the Commanding Officer on down. Major Wynn, who will be remembered for his efforts to beautify and landscape the grounds surrounding the barracks (the park is named for him), was transferred to Washington, and was relieved by Maj. Lyman Passmore. Our new C. O. had not been in command a week until he was observed in a baseball uniform functioning as a pinch hitter for the Station team; and HOW he functioned, mates!—first time up a nice clean single. Any reference to baseball in this column would be incomplete without mention of that sterling short stop, Cpl. "Moon" Mullins. He's really got what it takes in that game!

Captain Spotts, our Executive Officer, recently returned from a thirty-day leave, and, with the assistance of Captain Swanson, who has been assigned to duty here from the Marine Corps Schools, will undoubtedly plan some interesting schedules for those souls of the Detachment who are rusty from too much "cakes and ale" and too little bush warfare.

Cpl. Willie Wages comes to us from P. I., and Private McNeese from Quantico, the latter in a shiny, new Chevrolet, no less. The only thing that seems to interfere with Mac's daily (yes, I said *daily*) ritual of washing and polishing that car is a tour of guard duty and chow.

The non-commissioned ranks were increased by one with the promotion of Pfc. Max Schilling. Schilling is soon to retire from this man's outfit, with thirty-odd years behind him, and many more than that ahead of him, we hope.

Privates First Class Fentress and Martin (the well known Goat) left for Norfolk and the Sea School. We will miss those lads, and that's a fact. Fentress was the personality kid, and the "Goat Martin Blues" could be sung by no one but the Goat himself, in his own inimitable style.

Pensacola is known as the Annapolis of the air, and rightly. Air minded fledglings come here innocent and pure as the driven snow, and in a year or so sally forth with hard earned wings sprouting from their chests. Our Marine student aviators here are upholding the best traditions of the Corps, and, what is more important, *walk* away from every landing.

Sergeant May, the big Acey-Deucey man from the South, returned from furlough with his batting eye as good as ever, unless, of course, he happens to tie up with Corporal Shoemaker. The "Chief" is pretty good at most any of the popular pastimes, we've noticed, unless it's bridge, and your correspondent hasn't observed him in action there yet. Possibly that is good judgment on his part at that, as it is the concensus of opinion around these barracks that the most rabid bridge hounds are just one hop ahead of a medical survey. Most of the games consist of 10 per cent bridge and 90 per cent arguing, with the guy who sounds off the loudest winning. In that connection, I might mention Privates Seara, Daboll (the great), and a certain sinister character named Nash. In justice to the last three named I might add that Sparks fills out the arguing foursome.

First Sergeant Crawford and Paymaster Sergeant Weatherford completed another cruise in August, immediately reenlisting without taking a deep breath. Of course, after four or five it just becomes a matter of routine, however, these fellows are of the best and we are glad to know that both the Company Office and the Pay Office will continue to function under their efficient direction. The Command does seem fortunate in the type and manner of men it has as its leaders. Chief Pay Clerk Parrish is ever ready to lend a sympathetic ear to one's troubles, or shake up a game of Acey-Deucey. Officers and non-commissioned officers establish and maintain a fine spirit of cooperation that indicates an intelligent understanding of their duties. This spirit, we know, is universal in the Corps, but, permit us to venture, it is just a l-i-t-t-l-e more pronounced here.

To you Marines stationed inland, please accept our profound and sincere regrets that you cannot accompany us to the sanctum of Corporal Gore, where we shall procure a finely balanced rod and reel, proceed to the Bay (about 500 yards), bait the hook with a fat shrimp (not you, Fort) and pull out a fifteen (?) pound trout. That's Pensacola, folks! Happy landings.

COVERING THE WATERFRONT

By G. A. Bitter

Since the last writing of the news there have been a few changes. Capt. W. R. Hughes, O. I. C. Training here at New London, has been detached to Aircraft Squadron One at Brown Field, Quantico, Va. Speaking for the detachment, we were sorry to see him leave. We hope his stay here was a most pleasant one. What can we offer but our heartfelt wishes for a pleasant tour of duty at your new post. If the opportunity presents itself whereby we may again serve under your command, it will be an honor and a pleasure. So "Happy Landings." Lt. R. O. Bowen, late of Pensacola, Florida, is our new O. I. C. Training. Lieutenant Bowen has also taken over the duties of Post Exchange Officer. We wish you a pleasant tour of duty at this station, Lieutenant Bowen.

It is rumored that Private Fisher is putting on a love affair. Well, it's a strange thing; something nobody understands. It will make lazy persons ambitious and ambitious persons lazy. Take, for instance, this case, polishing cars, going to lunch, tennis, and any number of things that wouldn't ordinarily enter the mind.

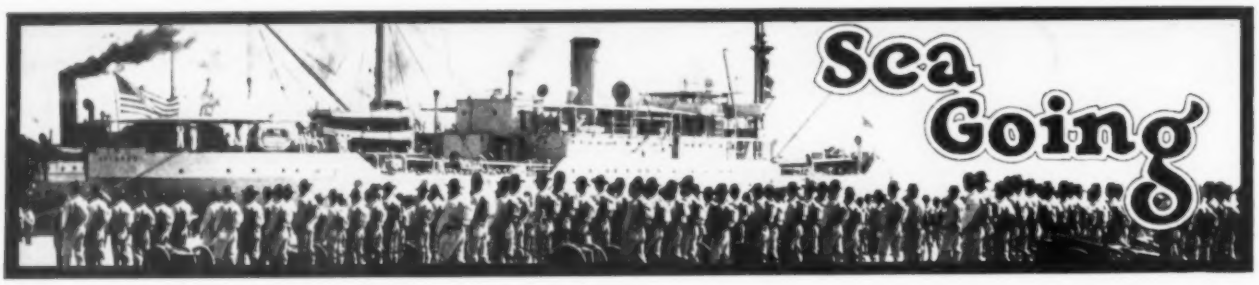
The charming, bewitching, captivating, adorable, blonde-headed private first class, who dashes around to the small hours of the morning, has the edge on everybody around here when it comes to overpowering the weaker sex. Swell chariot to ride in, just about everything the average fellow wants.

By the way, Thompson! Would it be too much for you and McConnell to explain your presence with the two exquisite young ladies the other evening? Not that it's any of my affairs, but the other fellows want the lowdown, Corporal Williams especially. With the gnashing of hair and pulling of teeth, Joe Pender came flying from his bunk the other Sunday with a duck going one way and a pair of dainty er' ahem, well anyway they went flying. I think Kennedy and Pietersen can explain, so give them an earful. Between Williams, Lutz and Suffern, it's a toss up which one procures the most fish—? So far I haven't seen any fish.

The cartoon "When a Fellow Needs a Friend" was never more exemplified. Someone remarked that Egan is going to quit the schoolmarm. Who you going to see? Your flame from the Blue Moon? I also hear "Socko" is trying to give you a run for your money. Boles says he is a cinch to win any pool tournament that may happen along this winter. Well, we have our opinions from past performances. Has

(Continued on page 42)

Marine Barracks, Hawthorne, Nevada



ARKANSAS' 1935 EUROPEAN CRUISE

By G. H. Bergstrom

AFTER fifteen days at sea in indifferent weather, we dropped the hook at Queensferry, Scotland. Our trip across had been none too pleasant and it was a happy crew that gazed at land with the ship at anchor on the morning of June 22nd and an anxious crew that waited for the 1300 liberty boat.

All hands stopped at Queensferry long enough to get a cold one (that was hot) then took a bus or train to Edinburgh, a distance of ten or twelve miles. The city is the metropolis of Scotland and is surpassed in beauty of situation by only two other cities in the world: Athens and Constantinople. It is built of stone upon a series of ridges. The old town, stretching out from the Castle Rock down to Holyrood, in its picturesque irregularity and almost medieval aspect, stands out in striking contrast with the elegant symmetry of the new town, the glory of which is Princes Street.

The principal places of interest in the city include the Castle, St. Giles' Cathedral, The War Memorial, Thistle Chapel, Parliament Hall, Tron Church, John Knox' House, the Burns, Nelson, and Scott monuments and the Palace and Abbey of Holyrood, which owes its interest in part to its historic association with Mary, Queen of Scots.

Besides the many places of interest within the city itself, many interesting short tours were made by members of the detachment. Chiefly among these was that to Trossachs, the round of the Scottish Lakes. The name of the tour is derived from the region near Loch Achray where commences mingling of purple crag, silvergray birch, oak coppice and green herbage, known as Trossachs. Other tours included trips to such famous places as Loch Lomond, Linlithgow, where Mary Stuart was born and where the ruins of the castle present a picturesque sight, Callander, immortalized by Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Dunfermline, the birthplace and burial place of many Scottish kings, the Highlands, where the kilts are the everyday costumes, the Roslin Chapel, built about 1446. The Roslin Chapel contains the famous Prentice Pillar, which, it is said, was carved by the apprentice during the master's absence. Upon his return the master slew the apprentice in a fit of jealousy. The three heads, carved at the end of the chapel, are pointed out as those of the master, the apprentice and the mourning mother. Excursions from Edinburgh were interesting from the intense scenic beauty of the country as well as from a historical point of view.

The people of Scotland we found to be very hospitable and generous and they succeeded in their attempt of showing every member of the ship's company a good time and an enjoyable visit. We are also inclined to disbelieve any and all Scotch jokes.

NORWAY

We left Scotland on July 1st, bound for Oslo, Norway, and if anyone was glad to leave, it was not to leave Scotland, but the wanderlust coming out after a nine-day stay or the need of a rest from liberty and good times.

A fifty-mile trip up the majestic and beautiful Oslo Fjord between tree-covered, hilly shores and we dropped anchor in the harbour at Oslo. Our first impulse was to do a to-the-rear march, but after fifteen minutes in the city itself we were doubtful as to whether or not we would want to leave with the ship.

Though Oslo was not interesting from a historical point, it was the most scenic port of the cruise. Afternoon could be spent visiting Norsk Folke Museum on the island of Bygdo, where is kept old viking ship, well worth viewing, hiking to the nearby hills for views of Norway's unusual scenic beauty, especially to Holmenkollen. From here the views are complete in all directions and here, also, is the famous ski jump where Olympic jumpers train. Food in Norway is excellent and very inexpensive, in spite of the fact that every restaurant has an excellent orchestra.

Evenings in Oslo will long be remembered by everyone, whether they were spent in one of the many open air beer and dance gardens, walking in the parks, bathing, playing tennis or golf, etc. Beer Garden is a rather crude name for the gardens in which we spent enjoyable evenings for they were more like flower gardens where we were permitted to drink wines or beer and to dance.

The Norwegians we found to be hospitable, reliable and honest. We had expected to find people in the dress that we have seen in many movies, but instead, we found Oslo to be a city as modern as any American city and cleaner than most. Though the people seem aristocratic, they are very hospitable and certainly know how to act. Most of us were surprised to find that girls can be beautiful without the aid of cosmetics, but here we found that to be a fact. Ninety per cent of the girls are natural blondes, almost platinum, red lips, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and all are the picture of health. Need you ask if we enjoyed our stay in Norway? Had you seen the crowd on the docks on the eve of our sailing, a crowd bidding us farewell, bon voyage, and a speedy return, you would not wonder how we were received or how the people of Norway enjoyed our short visit, and you can be sure that when the *Arkansas* sails again for Oslo we'll all want to sail with her.

We left Oslo at 3:00 A. M. on the 11th of August and arrived in Copenhagen, Denmark, on the morning of the 12th. This is the largest city in Scandinavia and is famous for its beauty and gaiety, it is often called "The Northern Paris." We found many places of interest in Copenhagen, chiefly: the Tivoli Gardens, City Hall, the Stock Exchange, the Museum, the theatres, the Circus Schumann, the parks, and the city in general. An hour's ride from Copenhagen took us to the traditional Castle Elsinore of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." An interesting afternoon was spent exploring the building which overlooks the narrow Strait dividing Denmark and Sweden.

U. S. S. *Arkansas* at Funchal, Madeira Islands

No one can ever forget the famous Tivoli Gardens, the favorite gathering place of all classes of people. Here we found concert halls and theatres, many large restaurants, dance halls and amusement concessions of the Luna Park variety. Nor can one ever forget Klampenborg, a nearby summer resort, bathing beach and amusement park. Everyone made many friends in Denmark and it's certain that everyone enjoyed the visit, for there were places of all descriptions where one may have good times and people who wanted us to enjoy ourselves and did everything possible to make it so. The Danes, as well as the Norwegians, enjoyed our visit and look forward to our return. Those who could understand the languages of these countries heard many remarks to that effect and also heard many compliments on the conduct of American service men in foreign countries. When we left Copenhagen on August 19th we felt that the fun and liberty of the European Cruise was over and our only hope was, and still is, that the *Arkansas* will soon take us back for another visit.

Our next port was Gibraltar, a port well known by everyone, both historically and geographically. The chief aim of everyone who went ashore was to purchase souvenirs, which meant haggling over prices until the original price was cut at least fifty per cent.

Many members of the ship's company spent Sunday in Tangiers Morocco. As we disembarked we were beseiged by a motley throng of taxi-drivers, hotel runners and guides. Arriving in the city itself, we found not only Africa, but also the Orient. It is a city different in every aspect from anything we had ever seen or ever will see. The streets are scarcely six feet wide and crowded with every race of the world; the baggy-trousered and red-fezzed Turk; the Jew, living and dressing as he did two thousand years ago; the Moors; the African; the Arab; the English, Portuguese and Spanish. All living and dressing as their particular race and tribe did a thousand years ago—all mingling together, pushing, heaving, shoving in the narrow and dirty streets, voicing the price and merit of their wares in their own tongue, haggling over prices and expressing their opinion of life in general.

At the market place could be purchased leather goods, knives and guns such as are used in Africa, beaded slippers, silks, and embroideries. Also, there were the magicians, snake charmers, dancers, etc. The harem was a popular place on the day of our visit, visited by every member of the party that went to Tangiers.

The trip had been fascinating and interesting, but the tired and dusty bunch that returned to the ship that night was glad to be able to return to something American.

FUNCHAL

Our first view of Funchal was a city built on green slopes behind which were mist-veiled mountains. The white, red-topped houses rise tier above tier along the bay and back among the foot hills. It was on this island that Columbus conceived the idea of sailing westward in search of the New World. Going ashore we found a city that had progressed slowly in spite of a most favorable climate. There are taxis in Funchal, but more often the low wooden sledge, drawn by plodding bullock, is used, for in Funchal one never rushes.

The chief points of interest in Madeira are the excursions, the shops, the history and the people. There are 119 excursions suggested in guide books, the most popular and interesting of which is the trip to Monte Church. Plus the scenery that any trip in the mountains offers, this trip offers Madeira's fruits and flowers. Roses, geraniums and trumpet flowers bloom all the year. Few of us had ever seen the hibiscus in bloom, but here we had that pleasure. Of the fruits we found the ripe apricots, nectarines, plums, pawpaws, green figs, black figs, grapes, melons, etc. The flavor of the pineapples and bananas is very different from any we had ever tasted and was remarked upon favorably by everyone.

Monte Church itself is of no particular interest, but offers an unusual view of Funchal and the surrounding country, there are also many short walks in the vicinity that took us to water falls and other scenic spots.

In the quaint little shops of Funchal was embroidery, basket-work and inlaid laurelwood all offering strong inducement to extended shopping tours. Also, there were the wine shops with the famous Madeira wines. Everything in Funchal, as well as elsewhere, was fascinating and interesting, but appreciated less for we were by that time anxious to return to the States to tell others what we had seen and where we had been. Therefore, it was without regret that we sailed from Madeira, but, it was disappointing to reach Norfolk only to find the city quarantined—NO LIBERTY.

THE ALASKAN CRUISE OF THE CHICAGO

IN COMPANY WITH THE SCOUTING FORCE, U. S. FLEET

By Jack A. Smith

One long blast from the bugle let us know that the *Chicago* was underway. Steaming lazily out of the harbor of Seattle and up into picturesque Puget Sound, the *Chicago* flaunting a two-star blue on her after mast, took the head of the column of cruisers. Retreat from quarters rasped over the loudspeaker;—"on deck all the reg'lar sea details," growled the bosn' mate's voice.

Fir and Pine trees could be seen on either side of us backgrounded by rolling hills and the rugged Washington mountains. Mt. Baker's snow-capped peak could be seen through the thin haze of fog that slowly settled in. The thin haze remained with us all that day, Tuesday, July the sixteenth. As we neared Tatoosh light the fog floated in thicker and thicker, 'til all the fog lookouts were stationed. A maximum speed of eight knots was executed.

"Moowaaah!"—And then sixty seconds elapsed, then again. As our fog whistle tooted the next cruiser would follow suit. The conditions continued like this for four days. Many groans and growls were heard from the erstwhile members of the *Chi'* Marine Detachment.

"It won't be like this on the beach" moaned short timer Max Blankenburger.

"I seen worst days dan dis on the Windjammer that I traveled on the North Sea" retaliated der Baron.

Came Sunday, the *Chicago* cruising looking for Pilot Rock light. Special lookouts were stationed. Fog was coming in heavier and many opinions were expressed as to whether the *Chi* would venture into the mouth of harbor entrance to Seward, Alaska. The fog lifted, however, and the *Chicago* proceded into Seward, arriving at ten thirty Sunday morn, July 21, 1935. Under our own power the *Chicago* eased alongside the dock of the Standard Oil Company, Seward, prepared for our use. Robust Alaskans intercepted our mooring lines and the *Chicago* was securely moored in twenty minutes.

Rain drizzled steadily all day Sunday. But the liberty hounds were to be seen crossing the gangway in a steady stream. A trip to Anchorage, Alaska, had been arranged via the Alaska Railway Company.

Anchorage, a town of about two thousand whites and uncounted Siwash Indians, lay about one hundred miles from Seward. Seward is commonly known as the gateway to the interior.

A five hour ride of glaciers, snow-capped mountains glided by. As we neared Anchorage, Mt. M'Kinley's solid peak of snow could be seen in the foreground. All hands disembarked from the train and proceeded to take Anchorage into camp. The *Chicago's* baseball team gave the local Anchorage nine a sound drubbing, making the day look just a bit brighter for the service men.

The trip to Anchorage cost us two and a half, but in most of the *Chi* Marines' estimation it was worth twenty dollars.

The next day Seward was our point of liberty. The Seward Rifle Club forthwith issued our rifle team a challenge which we promptly accepted. Much to our dismay we were beaten by 13 points.

Hiking trips were also in order. Privates Blankenburg and Lanier boasted in climbing a mountain in full dress blues (they said that their proof was some snow that they started to bring down, but melted on the way).

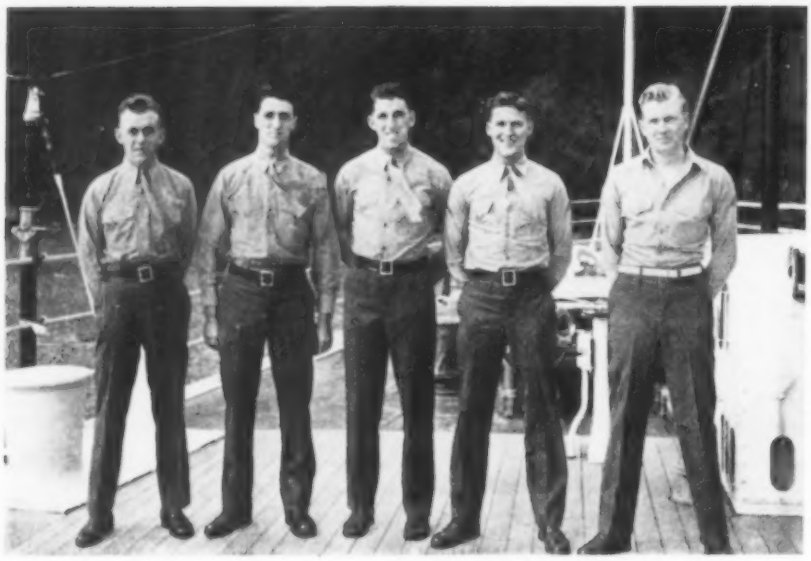
The next feature was a dance for the enlisted personnel. The fair damsels from Seward had not cast their eyes on a devil dog since President Harding's visit in 1923 (so jolly John Gob didn't stand a chance).

On Tuesday the 23rd of July we left Seward en route to Yakutat. A striking contrast was noted in the trip south to Yakutat, than the trip coming north. The Gulf of Alaska was as calm as a lake. Snow capped mountains could be seen on our port hand all the way south. It took the *Chicago* nineteen hours, arriving in Yakutat Wednesday evening.

Yakutat is a small sheltered village of some three hundred whites. The chief occupation of its inhabitants is fishing. The cannery of Libby, McNeil and Libby is located here. During our stay we were their guests—visiting the cannery, witnessing the entire procedure in the canning of fish. The biggest attraction was that solid mountain of ice or snow, jutting a little over 18,000 feet into the air;—Mount St. Elias, in all its snowy splendor.

Friday, July 26, the *Chicago* got under way for Juneau. The trip to Juneau was another pleasant voyage. Although the scenery was a fair sight to the eye, the navigation was extremely difficult coming up into Gastineau Channel. At noon Saturday the 27th of July the *Chicago* was once again riding smoothly on her anchor chain in Gastineau Channel, Juneau.

Juneau, the Capital of Alaska, has a



CHICAGO MARINES AT SEWARD, ALASKA
Left to Right: Harris, Milholl, Lyon, Heusel and Lanier.

population of about 4,800. The chief industry of the population of Juneau is the mining and the refining of gold. Juneau boasts of one of the largest gold mines in the world and one of the richest.

Upon anchoring, Rear Admiral T. C. Hart, Commander Cruisers Scouting Force, left the ship to call on the territorial Governor. Full Guard and band were in order. Later in the day the Governor returned the call. As he left the ship a seventeen-gun salute rent the air.

Liberty in Juneau was also top-notch. The outstanding activity was the All Service rifle match. Teams consisting of men from the nearby Army Post, the Coast Guard, our Marine team, a Navy team, and a civilian team engaged in the contest. The outcome of the lead spray saw the Army team taking first, the local civilian team second, and Marines third, the Navy fourth, and the Coast Guard quintet last.

The outstanding shot of the day was Private Onsrud of our detachment. At the finish of the match Onsrud was tied with a grizzled Army Sergeant for the individual cash prize. Five hundred yards slow fire was the range decided to break the tie. Onsrud peeled off a forty nine. The Sergeant did the same. An extra shot was decided. Onsrud popped off a four, and so did the Army man. Finally, when another shot was decided upon, Private Onsrud sunk a dead center bull and the Soldier lost out with a four.

At 0000, 30 July, the *Chicago* sailed for Seattle. And so we Marines of the *Chicago* bade farewell to Alaska, with its long days, snow-capped mountains and gigantic glaciers.

ARIZONA'S SEA CHANTY

Some time since we had the pleasure of getting a few lines in THE LEATHERNECK. Busy days have kept us stepping along and although the clouds ahead indicate no let up for some time to come, we insisted on time off for a word with some of our old friends about some of their old friends.

Quite a few changes have taken place recently in our officer personnel. First Lt. Wilson T. Dodge and 2nd Lt. V. H. Krulak reported for duty some time ago. Both officers are extremely busy getting the detachment in the acme of shape for firing Short Range Battle Practice. As every one knows, the last intense training is the thing that sprouts "E's." Captain Cartwright, with his years of experience, is handing out invaluable aid and advice in smoothing out the going. The men are turning to with a will showing splendid cooperation in handling the problem at hand. Everything being equal we look forward to great things from our Marine Battery.

Many of the followers of the *Arizona's* athletic career will be pleased to note that at the present time our ol' ship is leading in Iron Man Points. On our trip North the "At 'Em" oarsmen competed in the annual Times Race Trophy. A third place was won, bringing us looked for points. Cpl. Ralph George pulled a splendid race as off stroke, ably backed up by Pvt. L. H. Smith. In San Francisco the *Arizona* walked off with the beautiful Olympic Cup Trophy. Here again the detachment was represented. Sgt. P. T. Kavanaugh was off stroke in this event. To start off the Iron Man Point race the sharp shooting rifle and pistol teams led the way. In these events our First Sergeant, Earle E. Daniels, held 'em and squeezed 'em in the money. The rifle team, with Corporal Pierson holding down the honors for the Marines, came through with a third place. The Navy says it is lucky to have a Marine on any team. After all, that sort of winning is something plus luck. Lieutenant Krulak, who coxswained many of the brilliant Navy crews during his three years at the Academy, is giving much of his spare time to the Marine Whaleboat race coming up. Too early to offer any tangible evidence of what to expect, but with Lieutenant Krulak's bright background as a criterion, we know we shall have a clicking outfit.

San Diego and the Exposition created many ah's and oh's among even our much-traveled Marines. The boys certainly enjoyed their time ashore and took advantage of every liberty. Due to the fact that the big event for the Marines, competition for the Vanderbilt Cup took place while the fleet was in San Diego, little time was left for that much coveted liberty. The big day at last and the Marines put on a swell show for the San Diego's Service loving people. The *Arizona* outfit clicked beautifully and went through movements with smacking precision much to the delight of many a keen military eye. However, we must hand the orchids to the *California* Marines. That bunch of Leathernecks put on a show that had the watchful crowd on their feet thundering applause. The cheers that rolled and echoed over the stadium when the *California* was picked as the winner was complete evidence of the popular choice. Congratulations, *California*.

A few new faces grace the dining halls of our Alma Mater. Welcomed aboard with the usual (grab a swab) greeting, recently, were Pvts. Eugene Arnold, K. P. Ketterman, Du Bignon Lanier, Edward J. Lloyd, Grover L. Mabry, Walter E. Mauldin, Charles D. Perry, and Walter A. Yoder. The boys have taken to sea-going with a spirit that is most commendable. Practically the entire group has gone out for some form of sport. Three of our boys are throwing leather around with wild abandon, yet with telling effect. Three strong backed boys in the grunt and groan department are stacking up as real timber. A healthy body means a healthy mind is the motto of the clan, and take it from an observer, it is working with that group of boys.

When you multiply that avid interest by the entire ship's personnel perhaps there is a reason for the ship's present standing in sports. Adios.

MINNIE'S MINNOWS

Joe York

We just completed a course in main battery gunnery school, and what a relief it is too. It was a first experience for most of the boys and the night firing gave them fire-works displays that the old corner drug store never did and never will equal. The star-shells brought a many "Gosh, that sure was purdy" from the boys who thought an airgun was just about the greatest thing in the neighborhood. Being anchored in the port of San Pedro is like being rocked in a gigantic cradle, the ship rolls with a lazy sway; you can see the Marine lifebuoy sentinel on the boat deck brace himself with each roll, the sea legs of a "salt" are added to our many accomplishments. The liberty boat makes the Long Beach landing from where one passes through a lumber yard to get to Hamburger Gulch, and from there the road leads to many places of entertainment. In the distance one can see Signal Hill, a gold mine in liquid, for there tower hundreds of oil derricks, and each one pumping day and night. Looking further to the north you see a faint outline, way up in the sky, of the lofty Rockies. The climate is great, only don't believe all you hear about it in the east. My conception, prior to coming out here, was that greenbacks grew in bales on dollar trees, that sun was so plentiful that they packed it in cans from "sunkist" groves, peaches grew in the kitchen, and you pumped gasoline for your car through the garden hose—well, that dream is dispelled, for sometimes this coast reminds me of the foggy banks of London town.

All work and no play, puts Jack in a tight fix. So we are planning to organize Marine basketball and volley ball teams and to take part in other athletics about the ship. Corporal Sarade, will be added to the ship's baseball team officially; he has played (just played) heretofore. Corporals Bynum and Thomas will head the Marine

basketball team, and Private Morehead will be the head man on the list for the volley ball team. It takes athletics, and plenty of them to keep men fit mentally and physically. Private First Class Keenan states that he will not go on liberty in San Francisco again. We have been wondering why. Private Foss is a Hamburger Gulch desperado; he was also a member of the Boulder Dam expedition with Private First Class Pollock—we are still wondering whether or not to believe their story. It does seem strange how two husky Marines will allow themselves to be kidnapped; if they were good looking,—well, that would be different. But a couple of ugly bulldogs like they——? we still don't believe their yarn. It all happened while we were darting in and out the harbor, like an agile fencer, during gunnery practice—one morning we darted out and there somewhere in the wilds of California we left poor old Pollock and Foss. A poor story is better than none, only don't change it so darned often.

Private Quantrille took the examination for preparatory school training with ultimate goal as the U. S. Naval Military Academy—power to you, "Trille." First Lieutenant Snedeker, our detachment commander, received notification of his examination for promotion; we are all certain that this is deserving, and a rank that he will carry loyally and efficiently, as in other ranks of the past. 2nd Lt. John E. Weber recently joined us in San Diego.

Some of the boys still growl, but then, where there is no growl, there is no outfit. Yep, had a man come to me and tell me that the cook gave him too many onions with his steak and onions—he don't like onions—he don't. Well, I remember a man who at one time filled me full of strange stories of the sea, about winding the chronometer, being the skipper's orderly, oh, and so many other tales. Today, this man sits in the soft arms of a chair in "Beautiful Charleston." Believe me that is where I would like to do my sea duty, too—HI-MASSEY!

SARATOGA SCANDAL

Our "Lacie-curtain" bridge parties are starting up again, and we are constantly entertained and thrilled in the 4-0 compartment by brilliant bids and finesses and wothavyou by our would-be Culbertsons and Simses. However, by far the most brilliant of all maneuvering yet, is the play by our little Corporal "Choo-choo" Coltrain, who bid four no-trump and went down thirteen tricks, for a reverse body-slam, or sumpin'.

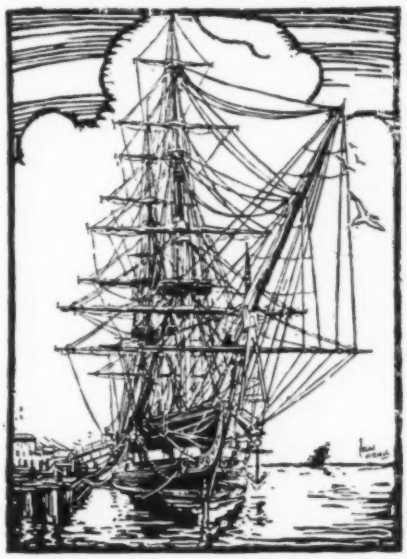
Of a Tuesday afternoon we were somewhat shocked (but not surprised) by the sight of the aforementioned "Choo-choo" equipped with a flashlight and a darning needle, chasing elusive little blackheads in and out amongst the whiskers of Corporal Short's beautiful chin—while the latter sprawled comfy-like in a canvas-bottomed chair, emitting little squeaks and coos of enjoyment.

In short weeks now this old, majestic seagoing flat-boat is due to head north for Bremerton and a three-four-month overhaul. Consequently, the leave-hounds are barking at the first sergeant's office door. Only about half of them have real reasons for immediate leave; the other half are thinking of the day-on-and-day-off watches that are bound to come as a direct result of this epidemic of acute nostalgia in our ranks.

Speaking of acute nostalgia (but of another sort), some of our bright and shining privates and pfc.'s couldn't stay away but seven or eight or nine days before they got so homesick that they didn't know which way was up or what day was Sunday; they came back to our fold. One of them came all the way back from Chicago just to be with his old shipmates on the *Sara Maru*. And, speaking of reactions to this stimulus, some of them are pledged to stay right on board in our happy midst for as long as thirty days! In fact, our booby-hatch patrol is growing so fast that it will soon be too large for a squad, and we will have to reorganize and make it a platoon.

Lately one little private has been coming back aboard in the wee small hours of the morning with a very peaceful, serene look on his face. We've been wondering just what it was all about—now it can be told! It was all because of a certain well-to-do girl friend in Los Angeles. It is most convenient to have someone call for you at the Landing, take you gallivanting around the country in a swell car, and then give you four bits for carfare from Los Angeles to Long Beach.

Things we noticed and didn't mention—



Belucavitch has hit someone in the fist with his jaw. . . . Martens using baby talc (delicately perfumed) after his weekly bath. . . . The gloom that settled on the faces of a couple of "furlough requesters" when they heard we might fire Night Battle Practice before going to the Yard.

THE NEVADA SAGEBRUSH

By The (Original) Desert Rat

Due to the fact that I have been too busy I slipped up a couple of months and some (other) vermin used my *nom de plume* and wrote last month's article. The matter has been taken up with the proper authorities and I now have the sole right to sign myself the "original" Desert Rat. What some guys won't do for fame!!

The question of the month is: "Who, when on liberty in San Diego, carried the 'ittle bitty poodle?"

It seems as if a certain newcomer on the ship decided to out-drink our famous drinking team—so famous that no names need be mentioned. As Cobb paid the shore boat fare to take all three back to the ship, did he succeed or not?

Events we would like to see happen again: Corporal Johnson fall out of his bunk . . . Shanghai squaring off at the sound of a gong . . . Chief Seventeen Feathers doing his famous "War Dance"—tap dancing to you . . . All the noncoms ashore at the same time . . . Sergeant Vanscoter swabbing down . . . Scotty making a liberty in Long Beach . . . Gunny Hopp dishing it out and the guard taking it . . . "Our Nell" threatening to beat up the Desert Rat.

Al Borring's time being up on the ship, he followed the example of several others and transferred to Great Lakes. McNeilly has replaced him as Company Clerk.

We welcome Corporal Richards from San Diego and to all other newcomers we also extend a hearty welcome and hope you'll soon feel at home for it is your detachment as well as ours.

Where did the horse come from? Another good sergeant gone wrong.

Another wedding has taken place—while in San Francisco "Gloomy Gus" Wesscott was married. Best of luck for a long marriage cruise. Congratulations are also in order upon the marriage of another former *Nevada* Marine who is now in San Diego.

What is the matter, Ziems, haven't you nerve enough to send in your own name to the *Ranch Romances* instead of an innocent shipmate's? You'd get to read the letters first instead of having to wait for them to be posted on the bulletin board.

In conclusion, I wish to state that I've enjoyed writing for THE LEATHERNECK representing the *Nevada* Marine Guard. No offense has been meant at any time and as the old saying goes "It's all in fun." This is my last contribution as I am transferring to the USS. *Outside*. So when the good ship *Nevada* drops anchor in Lake Michigan come over to Detroit and say "howdy do." (Ed.'s Note: To the *original* Desert Rat we bid *adieu;* perhaps we can expect his "impersonator" to keep the old mag. posted on the Sagebrush gang.)

PIRATE PICKINGS

From the *Mississippi*

By E. T. C.

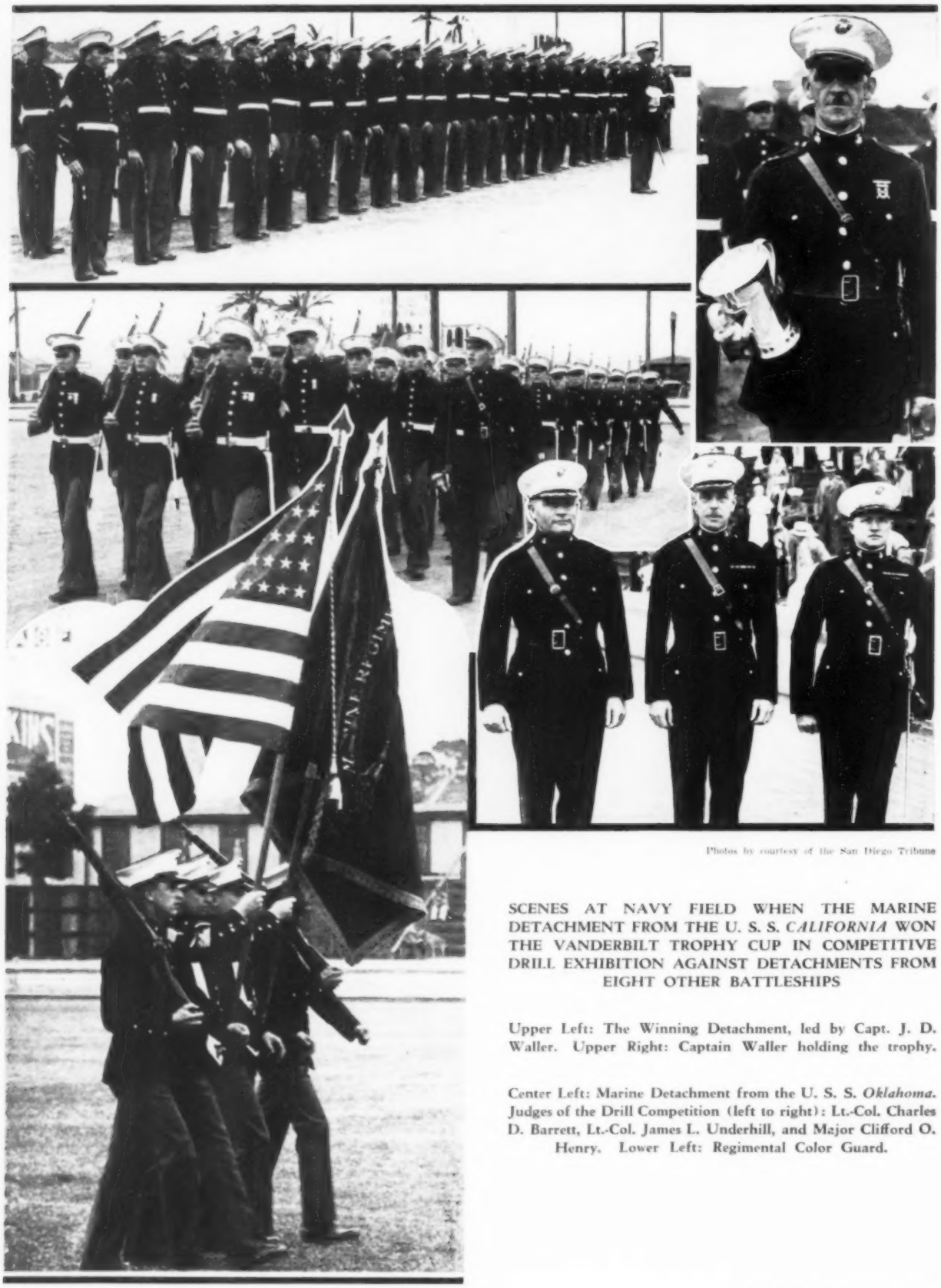
Several months have passed since our last entry in THE LEATHERNECK, and during those months numerous events have happened our way.

The first was change of command, when Maj. L. B. Reagan was relieved by Capt. M. J. Batchelder in the latter part of April. Soon after, 2nd Lt. D. W. Fuller was relieved by 2nd Lt. L. B. Clark. Both officers came from Philadelphia.

Then came Fleet Problem 16 with all of its tactical exercises and maneuvers. Pearl Harbor, Midway, and back to Honolulu again. It was on the homestretch that the *Missy* was detached from the rest of the fleet to proceed northward to the timber country. The early morning sun of June 12 found us opposite Seattle, and a few hours later we were bound hand and foot (my sea-lingo being poor) to the dock in the Bremerton Navy Yard.

It is here that we have been ever since, already dry-docked and "under-docked." Many are the paint chippers and brushes that have been wielded hither and yon over this gray bulk by our own appreciative (?) "artists."

Since the first of July we have had four details, each spending two weeks at the Camp Wesley Harris rifle range. Prior to going to the range several weeks were spent by each detail in "snapping in" under the watchful eyes of the Captain and First



Photos by courtesy of the San Diego Tribune

SCENES AT NAVY FIELD WHEN THE MARINE DETACHMENT FROM THE U. S. S. *CALIFORNIA* WON THE VANDERBILT TROPHY CUP IN COMPETITIVE DRILL EXHIBITION AGAINST DETACHMENTS FROM EIGHT OTHER BATTLESHIPS

Upper Left: The Winning Detachment, led by Capt. J. D. Waller. Upper Right: Captain Waller holding the trophy.

Center Left: Marine Detachment from the U. S. S. *Oklahoma*. Judges of the Drill Competition (left to right): Lt.-Col. Charles D. Barrett, Lt.-Col. James L. Underhill, and Major Clifford O. Henry. Lower Left: Regimental Color Guard.

Sergeant Rasmussen. And now we proudly bring to you an average which we believe is something for sea-going detachments to shoot at. Of the sixty-eight men that fired, their qualification was 91.2 per cent. High man was Pfc. I. R. Lewis with a score of 322.

Speaking of the range will always bring to us fond reminiscences of "Sandbag" and his ever present whistle; Wildcat Lake; that golden Apex and Corporal Parham; and last but not least, that cry forever in our ears of "hold 'em and squeeze 'em."

Now, in the line of sports, we find that the whale boat crew is leading the athletic activities of the detachment. Their efforts are being directed by Cpl. C. M. Kolbert. The crew is composed of several members of last year's crew and a few new additions that are showing great championship form. There is a note of determination in the daily workouts of the crew and we extend our best moral backing for the gang to bring home the bacon.

Also, that extremely handsome young lad from Georgia, Pvt. Ricey S. New, is working out for the ship's football team. You'll see more of him.

Pvt. E. V. Jackson is a whiz with a tennis racket. Playing both in singles and doubles with the ship's team, he hasn't lost yet.

With short range coming on as soon as we leave the yard, Gy-Sgt. J. J. McKenna is overlooking nothing. This is the Gunny's last season aboard the *Missy* and he means to have a few E's painted on his floating cannon before he leaves. The whole gang is behind him and especially the crew of number nine as they have a good start towards that coveted gold hash-mark.

Extensive leaves have been granted during our stay here to several home-goers. Wow! Those stories of the heart-broken girls they left behind and of the meals that mother cooked for them will never cease.

Our personnel department reports the past transfers of Sgt. W. A. Pearce to San Diego and Sgt. C. Gurrath as instructor at Camp Wesley Harris. To the east coast went Cpl. G. S. Montgomery for a cruise on the USS. *Outside*, while Pvt. O. B. "Chop-Chop" Brunette is to be seen here most anytime riding a fire truck.

In their places have come Sgt. G. E. Jefferies and Sgt. C. L. Lange from Bremerton; Cpl. C. M. Kolbert from Pearl Harbor; and Dmr. G. M. Yoder and Pvt. L. M. Long from San Diego.

And have you heard about Pfcs. L. C. Bradburn, F. M. Johnson and C. O. Shanks trying out matrimonial experiments in Seattle? That fair city seems to be the main attraction for the gang. I'm told that there will be more than one pair of crying eyes when the *Missy* heaves to, to say nothing of the broken hearts.

At this time last year it was our honor to be presented the Vanderbilt Trophy for close order drill. The trophy is to be competed for yearly by detachments of the various battleships present in port. Unable to be there in time, the cup has already been shipped to the winning team and we say congratulations for a drill good year.

We'll be seeing you, gang, for 'tis written, "Nor swelling Seas, nor threatening Skies, prevent the Pirate's Course."

MARINES IN DRILL COMPETITION

By E. L. Klingler

Nine Marine Detachments, consisting of fifty enlisted men and one commissioned officer from each of the battleships anchored in Coronado Roads and San Diego Bay, came to Navy Field in downtown San Diego to participate in a competitive drill on August 29th, to win the Vanderbilt Trophy Cup. Those competing were from the USS *Arizona, California, Texas, Idaho, Maryland, New York, West Virginia, Nevada,* and *Oklahoma.* Due to a reception on the USS *Pennsylvania*, the flagship, that detachment was unable to participate. The Commanding officers of the detachments were, in order named: 2nd Lt. V. H. Krulack, Capt. J. D. Waller, First Lieutenant McQuillan, First Lieutenant Weeks, Capt. Arnold Larson, 2nd Lt. John Sapp, Lt. Thomas Hughes, 1st Lt. J. Hester, and 2nd Lt. William Buse. The Vanderbilt Trophy Cup is a beautiful silver cup presented by State Senator William Vanderbilt and received its initiation last year while the Fleet was on the East Coast.

The detachments marched on the field and passed in review for Rear Admiral Arthur St. Claire Smith, Commander of Battleship Division Three. Maj. Clifford O. Henry, USS *Arizona*, Marine Division Officer of Battleship Division Two, acted as Commanding Officer of the combined detachments, aided by Second Lieutenant Ireland, Adjutant, and Field Sergeant Major Edward Bald.

Each company was allowed eight minutes, timed by First Sergeant Burnham of the USS *West Virginia*, in which to show their superiority, knowledge, and exactness in drill before the judges: Lieut-Col. C. D. Barrett of the USS *West Virginia;* Lieut Col. J. L. Underhill of the USS *Idaho*, and Maj. C. O. Henry of the USS *Arizona*.

In the stands watching the competition were Gen. Douglas C. McDougal, Commanding General of the Fleet Marine Force and of the Marine Corps Base at San Diego, Colonel Harrington, Rear Admiral Smith and his Aide. A large section of the stands was filled with men in "Greens" that came from the Marine Corps Base to witness the "Sea Soldiers" strutting their stuff, and to pick up pointers on fancy drills. There also was a large delegation of civilians, spotted here and there with the white caps and blue uniforms of sailors who cheered lustily for the detachments representing their respective ships. The audience totalled some 5,000 people.

It is interesting to note that the *California* detachment won this cup with regulation drills and the silent manual of arms while marching and in company front. The *Idaho* took second place with a few silent, regulation, and trick drills that showed precision and demonstrated the fact that each man had his mind on his work. These drills consisted of even numbered squads executing a left oblique, and the odd-numbered squads executing a right oblique, crossing through each other, reversing and reforming the original column of squads, without a command. Another required the odd-numbered squads to march by the right flank, and the even numbered squads by the left flank. The *Nevada* detachment took third place with the regulation squad movements, silent manuals, and a massed drill that was performed flawlessly. This massed drill has been tried by many military organizations but, as yet, has not been established as a permanent formation. This detachment also executed a perfect 2's and 4's forward, 1's and 3's to the rear, and, when extended, halted, and followed the silent manual before re-assembling. Part of the *Maryland* show was to fix bayonets and form the letters MD. and, while in this abbreviation for Maryland, they fired a salute.

The prevalent drills were, silent manual while marching and, in company front before the stands, the manual of arms; silent and commanded squad movements, oblique and flank movements, silently and by command. The trick drills were originated by the detachments.

Admiral Smith remarked, "An exceedingly smart company of nine smart companies has won. It has proven that Marines aboard ship can drill on sod, without music, and remain among the best."

Captain Waller told newspaper men: "It is fine to win with such stiff competition."

Colonel Barrett stated: "Very good drill."

These men are to be complimented on their excellent showing because of the fact that they had an average of only eight hours drill, spread over the four days their ships had been anchored in the San Diego area.

THE BLACK WARRIORS' FIRST YEAR AFLOAT

By C. D. Smith

The *Tuscaloosa* Warriors celebrate their first year afloat! August, 1934, this wild tribe stowed seabags well down in the hold preparatory to the shakedown of the latest addition to the Navy. There's salt on the foretruck now as well as in the lingo of the then BOOTS.

Shortly after the Detachment had been formed at the M. B., Norfolk Navy Yard, in April, it was transferred to the Philly Navy Yard, under the command of Capt. W. H. Doyle, and 1st Lt. F. D. Beans, who advanced to their respective ranks while on the ship. While awaiting the commissioning of the ship the detachment spent a profitable two weeks at Cape May, N. J., firing the range; parading in the state V. F. W. turnout (having coat-hanger-ed our Blues all the way there and back), and acquiring a near-African tan. On our return to Philly we participated in the 4th of July Parade.

(Continued on page 44)

Second Signal Company, Marine Corps Base

MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO

SECOND SIGNAL COMPANY

By Paul Watson

In a recent issue of THE LEATHERNECK, the First Signal Company had an article detailing pertinent facts of and about what they were doing and what they plan to do. This month it is intended to enlighten the readers as to what the West Coast Marines of the Signal complement are doing.

Aside from the instructors and the men working in the telephone exchange and message center, the men are constantly coming and going. As rapidly as they finish school they are detailed principally to the radio stations, NPL in Point Loma, and NPG in San Francisco. Occasionally a few are sent directly to the Fleet, but this isn't the general thing. A few months "striker duty" at one of the two land stations and a man is supposed to be more or less ready for duty with the Fleet. On a recent draft, ten graduates were sent to the Asiatic Station.

Now to give you the dope on the Radio Operators' School of the Second Signal Company. Prior to the opening of the school in the Company, all operators for the West Coast, the Fleet, and the Asiatic Station were given instruction at the Naval Training Station. However, on August 6, 1934, the present radio school was started. Maj. Francis E. Pierce, then captain, relieved Lt. Wm. Mitchell and began the serious work of building a first-rate radio school.

On August 6, 1934, the first class of seven men began the course of instruction as outlined by Major Pierce. The curriculum included elementary electricity, elementary radio, naval procedure, and typewriting. The class periods were from 0830 to 1130, and from 1300 to 1530. During the first month the training consisted principally of typewriting, and learning the code. Starting low, four words per minute, they were required to advance at the rate of two words a week, with fourteen weeks, the length of the course, in which to complete the training. In the second month, Naval Procedure is added, and typewriting dropped except in cases where the student may not have become sufficiently proficient to pass the speed test of 25 words per minute. In the eighth week, elementary radio takes its place in the order of training and, from then on until the end of the fourteenth week, the students are instructed in code and elementary radio.

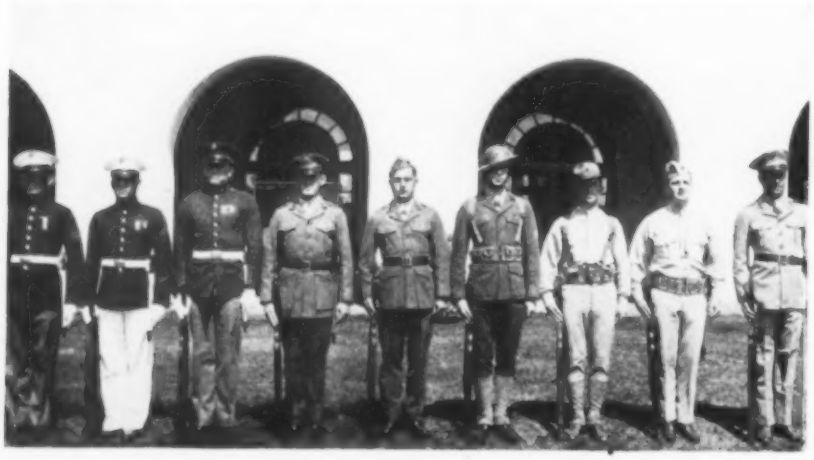
To graduate, a student is required to have a final average of at least 65 per cent, and to be able to receive code at the rate of 24 words per minute, and send 15 words a minute. Upon graduation, the student is presented with a diploma bearing a seal corresponding to his final marking. An average of 65 per cent to 74.9 per cent rates a white seal; 75 per cent to 84.9 per cent a red seal, and 85 per cent or over a gold seal. Up until December, 1934, when the standard was raised, ten out of fifteen graduates received gold seals. Since the standard was raised five per cent on all seals, a 90 per cent average is now necessary for a gold seal; only ten of forty graduates have received gold-seal diplomas.

The highest grade made to date in the Radio School is held jointly by Pvts. Kenneth Hanley and Henry Bostrom, each having a final marking of 92.8 per cent. Pvt. L. A. Hull was the first graduate, and first to receive a gold seal. His final average, which is about the average of all graduates, was 86.8 per cent. To date fifty-seven students have been graduated from the school, which is a good percentage of the men entered.

Commencing with a class of seven, the school now has from 35 to 40 students most of the time, there being 35 in the school at the present writing. During the month of August, five students were graduated and received their diplomas. They were MT. Sgt. Al Gernert and Privates Dorsett, Klien, Shilzony and Sumner. They received their diplomas at the weekly parade following their graduation. Until detailed for "striker duty," these graduates will be placed in the field platoon of the Second Signal Company, where they will be instructed in semaphore, pole climbing, field telephone and radio equipment.

As there are a great many applicants for the Radio School, there needs be a suitable method of selecting the most desirable, or rather those most likely to successfully complete the course of instruction. It has been found by observation that a student follows pretty closely in his final markings those that he made on his entrance examination. During the first six months of the school's existence, 242 applicants were examined for entrance. Of this number only 78—32.8 per cent—were selected and entered the school. Approximately one-third of the applicants examined are accepted and, of this number, 80 per cent graduate. In a group of 24 students, only 6, or 25 per cent, were dropped or failed to meet the requirements for graduation. However, since this group has been passed on, the training facilities have been greatly improved and this percentage of failures is expected to decrease correspondingly.

The entrance examinations are divided into two sections: Educational and Spe-



What the Well Dressed Marines Are Wearing at the Marine Corps Base

cialty. Arithmetic, Spelling, English and a general classification test comprise the educational examination. Thurstone time-sense test, and morse International Code tests are the Specialty section. Applicants undergo instruction in code for two hours, and, at the conclusion, are given a final test of four minutes' duration. The average Educational mark of applicants accepted is 82.7 per cent, while the average Specialty mark is 72.5 per cent. Where the applicant makes a high mark in his Educational tests, and a low mark in the Specialty tests, the general average, thus counterbalanced, is graded accordingly.

The graduation requirements have been raised since they were first set. A final average of 70 per cent or better in all subjects, and 25 words a minute in code reception. All courses are revised and kept in tune with modern trends in this branch of the sciences. MT. Sgt. B. E. Kilday, Chief Instructor, once a month calls the entire school and all instructors to a meeting, mostly for the benefit of any newcomers, with the idea of letting them know what the score is, or should be. Staff Sgt. L. E. Dimter, Chief Code Instructor, gives all of the final tests in Code, and keeps the students constantly on their toes.

A group of five letters or numbers constitute one word, and a test is given for three minutes. To pass a test for 25 words per minute, a student must have transcribed 25 groups consecutively as transmitted. The same applies to transmitting, except that for this the minimum is reduced to 15 words a minute. Sergeant Dimter gives expert instruction on the proper manner in which to address the key, or, perhaps, handle the key. A student that follows everything that Sergeant Dimter says should make an A-1 operator.

Cpl. Robert L. Farris teaches Naval Procedure and sends Code, as does Corporal Baldwin, who also teaches elementary electricity. Privates First Class Harmon, Haigler, Lindquist and Genilcore do their best to pound the ditty-dahs down the young hopefuls' ears. Cpl. Virgil Morgan, who was paid off recently and shipped over, is away on a ninety-day furlough. He claims the honor of being Aeyducy champ and code instructor.

The personnel of the Telephone Exchange has changed quite often during the past year. There is no one in the Exchange now who was there last August. Among the many chief operators during this time were Corporal Haley, transferred to the FMF; Private First Class Spanniger, paid off; Philbert, paid off; Jack Soward, to the FMF; Cpl. Cliff Blackmon, to Quantico to attend the telephone school, and Ivan L. Buster, now on a 90-day furlough, and then probably to the telephone school. The telephone operators on duty during that time have changed too often to mention.

The switchboard is the old style PBX, but is wired for conversion to the dial system. Nothing has been said as to when the change-over will be effected but, when this does take place, the present force of seven operators will probably be reduced to two or three. More about that when the time comes.

Pfc. W. D. Haigler is in charge of amateur radio station W6FWJ, and reports that for the time being the transmitter has been shut down. When Capt. William Mitchell was transferred he took his station operating license with him and to date no one has taken the steps necessary to obtain another. Capt. C. C. Snyder became Base Communications Officer, and also assumed command of the Second Signal Company on September first. All the equipment is of Navy design and property. The receiver is used to obtain press and weather reports, and serves as practice for the students in the radio school. In regard to working out a schedule, we soon hope to have W6FWJ reopened, and to have our CQ reported from China to Ethiopia.

Four privates were transferred from the Recruit Depot to the company during the month. They are Privates Bondelid, Hopkins, Jarvis and Jones. Pvt. George A. Little, from Aircraft Two, FMF, has been transferred from the company to the First Battalion, Sixth Marines. Cpl. Jerome Hieronymus arrived from the MD, USS *Northampton*, and has been assigned to code instruction in the radio school. Pfc. Eugene L. Klingler, upon arriving from the USS *Oklahoma*, has been assigned to duty as operator at the Telephone Exchange. Pfc. C. C. Ware, formerly of Shanghai, is now on duty at the Base Message Center, and Pvt. Francis Allen is now doing duty at NPL.

The time has come, the walrus said, to talk and do of other things, so until another time, when the schedule calls for it, ditty-dit-dah dit-dah.

DOING DIEGO

By The Stooge

The slight lapse, my friends, in "First Battalion Briefs" was a justified one as I was unprepared to take over the job of being your humble correspondent recently vacated by the transfer of "Duke" Peasley to the Pay Department at North Island, but now I am fully prepared to give you the doings around Diego.

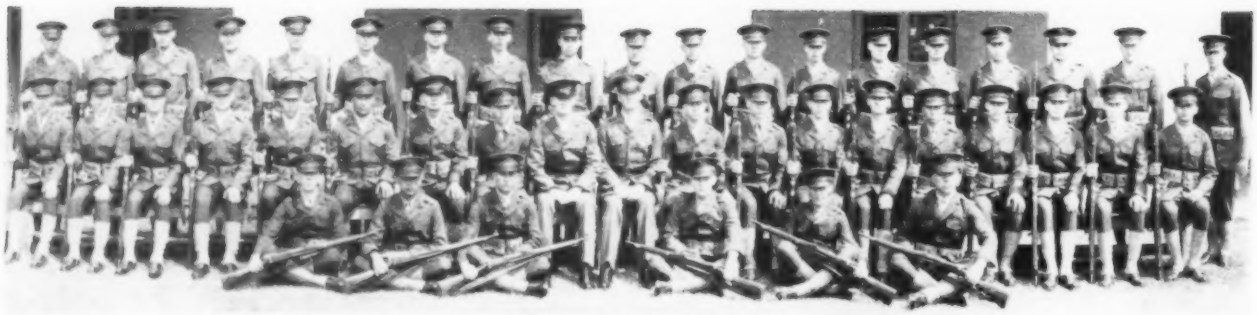
Let us run through the First Battalion and look them over; first we arrive at Headquarters Company, where our new Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Floyd, has taken over the reins recently vacated by Lieutenant Colonel Clarke, who was transferred to Washington, D. C. Next we have Major Strong as Executive Officer of the First Battalion, with Captain Fricke as Adjutant. Now we come to our new Sergeant Major, an old friend from Haiti, Ex-First Sergeant Paul, of course these congratulations are rather belated, but better late than never. We notice a vacant chair, and on inquiring are informed that Cpl. Francis Knapp has deserted the sunny clime of California for the cool autumn breezes of the East Coast, the Battalion lost a valuable man in Knapp, as did the "Dug Out"; how about it, Frank? Cpl. John Jamison is carrying on in masterful style since the departure of his old running mate. Pvt. Donald "Gummy" Walker, as Colonel Floyd's orderly, is hard to beat. "Mickey" Green, with his stable of fighters, seems to be pretty busy of late, combining Communication work and the business of supplying winners in the Exposition Bouts. Top-Kick Eddie Mullens is looking forward to that ninety-day furlough that is waiting for him when he ships over this month, and take it from him he is going to take every day. Hurry back, Eddie, the boys around the Battalion will miss you.

"A" Company was rewarded for the loss of Captain Craige, who left them for the Base Troops, by the timely arrival of Captain Gould; and Lieutenant Louther was replaced by Lieutenant Climie, who took over the duties of mess officer and is doing a fine job. The only setback to the whole scheme is that 1st Sgt. Harvey King, after trying many times, finally promoted a transfer to the Asiatics. The whole Company will be sorry to see Harvey leave, and I guess "Uncle Elmer" Weiss will have to take over the job of giving advice to the boys now that Harvey is going. The entire First Battalion wishes you bon voyage, Harvey,

11TH PLATOON, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Instructors: Sgt. Leonard C. Payton and Cpl. Walter E. Harris

James O. Allen; Albert E. Archuletta; John J. Baima; Fred J. Bartokvich; William C. Beardsley; Anthony J. Bissonnette; Lester DeW. Bolton; Ralph W. Boyer, Jr.; Carl Carlson; Victor A. Chiodini; Algur B. Crosser; Thomas J. Dallhausen; Frederick DeYoung, Jr.; John DeYoung; Herschel M. Gillentine; Alfred J. Hanson; Arnold L. Harju; Howard W. Harrington; Jack M. Hoage; Abraham Hoeppen; William J. Holcomb; Clifford C. Hyland; Barton G. Jackson; Herbert A. Jones; Phillip H. Judd; Harry E. Kinart; John P. Kolling; Richard M. Loper; Robert J. Mackin; Roland E. Maze; Raymond E. Messinger; Carl H. Neiswender; Lynn H. Nelson; Earl W. Pence; Porter D. Ralph; Hewlett T. Robinson; Richard M. Scott; James O. Shelby; Glen D. Snode; Arthur Spencer, Jr.; Joseph W. Taylor; John R. Turner; Arthur A. VanGilder; Wilbur I. Vogel; Odie B. Walker; George B. Witman, Jr.; Maurice R. Wodzewoda, and Atthel F. Wood.



13th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Cpls. R. L. Tyson and D. R. McGrew, Jr.

12th Platoon, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. Paul R. Agar and Cpl. Edw. D. Smith

and many happy days along Bubbling Well Road.

The air of superiority we notice in "B" Company is caused by a letter received from Admiral Senn, Naval Attache at the Exposition, complimenting the company on the excellent work it did in performing a Color Ceremony at the Exposition recently. Captain Maynard certainly has done a fine job in modeling a prize outfit out of the raw material presented him less than a year ago. Congratulations, Captain, to you and your fine company. First Sergeant Tyson, wearing a very satisfied expression, informs us that he is getting short and that the 28th will see him getting ready for ninety days; but he adds that he will be back in harness with "B" Company as soon as it is over. Well, here is hoping, Top, we sure would miss you if you decided to leave us, but have a good time on your furlough and stay away from the "brass rail."

Now we come to "C" Company, where Captain Gilman holds court, ably assisted by Lieutenants Skidmore and Adams, with Bill Bassett as acting first sergeant. That's a tough combination to beat and all the fellows are right behind the Skipper and his assistants.

"D" Company points with pride to the fact that their Skipper, Captain Meigs, is quite an angler, having landed a prize on his fifth day out, and it is reported that the ice box in Mess No. 5 is plentifully stocked with fresh fish ever since the captain went on leave. "Sol" Davis, that erstwhile baseball strategist from Brooklyn, has been very quiet ever since the Privates beat the NCO's, 6 to 2, in a ball game here recently. Sol's strategy must be like Bill Terry's, the way the NCO's were taken over, even the mighty bat of "Pappy" Hicks was unable to penetrate the fine defense of the Privates. Senoff reports a marked improvement in the dancing of Barney Jackson. Who is she, Barney? Come now, we can keep a secret. The recent joining of Lieutenant Shepard was most welcome; the boys in the Howitzer Platoon wish you lots of luck in your new station.

Chalk up another championship for the Marines, folks, the tennis team here swept everything in its path to win the 11th Naval District Championship. The Navy is sure getting plenty of competition from the Marines out here. That makes three championships so far, football, basketball and tennis. The baseball crown was within our grasp but the *Dobbin*, Navy Champs, protested a game in which "Farmer" Couch pitched, for Naval Air Station, against them; so the championship went to the Navy and the fine pitching of McNicol, Smith, Pounds and Roberts went for naught, but nevertheless we are proud in knowing that we had a swell team here and next year it will be the baseball championship to add to the other three.

Football seems to be the main topic of conversation here at present. The first game is scheduled for September 29th, with Santa Barbara A. C., and Captain Lott is certainly putting the boys through their paces in preparation for a stiff schedule, which includes California Tech; U. of C. Jayvees, University of Southern California Jayvees, Pomona, College of the Pacific, and San Diego State.

The team has been strengthened by the acquisition of Crouch, a former Georgia Tech boy, who will help the backfield, which will be considerably weakened by the loss of "Cheesy" Neil, who will be unable to play this year due to an injury received in basketball. McHenry at center should strengthen the line. The one puzzle for Captain Lott is to find someone to fill the shoes of Glick, one of the best ends in the business, but from the wealth of material that reported this year the captain should be able to get at least one good end.

There isn't much more to report at present as the team hasn't been picked yet, but next issue should have more details.

People traveling along La Mesa were surprised to see a whole battalion of Marines hiking along about sundown on the 23rd, and were puzzled as to the purpose, but it wasn't a war it was only the First Battalion making a maneuver at night. The area which we defended was at Chesterton and the "enemy," led by Lieutenant Shepard, were approaching from Pacific Beach. When we reached our objective we had to wait for darkness and then set out our patrols. "No smoking" and silence were ordered and real warlike conditions existed. Then the "enemy" was contacted. Every one was on the watch. One mistake the "enemy" made was in trying to break through the front occupied by "B" Company. They were quickly made captive and all along the line the remaining "enemy" were repulsed and made captive and at 11 P. M. the maneuver was at an end and at 12 midnight hot coffee and sandwiches were served. Then came the order to bed down until dawn. Very little sleeping was done by ye scribe as those mosquitoes certainly did power dives all night long and at dawn it was a happy crew that made the long trek back to the barracks and a nice soft bunk; all in all it was a very interesting "war" and showed the manner in which an invading party could be vanquished.

The best wishes of the entire Battalion go along with our old Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Clarke, who has departed from this Base to take up his new duties as Commanding Officer at Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.; we hope you enjoy your stay at your new post as much as we enjoyed having you with us here.

Get aboard next month, folks, and we will have some more news on the Doings Around Diego.

SECOND BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES, F.M.F.

By Carr

When one thinks about how long this unit of the Fleet Marine Force has been organized we realize it has been only a few months, but when one notices the efficiency and precision with which each detail is carried out it seems to be an organization of years of training. We have had men join us with years of service and also the rawest recruit, but one could never tell the differ-

ence merely from observation on the field. It only takes a few days in the second Battalion. The slogan was once probably, "Send us the boy and we'll return you the man," but here it is quite different, send us the man and he'll never return as once you're in this outfit you never want to leave. During the recent month we had to give up one of our faithful officers, Capt. William Ulrich, who was transferred to the USS *Utah*. Aboard the ship he will be in command of the Machine Gun School. Also transferred to the same ship was Sgt. Hiram Casteel. There are a number of sad faces among the members of Company "H" after the departure of their famous warrior. Each one discovered some unknown part of a machine gun during the time the captain commanded the company. We wish both he and Sergeant Casteel a happy cruise. Though we regret very much to give up two good men, we had join us First Lieutenant Hudnall, who will relieve 1st Lt. Edmund B. Games as Battalion Communications Officer. We welcome Lieutenant Hudnall and we are sure he will enjoy his tour of duty in this organization. Merely from observation one would never know that the Second Battalion had such an efficient Message Center. Being Skippered by one Cpl. William C. Moore (the man who finds all the words for cross word puzzles in the dictionary) and the clerical work being done by that smilin' curly (kinky) headed Private Balzer, who says a good lesson can be learned in the Second Battalion should you stay on liberty a few hours longer than you should. At any rate nothing lacks attention, not even First Sergeant Taylor's mail.

From all indications it seems there is to be plenty of competition for many football teams this season. We have quite a number of men in this battalion who are preparing to meet the strenuous schedule the coming season. Lt. O. K. Pressley, who has been in the football limelight for several years in the Marine Corps is seeing everything well done. Too, we have imported one of the best on the East Coast, Sergeant Craig.

HQ. AND HQ. COMPANY, 6TH MARINES, FMF

Come all ye people and give ear to this, our swan song! Our happy home is no more! We go forth into the byways to never return. This is the end. Come with us to see the Chaplain for we crave weeping slips.

Most of the Company will be transferred to Force Headquarters. The remainder will be distributed among the battalions. Staff officers, with the exception of Captain Robinson, Lieutenant Snedeker and Marine Gunner Haubensak, will comprise 6th Marines Headquarters. Captain Robinson and Lieutenant Snedeker go to Force Headquarters as Assistant F3 and Assistant Communication Officer, respectively. Marine Gunner Haubensak goes to the 2nd Battalion, 10th Marines. Sergeant Major Larn will be Regimental sergeant major with Kennedy as clerk.

The Communication and the Intelligence Platoons go to Force Headquarters intact. First Sergeant Peters, Sergeant Regan, Corporal Lesovsky and Privates Foerschler and McNicol go to the 1st Battalion, 6th Marines. Trumpeter First Class Duncan will report to the 1st Battalion upon his return from leave. Sergeant Smith is the only man going to the 2nd Battalion, 6th Marines. Trumpeter Barningham and Privates Crouch, Cronmiller, Nelson, Peavey, Peters, Price and Stephens go to the 2nd Battalion, 10th Marines. Private First Class Adams' request for a furlough transfer to MB, Washington, D. C., was granted and he will be on his way the first.

Corporal Sears was paid off and took a one-way ticket home. Privates Netkosky and Thomas reach the end of their cruises the 30th and 31st of this month. Which reminds me that I have seven months on the head to do. It's the lady or the tiger all over again. Shall I or shall I not? It's a moot question.

The above report disposes of the Company. News is rather scarce—that is, news of the better sort. As for the bad news—the FLEET'S IN! That's ad enough for anybody. Some of the back pay is drifting in to the old China hands but I got mine while I was there so what's the diff? This is the last time you'll hear from us but maybe you weren't interested anyway . . . so, what's the use? *Adios.*

WEST COAST PERSONALITIES

By D. S. C.

First Sgt. Bunah L. Burnham, Casual Company at the Marine Corps Base, was transferred to the Marine Detachment, USS *West Virginia* on August 27th.

Burnham was born on 31 January, 1897,

First Sergeant B. L. Burnham

at Atlanta, Ga., and enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps June 26, 1916. He embarked on the collier USS *Neptune* and arrived at Puerto Plata, Santo Domingo, on October 7th. He was attached to the Sixth Company, First Regiment, until November, 1916, at which time he was transferred to the Twenty-Eighth Company, Fourth Regiment. Burnham returned to the United States in 1918, and was transferred to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on recruiting duty. Selected as a scout-sniper for duty in Europe, he was transferred to Quantico, but the Armistice was signed before his ship sailed.

Burnham was transferred to the Fifteenth Regiment, San Pedro de Macoris, D. R., leaving February, 1919; and, while serving with the Regimental Quartermaster, was promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant. He returned to the United States in 1920, and was discharged upon the expiration of his enlistment on June 25.

On October 9th, 1920, he reenlisted and was retained on recruiting duty at Atlanta, Ga., and then in Jacksonville, Florida, until January, 1921. From January to October, 1921, he remained at Parris Island, S. C., and, when recruiting was resumed, was transferred to Memphis, Tenn. He next went to recruiting duty at Des Moines, Iowa, and remained there from October, 1922, to August 15, 1927, at which time he was promoted to first sergeant and transferred to the Recruiting District of Detroit.

Burnham came to San Diego on November 1, 1930, and was transferred to duty aboard the USS *Argonne* on January 27, 1931. He returned to San Diego on February 1, 1933, and has performed the duties of Personnel Sergeant Major at Marine Corps Base Headquarters since June 19, 1933.

First Sergeant Burnham is an expert banjo and guitar player, and is quite adept at billiards, and in sketching scenes and people during leisure moments.

Men with his competency and personality do much to promote harmony and contentment within a command, and, while we regret losing him, we congratulate the USS *West Virginia* on their ability to obtain such a fine noncommissioned officer.

RATTLES FROM THE SNAKE RANCH

By Tui

On August 31st the Mare Island Marines threw one of those dances that are considered paramount in the hop, skip, and jump world. The great success of the dance is due primarily to the untiring efforts of Paymaster Sergeant Steimer. It is understood that a number of dances are to be held at the barracks and, needless to say, we are all looking forward with a glad eye.

Sergeant Duveene, Corporals Clegg and Kossick, and Private Hetherington were discharged during the month of September. "Duke" (Duveene) spent a short furlough in Sacramento attending the California State Fair. He is back now measuring the water in the reservoir and is looking forward to a probable transfer to points east. Clegg shipped over, of course, and was granted a furlough transfer to Hingham, Mass., for duty. Kossick is now on furlough chasing around the hills of California hunting and fishing. Upon the expiration of his furlough, Kossick will report back to the Ranch for duty. Hetherington didn't stick around, but shipped in the Reserve.

Private First Class Plantz, shepherd of the North Gate, has returned from a thirty-day furlough which he spent with relatives in Granada, Minnesota. Apparently Plantz has gone wrong, as he spends about three-fourths of his time checking up on the mail bus.

Cpl. "Gorkey" Hadusek is now on a vacation. Gorkey's just taking time out to shoot a few jack rabbits.

"Expedite" Jackson may not be a messman on roller skates during chow time, but he makes up for it during the evenings. He performs on skates something like "Duke" maneuvers on the dance floor.

The corporal in charge of the public property has been trying to find out where the dark paint has been going. Now the cat is out of the bag. Yewdall, White, and Wells have been using it to darken the down on their upper lips. Evidently they are endeavoring to emulate "Rabbi" Vrana.

Incidentally, Privates Muse, Gleason and Fowler had a little change of atmosphere

(Continued on page 41)

Photo by Tager

Drum and Trumpet Corps, Quantico, Virginia

News from Quantico

THE FIRST SIGNAL COMPANY

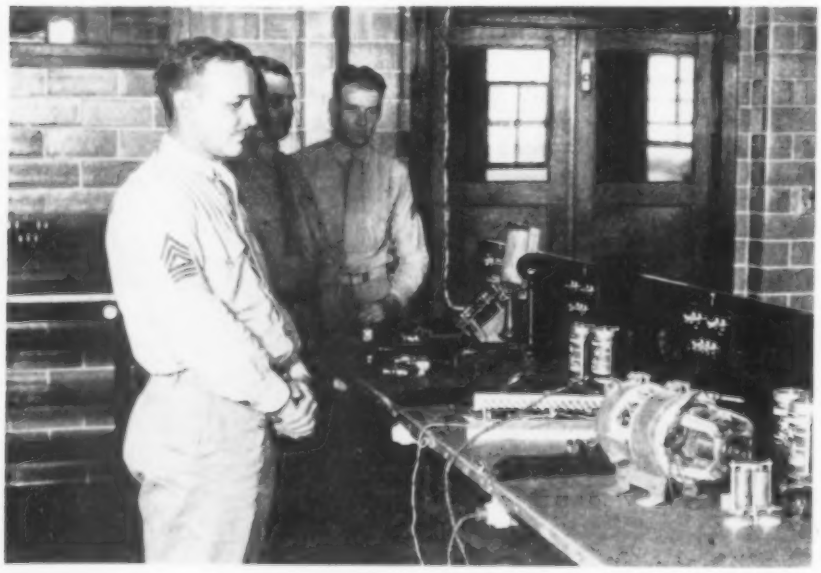
A month or so has passed since the commencement of the Telephone Electrician's School, and the student body is wading knee-deep in the mire of algebraic equations and the why and wherefore of generator commutating planes. The subcourse in map reading has been hurdled as has the subcourse in pole line construction. Although the members of the first class got off "light" on pole line work it was noticed that the majority of the class nursed "burned" shins for a couple of weeks after. Little actual construction was undertaken, due to the tardy arrival of equipment for this work. The equipment is now on hand, though, and ready for the next class to be initiated into the thrills of pole line work in a most thorough manner.

Within the last few weeks an enormous amount of laboratory equipment has been received making laboratory experiments more interesting and instructing. To date in the subcourse on Direct Current, twenty-two laboratory experiments have been studied and performed. Experiments of some nature are carried out daily bringing out some important point in the day's lesson.

The laboratory is equipped and so arranged that each student has at his position, telephone ringing current, direct current, and alternating 110 volt 60 cycle, and connections to tip, ring and ground of any other position, connections being made through a central control panel. Each circuit is separately fused in order that "attention" may be given to students who blow their position fuse. (The instructors are still trying to find out why so many fuses on position six are blown.)

Cable splicing has just commenced, and proves a most interesting subcourse. Of course, a few of the more careful students will use their thumb to determine the boiling point of paraffine.

Local Battery Systems are showing on the horizon. This will be an eight weeks' course and has purposely been delayed until the mysteries of AC and DC could be explored. Eight sets of Local Battery subset and cord circuit and line circuit boards have been completed. This will add immensely to the value of laboratory experiments. Sergeant Thoemmes will undoubtedly wear his gloves when coaxing the snap terminals on connecting wires, over a snap lug. He didn't quite wear them out in climbing. All in all, we expect a busy week coming up.



Portion of Laboratory, First Signal Company, Quantico, where M.T.-Sgt. Vanderhoof and his colleagues are conducting an experiment

BROWN-FIELD BULLETINS

BY GOSH

Howdy, folks. Seems mighty good to see you again. Many a ship has crossed the seas since last we met in these columns. Hope you have been hale and hearty and that you will have some yarns to swap with us.

The most important news hereabouts is the movement of VO Squadron Nine-M to the Virgin Islands on a training flight. On August 27th supplies and ground crew were loaded on board the USS. *Antares* at Quantico and departed for San Juan, Puerto Rico, whence it will depart for St. Thomas, V. I. The flight of seven planes, in command of Lieutenant Colonel Moore, left two days later and ran into tough going at the start. A tropical disturbance working up the east coast of the United States was preceded by fog and rain which they ran into on the first day of flight. However, with such pilots as Captains Medaris, Boyden, Lieutenants Dickey, June and Hopkins, and Staff Sgt. Don Davis at the controls, the planes are sure to get through. Marine Gunner Brock, as chief radio officer, is maintaining constant communication with the ground station at Brown Field. The mechanics included Staff Sergeants Bealer, Fogerty, Lilly, and Mannan, Ser-

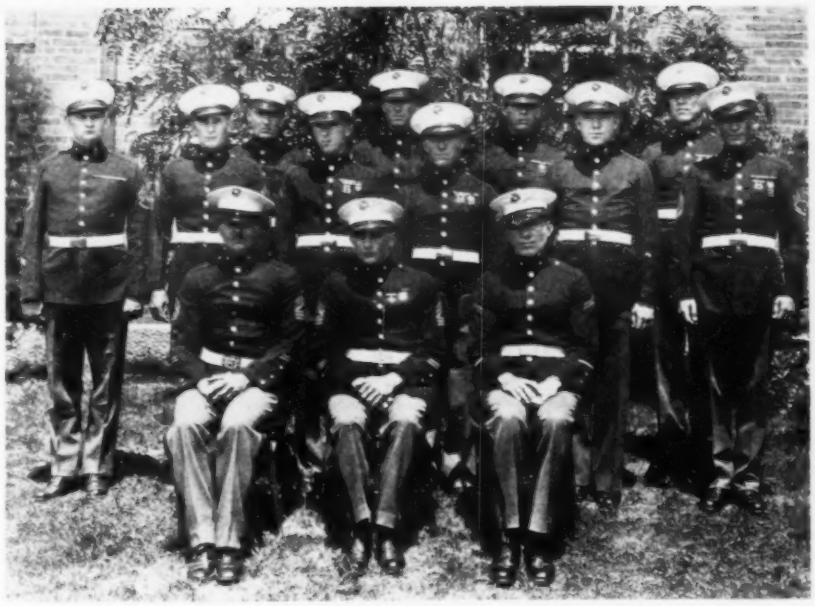
geants Brashier, Craig, Starr, and Private Grubbs, radioman. Two plank-owners were lost to this station in First Sergeant Garrie and Sergeant Jessee Melear. That leaves only one man who has been here as long or longer than the writer. "Marty" Berg went as photographer; "Al" Straba as ordnance man; Gaut and Lester as QM storekeepers; and "Joe" (Dare-devil bicycle rider) Pearson as aerographer. "Pop" X Clement accompanied the troops as metalsmith; "Stub" Pollard as chief assistant to Melear as engine mechanic; Raymond Gheen is chief electrician; "Herby" Hoover is the aviation carpenter; "Chick" Haney is chief carpenter; and Edwin Murphy the parachute rigger. There are about two score more we'd like to mention at this time but space will not permit.

The latest news from the flight is that they will aid in relief work being rendered in the Florida area hit by the recent storm. This will not be new duty to VO Squadron 9M, for during the years of duty in Haiti it was frequently called upon to help out in case of emergency in the various islands of the Caribbean.

Next in line is the mention of the National Air Races held in Cleveland, Ohio, which were attended by VO-7M and VF-9M, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Geiger. The races were scheduled to run from 29 August to 2 September. Bad weather to date (September 5th) has prevented the return of the squadrons. They had a very good program arranged to show the maneuverability of the aircraft and to demonstrate aerial tactics of defense and offense. This show marked the first appearance of the new 03U-6's. On the trip to Cleveland, the flight gave the Pittsburghers a thrill by putting on their show over the municipal airport, after which a luncheon was given in honor of the Marines. A total of thirty-three aircraft, thirty officers and forty-four enlisted men made the trip.

Other than these two items, news (?) is confined to individuals and small groups.

Probably chief among the happenings in the recent past is the strange encounter on the tennis courts experienced by a certain young fellow as witnessed by the Shadow. It seems that the person in question had made a midnight visit to the courts—there to meditate on the potency of certain beverages. He also wished to raise his voice to the moon. "Nigger," our canine mascot, attempted to join him in a duet, thereby displeasing our "frand." In an effort to discourage "Nigger" the young man decided to bite him—met resistance and emerged the loser—by one disabled hand. No traces of damage to the dark mascot.



TELEPHONE ELECTRICIANS' SCHOOL, QUANTICO

Top Row, Left to Right: Sgt. Thoemmes, Pfc. Rogers, Sgt. Bailey, Cpl. Montwill. Second Row: Staff Sgt. Gay, Cpl. Eargle, Pfc. Liston, Cpl. Wingo, Pvt. Curry and Gy-Sgt. Stillwell. Sitting: MT Sgt. Vanderhoof, MT Sgt. Dyer (instructor), and Cpl. Kozakewicz (instructor).

Cpl. "Dutch" Neus has just returned from furlough up Long Island way—says he got lonesome being alone. Strange as it seems——.

Suppose next that Staff Sergeant Johnson will be coming back from Arkansas and telling us he ran into too many people.

A man has to believe everything these days.

Here is one passed along by Walt Snitchell:—It seems that a certain pal who had a pal wanted to go out for the week-end so he borrowed his pal's automobile. On the auto were two new tires and on the spare wheel a not-so-new one. Running short of change, said pal removed spare wheel and put it on in place of a good one. Found nearby shop and obtained cash deposit for wheel and tire. Imagine how pal felt when he came home and found pal had not brought tire back with car. Imagine how pal felt when pal came home and found he had not brought tire back. In the end pal brought pal's tire home and they are pals again.

That is just one of one thousand ways to make money in your spare time (or should it be from your spare tire?).

Sergeant Major Lang has been seeking relief from the Virginia heat by making a twenty-day visit to Beaufort, S. C.

Sergeant Toranich, the local sheik (and he's a devil), has returned from his native city of Churchville, Pa. He gained fifteen pounds and a new flivver, says he.

Among the latest to change their beneficiary slips, after resigning from the Bachelor's Club, are Gunnery Sergeant Paisley, our mess sergeant; Sergeants Rupakus, parachute rigger, and MacCrone, ordnance

MEMBERS OF THE FIRST SIGNAL COMPANY, QUANTICO, DEMONSTRATE HOW EASY IT IS TO STAY UP THE POLE

Believe it or not, Staff-Sgt. Gay is clear on top of the second pole, but the art of concealment appears to be important.

The new Turner Field, Quantico, will be in use late this year

man; Corporal Pawloski, also ordnance man; and Pfc. Harvie Scheetz, our photographic enthusiast.

Among those expected to follow their example is "Sooky" Suddath, dashing young gallant from VO-7M. The reason for our expectations is well known to all his bunkies and, it is supposed, to certain personnel who handle the U. S. Mail. There was nothing indefinite about the sign which I saw.

The last news in these columns about collectors of any kind referred to those who saved postage stamps. The latest offshoot of the collectors' fever has the Aerological Section of this station saving blotters. Anyone having any kind of used blotters are requested to see Sergeant Caruso who will be delighted to have them.

LOST AND FOUND. Lost: One white gold class ring with black face in which the initials HHS are engraved in silver. Valued as a keepsake. Finder may turn it in to Headquarters, Aircraft One, for delivery to owner.

The following tasty bit of dialogue was reported to the writer as having actually been spoken by a certain member of this command. Here it is:

"Hello, thar, Ezry!! By the Great Horn Spoon it has been a tolerable spell we ain't saw you hereabouts. Did the NRA git ye, or have you just been too durned lazy to get out of the straw? Mou'ty glad to be seein' ye. How's to set fer a spell and jaw with me?" This was the greeting our hero received.

The hero replied: "Ez you should know, I have jist come home from down to the Marines at Quantico, up in Virginny, where I joined up a few months back. I got into the aviation service right off on account of I told them I was a sperienced mechanic. They resigned me to work on airyplanes and a man told me to get going on the duck. Well, sir, I went all around the field and couldn't find nothing that even looked like a duck so I asked the man again where was I to work. He looked at me funny like and showed me an airyplane what he called a 'duck.' Shux, that thing didint have no reason to be called a duck. It looked the same as any other plane 'cept it was fastened on top of a hollow thing that looked like a banana with the curve turned up and had wheels on each side.

(Continued on page 42)

Parris Island News

Born on 30 August, 1935, to Captain and Mrs. Claude A. Phillips, a son, John Edmund Andrew Phillips. That sunny smile of the captain's is broader than ever now, as he receives the congratulations of his many friends on Parris Island. Captain Phillips is our Subsistence Officer and Maintenance Officer and is a very busy man. But he is never too busy to give a kind word or a smile to anyone he meets. We hope there will be many sons just like him in the Marine Corps of Tomorrow.

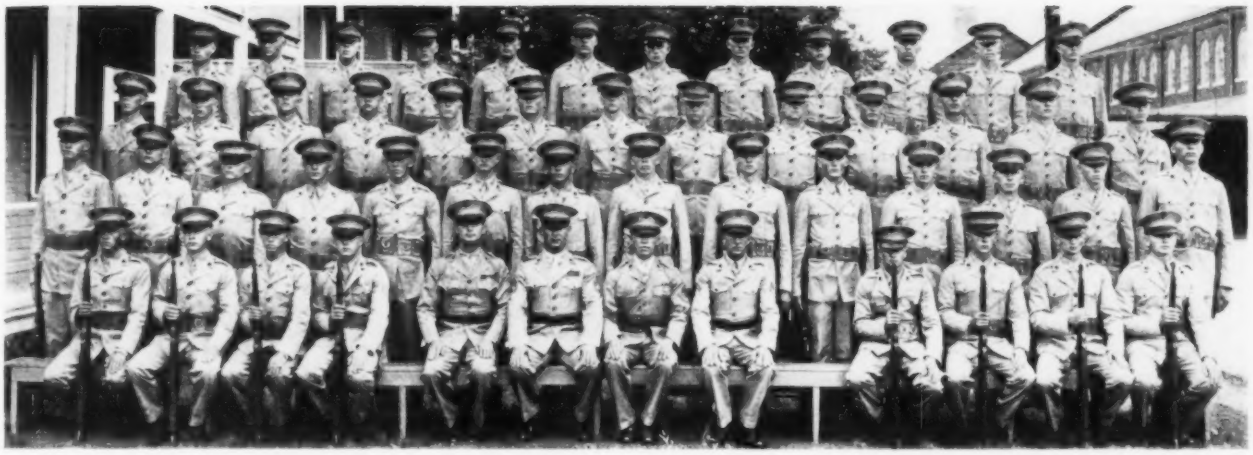
Born on 30 August, 1935, to Sergeant and Mrs. Michael C. Knott, a son, Donald Richard Knott. Sergeant Knott is one of our most popular Drill Instructors, over in Recruit Depot. We add our congratulations to those of a host of friends on this, the occasion of the birth of the first little Knott since the Knott knot was tied.

Married on 10 August, 1935, Sgt. Frank L. Tyree, of Parris Island and points south, to Miss Vireen Varn of Charleston and Columbia, S. C. The marriage ceremony was performed at the Golden Eagle Tavern in Beaufort, S. C., by the Rev. Dr. E. O. Watson, pastor of the Carteret Street Methodist Church, in the presence of close relatives and friends. The happy couple have gone to house-keeping on Parris Island where Frank is one of Captain Phillips' right-hand men in the Post Commissary. Mrs. Tyree has been a successful school teacher in South Carolina for a number of years and has been appointed a substitute teacher in the Post School. Frank, himself, needs no introduction. He has many friends all over the Marine Corps, and we know that they join with us in extending heartiest congratulations.

The morning following the Tyree wedding, says Frank, he stepped outside the house to look for the "Lizzie" he had parked there the night before and darned if there wasn't a baby Austin there, too. Believe it or not, we saw Frank and Gy-Sgt. Steinhardt out riding in the Austin one day. We were never able to learn how both these big men managed to squeeze into it. But Steinhardt, who is master chef during his spare hours, always carried one of those combination can and bottle openers, so they didn't seem to be worried about how they were going to get out again.

1st Sgt. Ernest S. Conn, popular top-kick of the Service Company here for a number of years, is now on his way to China. We wish him lots of luck in this new assignment of duty and we know that he will be as well liked in China as he was here, and in Cape Hatien, his post of duty prior to coming to Parris Island.

Other transfers that we regret to see made are those of Sgt. Vincent E. Boyle to the West Coast and Sgt. Lewis Rubenstein to the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C. These men have been doing good work as drill instructors over in Recruit



Platoon 12, Parris Island. Instructed by Gy-Sgt. Reynolds, Sgt. Glover, Cpl. Jones and Cpl. Webb

Area and there are many who will miss their cheerful good natures and conscientious efforts.

Recruiting isn't very brisk these days, it seems. One platoon went on schedule with only eight men in it. We have heard, however, that there will be a limited resumption of recruiting during September. It would be rather unfortunate to have to disband the efficient corps of drill instructors that has been turning out such mighty fine material, and then have recruiting start up again full blast.

The Non-Commissioned Officers' and Petty Officers' Club held it's semi-annual election recently and the officers of the Club now are: 1st Sgt. Carl Shuler, President; Sgt. J. D. Goff, Vice President; Staff Sgt. Lawrence A. Theodore, Secretary and Treasurer; and Sgt. John Ray, Steward.

QM-Sgt. Ernesto R. Beavers has been transferred to the Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Virginia. Drummer Wolfgang Weber has been transferred to the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston.

The Post School opened here on September 10th. In a final clean-up, prior to the opening of the school term, the Naval Hospital and Medical Aid Society declared "Children's Day" and removed some troublesome tonsils and adenoids for Miss Margyle McVey, Miss Geraldine Geiger and Mr. Buddy Osborne. A few weeks prior to that they performed an appendectomy on Miss Gertrude Fritsche. In the days when we went to school the *teacher* used to do plenty of operating with a birch whip that he kept above the blackboard. However, in our case, at least, his operation was not a success, even though the patient lived.

Parris Island is noted for its freak weather. It rains in the front yard in the morning, but not in the back yard. In the afternoon, it may rain in the back yard but not in the front. So distinct is the line of demarkation between the rainy belt and the dry that a lady who went out into the yard to get a sheet off the clothes line found that it was perfectly dry on one side and soaking wet on the other. On September 5, however, we had storm and rain on all sides. That includes outside and inside, too. That hurricane that came up from the Florida Keys, hell-bent for Washington, where it made folks think Congress was still in session, surely played the dickens around here. Trees were uprooted, wires were torn down, roads and yards were flooded, and several buildings were partly unroofed.

China Station

FOURTH MARINES NEWS LETTER

Since our last letter there have been many changes in the personnel of the regiment. New officers and new enlisted men can be seen around the billets and compounds, some of them serving with the Fourth Marines for the first time. Some of the officers who have joined our ranks are Maj. F. T. Steele, Maj. R. E. West, Capt. Francis I. Fenton, Capt. R. A. Boone, and 1st Lt. H. J. Turton. These officers have taken up their duties in the regiment and are now well settled in the ways of Shanghai.

The *Chaumont* brought 134 enlisted men to the regiment. Some of these men were on the rifle team and returned to Shanghai and the Fourth Marines. For the first few weeks after the arrival of the new men there was quite a bustle within the regiment, everyone getting squared away and acclimated to the duty and surroundings.

The rifle team did credit to the regiment, even though they lost as a team to the Peiping Marines. Four members of the team took medals in the rifle competitions. Lt. L. F. Narum recorded the highest score of the meet with a total of 564 and received a gold medal; Cpl. W. C. Roach took first silver medal with a score of 551; Cpl. E. T. Hannaford with a score of 545 received second bronze, and Pvt. H. E. Jull took fifth bronze with a total of 537. The Fourth Marines also came in for their share of honors in the pistol matches, taking second and fourth places in a very close contest of expert shooting.

During the last month there have been three barbecues held in the regiment. The first one was held at the Second Battalion compound. This event took on an international aspect as the British Defense Forces were invited and took part in the various games and sports that were a part of the gala affair. The second barbecue was held by the First Battalion at the new Stadium. Stag parties have been held before, but not one like the First Battalion staged. Starting off with a baseball game and ending with a magician doing his tricks, the whole outing was a success. The last barbecue to be held was the N. C. O. Play-Day outing. All the non-commissioned officers, their friends and ladies, and anyone else who was able to attend had the best time of their lives at this outing. The corporals took the sergeants into camp in the annual ball classic by a large score. This was the main athletic event of the day. With plenty of good chow and "Lion" to wash it down with, everyone was content and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

On July 30th there was held a homegoers dance at the Canidrome Ballroom. Almost all men about to leave for the States were at the dance. Entertainment of the highest rating was obtained for the affair and with the arrangement of dances as they were, everyone was eager to have the event carried out as long as possible. The dance was a fitting climax to the social life of those about to leave on the *Chaumont*.

One man who has spent a large part of his life in the Marine Corps and who is well known from all points east and west, has been discharged here in Shanghai. On August 1st Staff-Sgt. Joseph Dietz was placed on the retired list. Sergeant Dietz first enlisted in the Marine Corps in October, 1914. Since that time he has served in the Hawaiian Islands, Guam, the Philippine Islands and in various stations in the United States but he never served a tour of duty at sea during his entire career in the Marine Corps. Dietz is living in Shanghai for the present where he expects to remain for awhile.

Sightseeing trips have been arranged mostly for the benefit of the new arrivals. It gives them a chance to see the sights of Shanghai and the surrounding villages. Expert guides go along on each of these trips and point out everything of interest and answer as many of the questions that every newcomer to Shanghai asks, as they are able. The men have taken a real delight in the opportunity afforded to see as much of China as is within their means. So far the trips have been to close-by places, but house-boat trips are being planned in the future to take as many men as can be accommodated into the interior of this interesting country.

Some officers have left for the homeland. A few have taken the way of Suez

(Continued on page 42)

Miscellany

RECRUITING NEWS

A. W. Kessler

Several changes of personnel throughout the Recruiting Service have taken place during the past month. Most vital of these is the detachment of Col. James J. Meade, USMC, who for more than three years has carried on as the Officer in Charge of Marine Corps Recruiting. The Colonel is now stationed at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., where he commands the First Brigade, Fleet Marine Force. Although we will miss him, the Recruiting Service will continue to function, as a bit of well oiled machinery, smoothly and satisfactorily, always looking forward and upward to higher standards. This in itself is a lasting tribute to the personality and marked administrative ability of Colonel Meade. He considered this organization, now almost perfected, as his masterpiece. During his administration the Recruiting Service has gone forward by leaps and bounds. One recruiter can now do, in fact does, easily and well what three tried to do formerly, and the expense has been reduced proportionately. Reorganization, adoption of new methods of recruiting and publicity, higher standards for both the recruit and the recruiter, and many other changes wrought by him have availed a higher type of recruit for the Corps and effected a saving of many thousands of dollars to the Government. Also, he has dignified the work of the recruiter. It is rational to believe that this outstanding success of the Recruiting Service under his administration was partially responsible for his selection to assume this new and important assignment.

Col. Henry N. Manney, Jr., USMC, has been detailed as the relief of Colonel Meade. He is now on leave and will assume the duties of Officer in Charge of Marine Corps Recruiting at Headquarters in the latter part of September. Colonel Manney, his merits and his accomplishments are all well known to the service. The author of this column does not feel competent to elucidate on them. However, it is a mutual feeling throughout the Recruiting Service that since the capable hand at the helm had to be relieved, it could not have been better replaced.

Although the small current quotas do not seem to bear out the fact that the Recruiting Service is extremely active, there has been no let up in the efforts to completely remodernize methods of recruiting and publicity. The size of recruting quotas is governed by current losses. Probably the low normal losses could be considered one of the greatest achievements of the Recruiting Service and appears to be the result of good recruiting. Careful selection and examination of all applicants has materially reduced the preventable losses through causes other than expiration of enlistment, such as medical surveys, bad conduct discharges, etc. Statistics indicate that such losses are low, consequently the number of replacements needed is low; the number of vacancies is low and recruiting quotas have necessarily been subjected to drastic cuts. The scheme is to spend more time in the selection of applicants and less time and money in securing replacements. The fact that the small number of vacancies prohibits the enlistment at once of the large number of highly desirable young men whose names are on our waiting lists and who are not only seeking enlistment in our Corps but actually exerting every effort to gain this ambition, is a matter of real regret.

Results obtained by the Recruiting Service as a whole are quite satisfactory, yet we are far from satisfied. New methods of recruiting publicity which will reach still more satisfactory and more desirable applicants, at the same time tend to keep away the less desirable, are being formulated and cautiously adopted. Few hesitate to concede that the policy: "Make it hard to secure service in the Marine Corps," is wisely established and applied. The selected applicant, thoroughly qualified in all respects, who still had to exert a strenuous effort to gain enlistment is not likely the man who would waste the fruits of this effort by falling down on the job, and offers more possibility of emulating the high traditions of our service.

Due to the policy of transferring men back to the line upon the expiration of their four-year tour of recruiting duty, a number of vacancies for first sergeants and sergeants who hold regular warrants are anticipated. Only well appearing men with excellent records, of fine moral, mental and physical mien, who are qualified clerks with administrative experience are selected. Applications should be submitted to the Major General Commandant, via official channels, and include a definite statement of the applicant's qualifications and degree of proficiency, i.e., stenographer, touch typist, publicity writer, etc.

The Western Recruiting Division has come through with excellent results, completing the quota assigned it, and at the same time built up a good waiting list. All this in spite of increased activities on the part of other branches of the service and of the Civilian Conservation Corps, to take care of increases in their authorized strength. It is gratifying to note that in spite of the fact that other organizations are carrying on a strong drive for recruits, the Marine Corps can continue its recruiting by the new methods, through mediums of radio, newspapers, personal letters, etc., in lieu of the old time street recruiting, and still secure more than enough of the very best type of applicants.

The Western Recruiting Division received a letter from the Major General Commandant commenting on the low percentage of preventable losses incurred within that Division, which was the lowest of all the Recruiting Divisions. This indicates a thorough sense of understanding of the problems of the Marine Corps in keeping the cost of recruiting down to a minimum. Only the very best applicants are enlisted.

Maj. Thad T. Taylor, on 26 July, 1935, assumed duty as Officer in Charge of the Recruiting District of San Francisco, relieving Maj. Joseph T. Smith, who will go to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., for duty. Lt. Col. Randolph Coyle has been ordered to the Recruiting District of Portland, Ore., for duty as Officer in Charge, relieving Capt. Howard N. Stent, who will go to the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard.

Sgt. Oliver W. Ostmeyer joined the Recruiting District of Los Angeles, and was assigned duty as publicity sergeant, relieving Sgt. Charles E. Brown, transferred to the line. Ostmeyer has served as orderly to three Presidents of the United States. Sgt. Maurice D. Jones, who has been on recruiting duty for many years, has been ordered to duty at the Depot of Supplies, San Francisco, Calif. Jones has over 23 years of service.

Sgts. Emile Charpentier and Theodore M.

PERSONNEL OF MARINE CORPS RECRUITING STATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, IN 1908

Front Row, Left to Right: Dr. William H. Daley, Acting Assistant Surgeon, USN.; First Lt. James J. Meade, USMC., Officer in Charge; and Sgt. Garfield A. Tod. Back Row: Neff, Jones, Franger, McCandless, McKee, Johnson and Kraft.

Stephenson have satisfactorily completed a course of instruction in methods of recruiting and publicity at the Recruiting Section, Marine Corps Headquarters, and were transferred to their stations. Charpentier was assigned duty at Southern Recruiting Division, New Orleans, and Stephenson at the Recruiting District of Philadelphia.

Sgt. Kenneth H. Quelch, on duty at Headquarters of the Western Recruiting Division, San Francisco, volunteered to undergo a blood transfusion at the St. Mary's Hospital, on 19 August, 1935. Sergeant Quelch was given a letter of commendation for this act which may save the life of a woman who was in a critical condition.

In the Southern Recruiting Division a number of changes in personnel have been ordered by reason of expiration of tour of duty. The following have been ordered transferred to the line: Sgts. William E. Farmer, Benjamin F. Hearn, Jr., Albert LeR. Jenson, Oscar A. Powell, and William G. Reeves. The following have been ordered to duty in the Southern Division to replace them: Sgts. James W. Burnworth, James P. Evans, Carl H. Glaser, and Milligan G. Hereford. Sgt. Donald L. Truesdale, who was awarded a medal of honor for extraordinary heroism in combat with the enemy in Nicaragua, has been relieved from duty with the Reserve Battalion in New Orleans and assigned duty at the Recruiting District of New Orleans.

Reports from the Eastern Recruiting Division state that all stations within that division are maintaining a weekly broadcast of interesting episodes about achievements of the Marine Corps of fifteen minutes' duration through the courtesy of stations KDKA of Pittsburgh, WBAL of Baltimore, WHN of New York, WHAT of Philadelphia, and WHDH of Boston. These broadcasts are full of entertainment during each minute of the fifteen and are well worth tuning in. They will be generalized throughout the Recruiting Service in the near future. The complete series will cover the entire history of the Corps, starting with the first expedition of the Leathernecks and come down to the last thrills of our most recent campaigns and expeditions. They will take us back to early colonial days, dip into the mysteries of the Orient with the Yangtze Patrol along "the river" of China, full of romance and thrills of the Great War, heroic deeds of Devil Dogs in France, Haiti, on the *Maine*, in the Philippines, in Nicaragua, and in fact in every clime of the world.

Col. Benjamin S. Berry, who recently relieved Colonel Garrett as Officer in Charge of the Eastern Recruiting Division, has just completed a tour of inspection of all the recruiting stations within that division and his report is highly complimentary of the conditions encountered. Lt. Col. William T. Hoadley has again assumed the duties of Officer in Charge of the Recruiting District of Boston, relieving Lt. Col. Harold B. Pratt, who has retired. The Recruiting Service wishes Colonel Pratt every happiness during a long and pleasant retired life.

In recent years the Corps has devoted full time to the task of resuming some of our most important missions. The mission of the Fleet Marine Force; duties on ship board, operating new type anti-aircraft guns; serving with aviation squadrons of the Marine Corps and at posts and stations within our country or beyond the seas, have contributed toward making the duties of a Marine more difficult and important. Consequently the Corps can only use the finest type of young man which the country affords, men of the highest mental, moral and physical qualifications. The degree of our success in accomplishing these missions depends largely on the degree of success of the Recruiting Service in securing only this type of applicant for enlistment. This places each recruiter in a key position. Therefore, we will leave you until next month and resume the complicated task of selecting a few of such applicants from the many names on our ever-swelling waiting lists, to fill the limited number of vacancies in our Corps. Incidentally, waiting lists are composed of only the names of applicants who have successfully passed every examination and demonstrated that they are qualified in every respect to wear our uniform and uphold the standards and traditions of the United States Marines.

PANAMARINES

By The Sniper

The Coco Solo dungaree baseball season will soon start and the prospects for a Marine team are very good. Baby Face Camp is at the helm, being ably assisted by Constable Slattery.

The volley ball team is gradually getting into shape and with a little more practice should be able to enter the Y. M. C. A. league and make an excellent showing.

One of the most outstanding incidents of the month was the promotion of First Sergeant Abbott to Sergeant Major; the entire detachment extends its heartiest congratulations. (Ed.'s Note: The D. C. Personnel joins in the congrats.)

The other afternoon while enjoying a siesta, after a mid watch, I was rudely awakened by the most unearthly din that ever sounded in one person's ears. Rising up out of my bunk, I spied Percy Purviance with his guitar, accompanied by nine harmonica players, each one trying to out do the other—as far as volume was concerned—however, with a little practice they should be tops in the musical world.

"Pop" Roldn insists on taking his beauty nap at the gate every two days. What-A-Man!

"Red" Thaxton gives the girl friend a lengthy explanation why his nose is always red.

Corporal Herregodts made an all time record in soft ball. He was pitching and walked fourteen men straight. He says it was all the umpire's fault.

Private Pigon going high-hat since he became a big shot orderly—Oh, well, maybe he has his reasons.

Sergeant Skowronek is slowly losing his sun tan. Can't figure it out—can you?

News this month is certainly scarce and, as every one seems to be on good behavior, will "knock off" until *el mes entrante.*

CAMP PERRY MATCHES

The National Rifle matches are now being fired at Camp Perry, resumed after a four-year lapse. A few of the events of this classic have been shot, but not sufficient to permit a detailed story. It is im-

possible to wait for the final results, so we shall brief such returns as we have, and promise a recapitulation of the entire meet in the next issue:

The Coast Guard Trophy was won by Pfc. Remes De La Hunt, USMC., with a score of 99 out of a possible 100, against 1,500 competitors.

The Camp Perry Instructors' Match was won by Cpl. Waldo A. Phinney, USMC.

The Navy Trophy was captured by Cpl. Raymond D. Chaney, USMC., who shot a score of 98 out of a possible 100. There were 1,171 competitors. Third place went to Cpl. Houston P. Corry, USMC. (96).

The Marine Corps Match Cup was carried off by Cpl. Louis E. Easley, USMC., with a 99 score out of a possible 100. There were 1,170 competitors. Gy-Sgt. S. A. Zsiga, was a close second, also scoring 99, but he didn't quite possess the center accuracy of Easley.

The most colorful of all matches, The President's Match, was won by Gy-Sgt. John Blakeley, USMC., who scored 147 out of a possible 150 against 1,680 competitors. Gy-Sgt. James R. Tucker, USMC., was second, with a score of 146.

These flashes from Camp Perry are of necessity incomplete. Next month we shall publish a full account of the feature, together with some beautiful pictorial art photographed by Louis Tager.

YE OLDE CHATTER BOX

By S. A. Adalac

By the time you readers of THE LEATHERNECK cast your glimmers on this article, the crack of ball and bat will, probably, be supplanted by that of the thump of the toe and football. It has not been decided definitely whether or not there will be a team; however, there have been rumors of a possible 4th Naval District team. There's no doubt but that a good strong team could be organized through such an undertaking. I hope it may come to pass.

The Philadelphia Marines, it must be noted, have wound up a commendable baseball season. Having gotten off at a rather slow start, the boys finally got their stride, and out of their last twenty games they registered fifteen wins. The team is exceedingly grateful to Lt. Col. C. H. Wells, Executive Officer; Capt. Rees Skinner, Athletic Officer, and Sgt. Charles R. Dempsey, manager of the team, for their devoted and untiring assistance in making the team a success. Sergeant Dempsey, as some of you old timers will recall, played with the All-Marine team in Quantico, some years back.

(Continued on page 45)

SAN DIEGO MARINE SQUAD SHOWS POTENTIAL POWER IN GRIDIRON WORKOUTS

BASE TEAM LOOKS FOR SUCCESSFUL SEASON DESPITE LOSS OF VETERAN STARS

By "Duke" Peasley

THE entire Pacific coast has learned to fear and respect the fighting gridiron aggregations that the Marine Corps Base at San Diego annually turns out, and Captain Lott, coach of this season's team, is working hard to put a team on the field which will not only equal, but excel, the brilliant record of its predecessors. Every afternoon finds Coach Lott, and his assistants, Lieutenant Pressley, Lieutenant Shell and Marine Gunner Crowe, putting the squad through the usual early season grid menu.

The Marine Corps looks with especial interest at the Base team this fall due to the several games scheduled with Navy teams and a determination to bring the service championship to San Diego. Three of the leading teams of the fleet, the *California*, *Colorado* and *Arizona*, will be met, the last mentioned team undoubtedly the strongest in the Fleet. The USS *Arizona*, minus the services of their star back, "Buzz" Bories, of All-American fame, has already defeated the San Diego Town Club in a game played here, and the Marines realize that they will be a mighty tough team to beat. Yet, it has always been the tough teams that the Leathernecks rub into the dust. The Submarine Force has been scheduled and it is probable that the Marines will play an All Navy team for the coveted President's Cup. We watched the team practice the other afternoon and venture to state that there is a lot of potential power in the squad, plenty of aggressiveness, and a willingness to cooperate with fellow players and the coaching staff. Captain Lott, the coach, was out on the field with his team putting more energy in his work than any coach we have seen in the service in many a day. Coach Lott has been probably connected with more athletic teams than any other officer in the service and what would be more fitting than to see him bring back for the Corps the old President's Cup. And a fellow doesn't have to be a mind reader to tell that he intends to do that very thing.

The Marines have a fighting chance, but it is not easy to replace such stars as Poppleman, Neil, Glick, Bower and Mathiot, last season's regulars who will not be available this fall.

"Blackie" Reynolds, veteran ball carrier, is looked upon to fill the shoes of "Little Pop," as the man to build plays for to break him into the open. "Red" Callaham and "Horse" Dupler are two veterans who are showing plenty of stuff and both of whom are in much better shape than last season when both were handicapped by injuries. A newcomer, "Reb" Crouch, who used to cavort on the gridiron at the University of Georgia, looks like the find of the early season. "Reb" throws a football around like Jim Bausch throws a javelin, and our only regret is that the old reliable pass snatcher, "Cheesey" Neil is not available to serve on the receiving end, but the medicos have forbidden Neil to show his wares on the gridiron this fall. Barrieau, former All Navy player, and a hard plunging back equally capable as a blocker, is sure to see plenty of service. Webb, a reserve back last fall and a newcomer, Stephens, are two backs who are looking better every practice. Hal Tracy, baseball and football luminary, is also going to have plenty to say about who starts in the Marine backfield. Hal is showing plenty of speed in early workouts.

The veteran "Jud" Ferrell, if his last season's injuries do not affect him, is a cinch for one end position. "Gus" Sonnenberg and "Burrhead" Bradford, a converted backfieldman, are other leading candidates for the flank positions. "Tiny" Cummings, veteran tackle of San Diego and All Marine teams, will be back at his old position at right tackle. "Tiny" suffered a couple of cracked ribs in an early workout but we expect to see the old war horse in there throwing his headguard to the sidelines after the first couple of plays. Herm Hall, veteran tackle, is shaping up well, and should fortify the other side of the line.

Two small but rugged veterans of last season's team, Kleponis and Ficken, look like the cream of the guard crop. Hostad, veteran center, who played only the last part of the 1934 season, has an edge over Whytock, last season's pivotman. After the first game, we realize, that as always is the case, new names will be added to the sport sheets of the Corps, new players will gain the spotlight to share the fame and glory of the maroon warriors of the gridiron we have already mentioned.

Some of the veterans will fade and youngsters will take their places, but football is a funny thing, once it gets in a man's blood, one finds him out on the field year after year, even after he knows that his best days are behind him. Men like these do not know the word quit and everyone at the Marine Corps Base is pulling for these veterans and rookies to surpass even their grandest expectations and bring back for Captain Lott, their coach, and the officers and men of the Base the President's Cup and a whole bag full of games.

SHANGHAI SPORTS

On the 3rd of August Capt. J. M. Swinnerton sailed for the States. For fifteen months the captain was connected with the sports of the regiment, serving as Regimental Athletic Officer during that time. The captain is an old time Marine athlete himself and took a keen interest in all of the sports of the Fourth Marines. While not an active coach of any sport he picked the best coaches possible for each sport, and relied upon them to do the instructing. A natural leader, the captain was always at the helm to steer the teams on their course to victory. With the sailing of Captain Swinnerton, another officer who has had a lot of experience in handling athletics, took over the job as Athletic Officer. Capt. George E. Monson is now the new Regimental Athletic Officer. This is the second time Captain Monson has had the assignment. The first time was in the latter part of 1927, a short while after the Marines came to Shanghai. Right now under the captain's supervision a complete schedule of athletic events has been outlined for the regiment for the next six months' period. Getting together the Battalion Athletic Officers and working out with them various programs to take place within their own particular realm he has created a lot of interest in sports that up to the present time was on the wane. Under the new ruling everyone has a chance to participate in any event. This has proved an incentive to the men who have been a little backward in taking part in athletics. So far the program is in its infancy but it gives great promise of proving a success.

The Regimental Tennis Singles Championship was won by Lieutenant Rixey of the Second Battalion. After winning all

his matches up to the finals with comparative ease, the lieutenant was hard pushed by Moore of the Regimental Band, to finally take the championship. The scores were 8-6, 6-1, 1-6, 6-3. Moore showed himself to be a finalist in every sense of the word. He was the first player to win a set from the champion in either the tournament or the Inter-Battalion series of matches.

On Saturday, August 17, 1935, another baseball league was started in Shanghai. This league is of interest as it brings together for the first time teams representing the Japanese, Chinese, Civilians and the Fourth Marines. The league was originally planned to start on the 10th but with the Hosei series and the postponements in the Dollar Directory League a delay of one week was made necessary.

In the last game of the Dollar Directory League played at the Race Course on the 31st of July, the First Battalion beat the Second Battalion, 10 to 4. This gave the trophy to the First Battalion. The game was more or less a one-sided affair as the Second Battalion had lost some of their best players through transfers and through injuries.

As a parting gesture to the retiring Regimental Athletic Officer and as a welcome to the new one, also as a farewell to the athletes of baseball and tennis who were returning to the States, a dinner was held at the N.C.O. Club on July 28th. Among the guests of honor were Colonel Beaumont, Lieutenant Colonel Smith, Captain Swinnerton, Captain Monson, Mr. Frank Hough, Lieutenants Burger, Saunders and Larson, Mr. Ivy Riddick, Al Heubner and members of the Regimental Baseball Team. Speeches of commendation were made by the various guests, both to the men about to leave Shanghai and to the Regiment as a unit, for their wholehearted entry into the sports life of the local community. The last speech was made by Pierce, captain of the Fourth Marines 1935 Baseball Team. It was brief and to the point and ended with his presenting the Community Cup to the Colonel. After all speeches were dispensed with the group settled down to eating a dinner which was a worthy climax, and end, for such a meeting of celebrities.

To add zest to the playing in the Shanghai City League which is still going on, The China Press has kindly donated a Batting Trophy for the leading hitter during the series. At the present time four Marines head the list of leading batters.

An International Aquatic Meet was held at the Foreign Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday, August 14th and on Saturday, August 17th. The team representing America was placed third or even fourth in forecasts of the final results. But as always with the help of the Fourth Marines the American team managed to come in second. Only a few points separated winning British team and the Americans. From start to finish the meet was full of excitement and the final winners were in doubt until the last event was over.

This concludes about all the major sports events in which the Fourth Marines have competed during the last month. Of course each battalion is having its own share of intra-battalion athletics and as yet no winners have been announced. After the intra-battalion games there will be inter-battalion contests. So we are looking forward to next month as being a very busy one as far as sports are concerned.

KING KONG OF THE CORPS

By Lewis E. Berry

The chill November wind crept down from the hills toward the east and sent its roaring, frigid breath sweeping across the bleak Bluegrass Country to envelop the city of Louisville, Ky. It was the late

JACK TAYLOR, U. S. M. C.
He floored Carnera.

autumn of 1932 and eleven thousand fight fans stamped their feet and shed warm overcoats as they filed into the cheery warmth of Music Hall and seated themselves to witness the evening's exhibitions.

Preliminaries were dispensed with and the battle-hungry crowd was keyed to the proper pitch for the main bout.

"Ladie-e-e-e-s! and Gentlemen! In this corner we have Primo Carnera, Venice, Italy . . . ." It was the announcer's monotonous drone and his words were lost in the wild clamoring of the enthused mob. The "Man-Mountain" rose, raised his gloved hands in the ever-conventional response of the prize game. He spread his massive lips, bared huge, uneven teeth and grinned at the man across the ring.

His opponent stretched the broad shoulders of his 6 foot 3 inch frame and stroked his freckled nose with leather as he took in the physical details of the giant who towered a full four inches above his own flaming locks of close-cropped hair.

The shouting stilled to a muffled murmur and the announcer piped on—"And in this corner"—his hand swept an arc toward the smaller of the contestants—"we have James E. Taylor, the smashing, tearing Leatherneck from the Philadelphia Navy Yard!"

A tremor passed through the ranks of the spectators as, mentally, they compared the sizes of the fighters. None the less, they cheered vociferously and Pvt. J. E. Taylor of the United States Marines responded with beaming and undaunted calm.

The timekeeper's wrist flashed back—the gong! And there they stood—two mighty hulks prepared to barge into each other—Carnera, "the mountain who walks like a man" and "King Kong" Taylor, pride of the Corps. It is only incidental that we mention that the gigantic Italian won the bout by downing his smaller foe before the combat had run its course. But not before the Leatherneck had given the crowd a stupendous thrill in the second round by contacting a powerful right hook to the alien's chin which sent him crashing to the mat. He was up before the count but that detracted none from the distinction Taylor won as being the second man to floor Carnera up until that time. He shared recognition with Jack Sharkey who preceded him in accomplishing the feat.

So it is that we present to our readers this brief record of the ring conquests of one of our fellow buddies. Space does not permit the listing of all the engagements in which he has participated. All in all, there have been approximately seventy-five encounters. Of this number only about ten have been with service men. He has fought professionally since 1929 and estimates that forty-odd of his tilts have been chalked up as won, thirty of those being knockouts; fifteen have resulted in draws and four have brought him the experience of contact with the sweet essence of K.O.

His career within the roped arena has found him matched with such satellites as W. L. "Young" Stribling, ranking number one heavyweight of 1930, whom he met in Little Rock, Ark., while covering the Southern circuit; "Dynamite Dan" Martin, the collegiate idol and former champion of the states of Maine and New Hampshire; Johnny Bouchard, another of Maine's champs; "Big Bob" Mills, then at the top of the list in New Hampshire; "Tiger Tom" Dixey, another New Englander, and many other less notable characters.

Taylor shattered a long period of absence from the ring, recently, when he journeyed from Washington, D. C., to Camden, N. J., and climbed beneath the lights at the Pennsauken Township Arena on the night of August 26 to match gloves and punches with Steve McGraw, Vineland, N. J., heavyweight. Two years before, the sturdy Sea-Soldier had given the patrons at Camden a real treat by knocking out Bob Evans, of Manayunk, in three rounds, and he was welcomed back with no little enthusiasm. "King Kong" celebrated the occasion and displayed his gratitude by stretching McGraw on the resin-tinted deck in 1 minute and 58 seconds.

The massive Marine weighs in at 210 pounds and breaks the atmosphere at three inches above the fathom mark. He has spent two cruises in the Service and at present is stationed at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., where he keeps trim in pursuing the duties of Post Fireman. The home town is Port Gibson, Mississippi, and counting the years that he spent before he started cluttering up the landscape with defeated victims of the fight game, he must be seasoned near thirty years.

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

FIFTH BATTALION, F. M. C. R., COMPLETES ANNUAL FIELD TRAINING SCHEDULE

BY JOS. SAWYER

THE Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, basing in Washington, D. C., commanded by Maj. Harvey L. Miller, FMCR, engaged in the most advanced and arduous field training schedule ever attempted by a reserve outfit, at Quantico, Virginia, from 4 to 18 August, 1935.

That the Fifth Battalion made good by carrying out to the letter and in detail the schedule assigned to it by Headquarters, Marine Corps, is best evinced by a newspaper interview with Brigadier General Richard P. Williams, USMC, Officer in Charge, Marine Corps Reserve.

"Washington has a military organization in the Fifth Battalion of which is may well be proud," said the General. "After inspecting Marine battalions in camp, East, West and Middle-West, I can say that the Washington outfit did the hardest work and made the best record."

That General Williams' commendation was not a haphazard slap on the back for a hard trying outfit is indicated by the recommendation of Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman, USMC, commanding the Fleet Marine Force, and Col. Charles F. B. Price, USMC, commanding the Fifth Regiment. These two officers recommended that the Fifth Battalion be taken up as the Third Battalion of the Fifth Regiment.

The Fifth Battalion went to camp with a strength, for the 1935 training period, of 22 officers and 432 enlisted men. Its regular authorized strength is 506.

The organization is composed of seven rifle companies and a headquarters company, including the Battalion band. Headquarters is located in Washington as are rifle companies "A," "B," "C," and "D." Company "E" bases in Alexandria, Virginia, with its second platoon across the river at Indian Head, Maryland. Company "F" bases at Rockville, Maryland, and Company "G," at Roanoke, Virginia.

Departing for Quantico from Washington by boat, the embarkation was accomplished in four minutes. Debarkation at Quantico was made in six minutes. The Battalion erected its own canvas camp in the old Tenth Regiment area on Sunday, the day of arrival, and swung into its training schedule on the following morning.

Three days were devoted to close order drill and only one and a half days, in three sections of the Battalion, were used up on the rifle range. All but thirty members of the Battalion fired for record. The training schedule was mostly "combat." The highlight of the Battalion's accomplishments in camp was the full battalion attack maneuver in the combat area, which took up the greater part of one day.

On the day preceding the combat problem the Battalion proceeded, under bush warfare conditions, to the area and indulged in bush warfare and advance guard problems. A shelter tent camp was erected in the combat area. The Battalion encountered its toughtest obstacle when, after the battalion combat problem, excessive heat made the march back to the permanent camp site extremely difficult. Twenty-two heat exhaustion cases were taken care of at march collecting posts; the battalion band personnel having previously been assigned as medical troops, lectured and drilled in these duties. All the men were on the line the following morning, though, and, all in all, the health of the entire command was aces high, only one hospitalization case being on the books.

The full battalion took part in landing force operations under an aerial smoke screen, boarding the boats and clearing the dock in four minutes.

Battalion parade and review was staged in honor of Major General Lyman, who inspected the Battalion personnel as well as the camp. Col. H. C. Reisinger, USMC, from Headquarters, Marine Corps, also inspected the camp, placing particular emphasis on Battalion and company files and administrative paper work.

Lectures on various military subjects such as gas attacks, artillery support, etc., were ably and interestingly rendered by Maj. William E. Riley, USMC. Two excellently delivered bayonet lectures and demonstrations were rendered by Gy-Sgt. Joseph E. Buckley. Demonstrations of 37 mm. piece, Stokes mortar, Thompson submachine guns, Browning machine gun and Browning automatic rifle were efficiently handled by Marine Gnr. William A. Lee. The air contact officer for combat and landing force problems was Capt. Lester N. Medaris. Instructors in mess administration were Capt. William D. Byfield, Gy-Sgt. L. Rossich and Pfc. Charles M. Balmas. This trio quickly coached the Reservists on mess administration and operation. There were no kicks on the chow.

Seven non-commissioned officers from the Fleet Marine Force were assigned the seven line companies. They were advised by the Battalion Commander that they occupied a sort of "roving commission," to attach themselves to the companies concerned, to instruct, correct and coach where they saw fit. Complete harmony prevailed, the seven regulars doing excellent work. Letters of commendation were forwarded to Headquarters, Marine Corps, covering each of these splendid instructors. They were: Sgts. Wade H. Lee and Ralph B. McKinley; and Cpls. Milton L. Burleson, John H. Henderson, Charley M. Oliver, Edward C. Nelson, Jr., and Leslie De Sadier.

On the final Saturday afternoon in camp the companies took part in competitive drills for the various cups and prizes, the Board of Judges being composed of Lt. Col. M. H. Kingman, Capt. George Esau and Capt. Donald R. Fox.

Upon conclusion of the competitive events a formal Escort of the Color was held, followed by a sunset parade in honor of Brigadier General Williams. The Battalion passed in review, seven companies in massed formation, columns of close lines without intervals.

The Board of Observers assigned to the Fifth Battalion was headed by Lt. Col. Walter G. Sheard with Majors Ralph E. Davis and Campbell H. Brown, USMC. The Board remained with the Battalion throughout its entire stay in Quantico, attended every formation, every problem and every

The 5th Battalion, U.S.M.C.R., in Massed Formation. Maj. Harvey F. Miller, commanding

drill. They did not miss a thing. Although the report of the Board is not yet available, we hope to have it for publication very shortly.

The understanding is that the Fifth Battalion came away from Quantico with a score never before attained by any Reserve organization at that post. Major Miller, naturally elated at the showing of his outfit, stated, "The success of the Battalion is due to the hard work, study, grit and, above all, LOYALTY of every member of this Battalion. Each man knew his job to such an extent that nothing but a general supervision and a policy of 'hands off' was left for the Battalion Commander. Needless to say, I'm proud of being a member of such an outfit and prouder still of having been honored by being assigned to command the Battalion."

Based as it is in the Nation's Capital, the Fifth Battalion is under the immediate eyes not only of Headquarters, Marine Corps, but also of Senators and Congressmen. In that position it can, through efficiency, reflect credit not only upon the entire Marine Corps Reserve but also upon the Marine Corps proper. Neither is it in a spot where sloppy performance will be overlooked or lost sight of.

The Fifth Battalion, in Washington, has no armory. Its drills are performed in the streets in face of traffic hazards and darkness. Working shoulder to shoulder with the Naval Reserve, the Battalion is bending every effort toward securing an adequate armory. Its Headquarters now consists of an old frame building, condemned to be razed, renovated and kept up at the expense of the individual members of the Battalion.

In addressing the Battalion on its first day in Quantico, Major Miller said, "For 350 days of the year you have been 'pointing' for this fifteen days in camp. It is the end-all and be-all, the score card, the pay off of the year 1934-1935. There is one and ONLY one reason for your existence as a Marine Corps organization. That is to qualify for service to your country in time of war. Never lose sight of that fact!

"You are privileged to wear the time honored uniform of the world's finest military-naval service. Be sure you wear it well.

"Officers high in the Marine Corps," concluded Major Miller, "appreciate the value of the Reserve. The higher their rank the more they appreciate the Reserve. However, all agree, that an inefficient Reserve is worse than no Reserve at all."

The entire training schedule in Quantico was on an inter-company competitive basis for the various trophies, cups and awards; the company winning the greatest number of points in awards winning also the General Efficiency Cup and the Efficiency Streamer to be carried permanently on the company guidon. This high award was won by Company "D," First Lt. Otho L. Rogers, commanding.

Individual awards were as follows:

"The Old Rifle," for the best rifle inspection, Company "C" 1st Lt. Justice M. Chamber.

"U.S.M.C.R. Cup" to the enlisted man with the highest rifle score, Pfc. Ned S. Kline, Headquarters Company.

The Elizabeth Harris Cup for the best drilled squad, squad under Cpl. John Apergis, Company "D."

Chesterfield Cup for the private first class or private with the highest rifle score, Pfc. Ned S. Kline, Headquarters Company.

Norfolk Cup for the best drilled close order company, Company "D," 1st Lt. Rogers.

Klemfuss Cup for the highest average company rifle score, Company "G," Capt. Charles B. Nerren.

Senior N. C. O.'s Cup for the cleanest company streets, Company "D," 1st Lt. Rogers.

District of Columbia Department, Veterans of Foreign Wars Medal for the best drilled private or private first class, Pvt. Don S. Hammerlund, Company "B."

Ladies' Auxiliary, Veterans of Foreign Wars Ring to the best drilled guidon bearer, Pfc. Charles L. Cogswell, Headquarters Company.

Athletic Award for the highest athletic score, Company "A," 1st Lt. John W. Augustine.

Warburton Cup to the officer with the highest rifle score, Marine Gnr. John E. Fondahl.

Dwight L. Harris Cup to the most valuable enlisted man during the entire year, 1st Sgt. Samuel Weinfield, Company "D."

Colonel Edmonds Cup and Battalion Commanders 1935 Efficiency Guidon Streamer, Company "D," 1st Lt. Rogers.

The awards were formally presented with the entire Battalion on the line, the individuals, squads and companies being centered for that purpose and the cups awarded by various Marine Corps officers and, in some cases, by the donors. The Edmonds Cup was awarded by Brigadier General Williams.

The Fifth Battalion has stuck close to the Marine Corps in all of its activities, following closely the Marine Corps Manual and Navy Regulations.

The Inspector-Instructor of the Battalion, Maj. Lewis B. Reagan, U.S.M.C., remains at the right hand of the Battalion Commander, attends all of its drills and does not miss a thing. The same is true of 1st Sgt. Frederick C. Belton, U.S.M.C., assigned to the Battalion as instructor. The finest sort of harmony exists between the regulars and the reservists the year around and continued so during the camp period at Quantico.

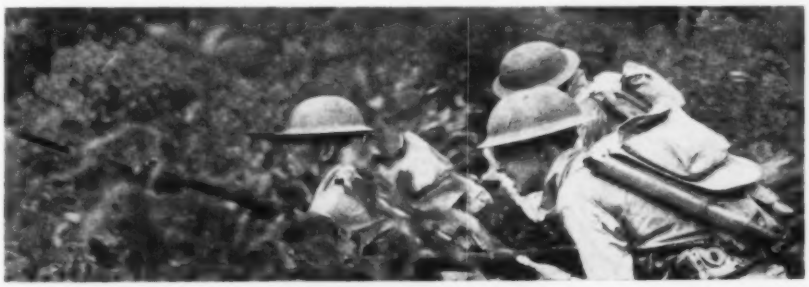
OFFICERS' ROSTER

FIFTH BATTALION, FLEET MARINE CORPS RES.

Maj. Harvey L. Miller, Commanding Officer.
Maj. Lewis B. Reagan, U.S.M.C., Inspector Instructor, U.S.M.C.
Capt. Ralph B. DeWitt, Executive Officer and Inspector.
Capt. Paul Sullivan, Quartermaster.
Capt. William W. Stickney, Plans and Training Officer (Athletics).
1st Lt. Leon Brusiloff, Officer in Charge, Band.
1st Lt. Ralph S. Nagle, Supply Officer (Finances).
2nd Lt. James A. Hennessy, Adjutant.
MarGnr. John E. Fondahl, Range and Ordnance Officer.

NAVAL RESERVE MEDICAL OFFICERS ATTACHED

Lt. Comm. Don S. Knowlton, Senior Medical Officer.
Lt. William L. Schafer, Medical and Sanitary Officer.
Lt. Howard H. Strine, Medical Officer.
Lt. (jg) Alfred M. Palmer, Medical Officer.



"Boarders, Up an' Away!"

COMPANY "A"
1st Lt. John W. Augustine, Commanding.
2nd Lt. William J. Burrows.
COMPANY "B"
1st Lt. Wilfred J. Serpas, Commanding.
1st Lt. Rex R. Hill.
COMPANY "C"
1st Lt. Justice M. Chambers, Commanding.
2nd Lt. Reed M. Fawell, Jr.
COMPANY "D"
1st Lt. Otho L. Rogers, Commanding.
2nd Lt. Alfred H. Marks.
COMPANY "E"
1st Lt. Martin D. Delaney, Jr., Commanding.
2nd Lt. Ivan R. Edwards.
COMPANY "F"
Capt. Ralph M. King, Commanding.
2nd Lt. Robert E. Copes, Jr.
COMPANY "G"
Capt. Charles B. Nerren, Commanding.
2nd Lt. William R. Via.
SENIOR NON-COMMISSIONED
1st Sgt. Frederick C. Bolton, U.S.M.C., Inspector-Instructor.
Sgt-Maj. Harry F. Volkman, Battalion Sergeant Major.
Sgt-Maj. Robert L. Jenkins, Medical Detachment.
Qm Sgt. James G. Neff, Quartermaster Department.
1st Sgt. Kenneth J. Zoeller, Headquarters Company.
Supply-Sgt. Harry W. Warner, Supply Section.
Drum Maj. William E. Freeman, Band.
Staff-Sgt. Horace Butterworth, Jr., Band.
COMPANY "A"
1st Sgt. Myron E. Thompson.
Gy-Sgt. Rollie V. Essex.
COMPANY "B"
1st Sgt. John B. De Spears.
Gy-Sgt. Mark J. Dondero.
COMPANY "C"
1st Sgt. George W. Damewood.
Gy-Sgt. Morris J. Lichtenberg.
COMPANY "D"
1st Sgt. Samuel Weinfeld.
Gy-Sgt. A. E. Dubber.
COMPANY "E"
1st Sgt. Charles P. Daum.
Gy-Sgt. William M. Eger.
COMPANY "F"
1st Sgt. Louis W. Berry.
Gy-Sgt. Thomas J. Offcutt.
COMPANY "G"
1st Sgt. Neil G. Payne.
Gy-Sgt. Hubert E. Harris.

BROOKLYN'S THIRD BATTALION THRILLS THOUSANDS WITH MILITARY SHOW

First Public Appearance of "Brooklyn's Own" at Prospect Park Followed by Military Field Maneuvers Fills Organization to Strength, With Waiting List of Candidates for Enlistment.

Opening one of the most active schedules ever undertaken by any Reserve organization with a public military exhibition before thousands of spectators in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday, September 8th, the Third Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is well on its way to setting new records for the coming season.

With ideal weather, following the week of rain, the military drill and ceremonies of Major Bernard S. Barron's command showed their wares, from squad to battalion drill, evening parade and Pershing Mass, to thousands of enthusiastic spectators on the Long Meadow, in Brooklyn's beautiful park. It was the largest Marine showing ever made in Brooklyn since the World War, and attracted many high city and State officials, and officers of the regular Army, Navy, Marine Corps and National Guard units. Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, USN, Commandant of the Third Naval District, was special guest of honor and complimented the officers and men on their splendid showing.

Arriving at the park shortly before three o'clock, headed by the Third Battalion Band, the officers and men received a tremendous ovation from the crowds which had gathered hours before the scheduled time for arrival. The Park Department had constructed a special grandstand for the reviewing party and special guests, and special police arrangements were made to hold the big crowd in check and keep the drill field clear.

After presenting the Battalion, Major Barron had each company carry on with squad and company drill, and then battalion drill was held. In the intermissions between various activities, the battalion band played. A formal guard mount was performed by Company D, winner of the Battalion efficiency trophy at Sea Girt (The Col. Gerard M. Kincade Cup), with Capt. M. V. O'Connell, FMCR, commanding, and 2nd Lt. A. J. Stone, Jr., FMCR, as officer of the day. Following this there was evening parade, and the exhibition concluded with the Pershing Mass.

September 29th was to see the big land-sea-air maneuvers, in conjunction with the U. S. Power Squadron, South Shore unit commanded by Commander Gustav Zeese, and Squadron VO-6, Marine Reserve Aviation, commanded by Maj. Stephen McClellan, FMCR, from Floyd Bennett Field, on the Great South Bay. (Editor's Note: At the time this was written the maneuvers were arranged for, but had not been held.) The troops were to be transported from the Navy Yard to Freeport by trucks, and there sufficient civilian cabin cruisers and power boats were to take them from Freeport across the Great South Bay for the landing party and maneuvers at Point Lookout.

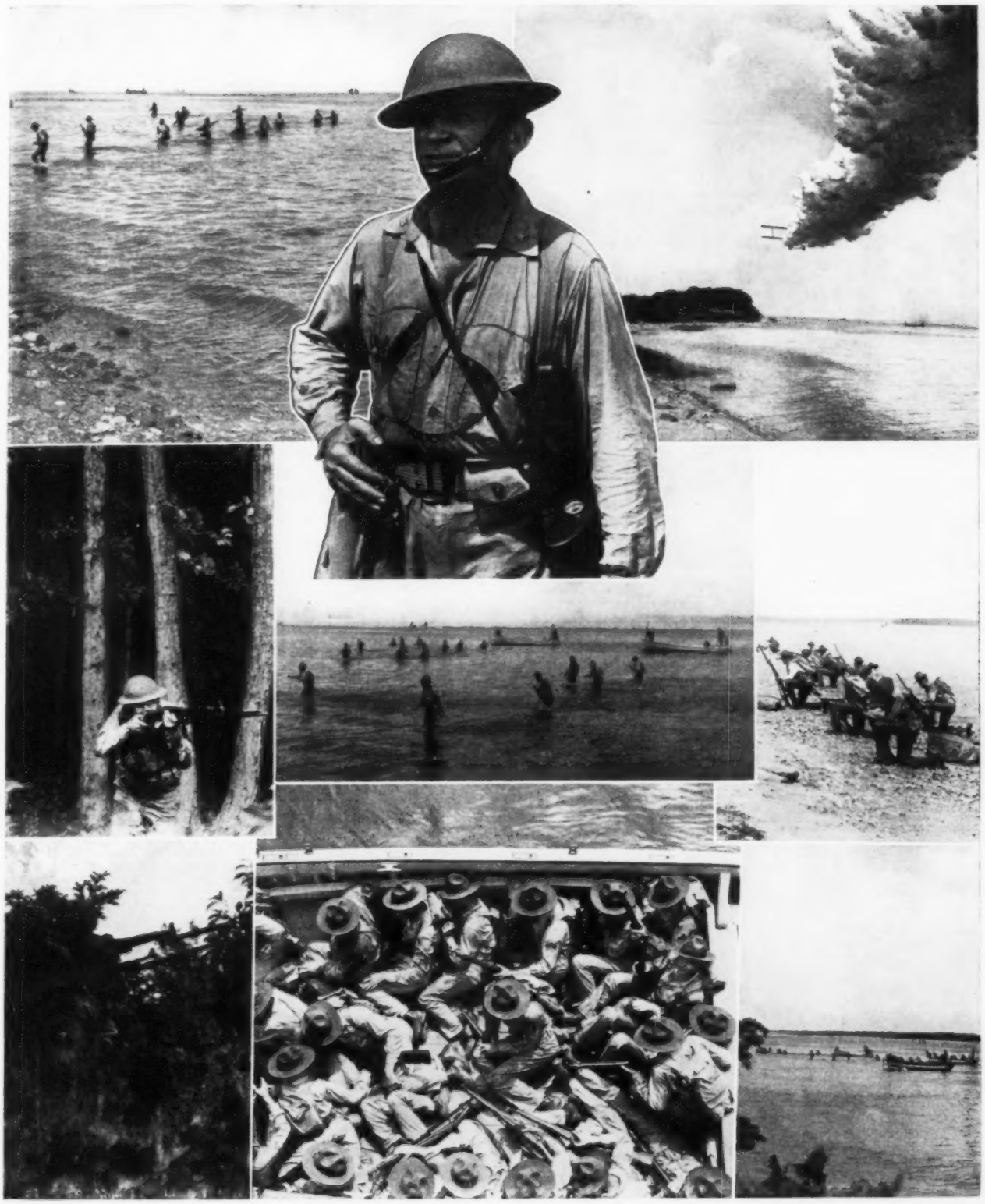
The biggest squad of basketball candidates—thirty-three in all—ever to try out for the Battalion team, reported to Coach O'Connell on Friday September 6th and many new candidates will make the regulars hustle to hold their first place berths this season. 2nd Lt. John V. V. Veeder, FMCR, of Company A, former Harvard star athlete, and six feet four in height, is assistant coach and center for this year's team. He also will coach the battalion boxing team, having been a heavyweight collegiate champion on the Harvard University squad. Bouts will be scheduled with many other units, and with amateur private clubs in Greater New York this Winter.

Letters of commendation from the Major General Commandant and from Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., USN, commandant of the Third Naval District, were received by the Battalion for their showing made on August 22nd, when a detachment of sixty-five regular and Reserve Marines turned out under command of Capt. M. V. O'Connell, FMCR, commanding officer of Company D, as a guard of honor at Grand Central Station to receive the 350 French War Veterans who arrived on a visit to the City. The Third Battalion provided two thirds of the detail, and the men made a fine showing, which obviously impressed the arriving veterans and the thousands who jammed the terminal to see the ceremonies. The veterans pased betwen a double row of Marines to the terminal exit, and the Marines were the only military or naval unit to attend the ceremonies. All five units of the Battalion were represented by men in the honor guard.

1st Sgt. William T. Smith, of D Company, was promoted to the rank of Battalion Sergeant Major to relieve Sergeant Major Wiliams, and Corporal Kenneth Everhart, company clerk of D Company, was made First Sergeant of that organization. The Battalion and individual company rifle teams are engaged on an active schedule of competition against outside units, with three matches being scheduled for the month of September. The social side of

(Continued on page 43)

The Advance Through the Woods — Photo by Tager



Photography by Tager

Major Harvey L. Miller, Commanding the 5th Battalion, F.M.C.R., Observes the Various Phases of His Unit During Their Recent Maneuvers at Quantico.

The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

JOHN F. MANNING RE-ELECTED BY NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

JOHN F. MANNING, of Methuen, Mass., National Commandant of the Marine Corps League, was unanimously re-elected to serve for another year by detachment delegates to the National Convention held in Newark, N. J., August 23, 24, 25, at the Hotel Riviera. There was no other candidate. Other National Officers elected were:

A. E. Gilbertson, Senior National Vice Commandant, 200 Grand Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

Henry Ruskofsky, Junior National Vice Commandant, 2258 San Pablo Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

Frank X. Lambert, National Chief of Staff, 3671 Broadway, New York City.

John B. Hinckley, Jr., National Adjutant and Paymaster, 41 Charles St., Dorchester, Mass.

Lawrence A. Smale, National Judge Advocate, 2326 Cleveland Place, Denver, Col.

Rev. John H. Clifford, National Chaplain, 337 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Edward A. Walker, National Sergeant at Arms, San Jose, Cal.

The National Headquarters address will continue at P. O. Box 537, Methuen, Mass.

The opening session was at 11 A. M., Friday, the 23rd, with a prayer by the National Chaplain, "Doc" Clifford, followed by an address of welcome by City Commissioner James Kelly, representing Mayor Ellenstein. Then followed informal discussion and appointment of committees, after which recess was taken for lunch and a visit to the Hoffman Brewery at 2 P. M., when the delegates, visitors and their ladies were escorted on a tour of inspection by Mr. James A. Connally, followed by the consumption of cold beer and lunch in the auditorium. The evening was devoted to committee sessions and a general reunion in the reception rooms with plenty of liquid refreshment to loosen the tongues.

The morning session of the 24th consisted of committee reports with adjournment at 12:30 for lunch. The afternoon session convened at 2:30 and lasted till 7 P. M., when resolutions and all other business were cleared up. It was then voted to proceed with the election of officers to enable the delegates from distant points to get an early start for home Sunday morning. The convention then closed at 7:30, when the delegates made a hasty scramble to get ready for the dinner dance which started at 8 P. M. and lasted until daybreak Sunday.

The convention was well attended, more than two hundred delegates and visitors being present at various times, but while it lacked some of the "whoopee" which prevailed in pre-depression days, was probably the most harmonious and constructive in the history of the League.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,
National Chief of Staff.

GREETINGS OF THE NATIONAL COMMANDANT

Your National Commandant wishes to extend his thanks and appreciation to the Marines who served as delegates at the 1935 National Assembly for the honor and trust conferred upon him by re-electing him unanimously to lead our organization for another year. The League met with certain successes during the past year, and a fine spirit of cooperation exists today throughout the League, and the commandant will exert himself to make this year as great, if not a greater success than his first year, but without full cooperation of the membership the success will be negligible, and I solicit suggestions and support of all Marines. Extending the very best wishes of the National Staff and myself, and promising we will all do our best I am,

Yours Semper Fidelis
JOHN F. MANNING,
National Commandant.

JOHN F. MANNING
Re-elected National Commandant

SUMMARY OF ACTION ON RESOLUTIONS

The following is a summary of action taken by the National Assembly delegates upon resolutions submitted by the various detachments: (Refer to previous Bulletins No. 11 and No. 12 from National Headquarters.)

1—Re submitting all financial business of League transacted at National Conventions to detachments before it becomes in force. DISAPPROVED.

2—Re publishing monthly a financial statement in LEATHERNECK, or the Monthly Bulletin, of standing of detachments regarding charter taxes. VOTED TO PUBLISH IN BULLETINS ONLY.

3—Re mandating N. A. & P. M. to sign all due cards. DISAPPROVED.

4—Re having names of officers spelled out on bars of officers' badges. DISAPPROVED, INSIGNIA WILL BE CONTINUED.

5—Re having dues set at $1.00, without LEATHERNECK. DISAPPROVED.

6—Re discontinuing use of title of "Gyrene," and substituting title of "Comrade," in addressing members at meetings. VOTED TO DISCONTINUE "GYRENE" AND USE "MARINE" OR "COMRADE."

7—Re discontinuing Divisions and return to old system of having only National Vice Commandants in each Division. Covered by change in Constitution which reads: "There will be divisional staffs ONLY in divisions where there are two or more active state departments, and no division commandants will be elected or appointed where this provision is not complied with. Where it is found advantageous a National Aide-de-Camp will be appointed to attend to organization and like work. This means that ONLY in the Eastern Seaboard Division can a division staff be in office, as only this division complies with this mandate and did elect such staff."

8—Re continuing present charter taxes as they were for past year. APPROVED, AND CHARTER TAXES WILL BE GRADUATED AS THEY WERE THE PAST YEAR.

9—Re Members at Large having no vote on floor. DISAPPROVED, AND THEY WILL HAVE SAME RIGHTS AS PREVIOUSLY ALLOWED THEM.

10—Re changing election dates for detachments from May to October. APPROVED, AND DETACHMENT ELECTIONS WILL BE HELD IN OCTOBER.

11—Re removal of mandate to bond supply officer. APPROVED (This was voted to save cost of this bonding, as ONLY the N. A. & P. M. has authority to handle money, and he is bonded anyway).

12—Re reduction in charter taxes. DISAPPROVED, AND RATE CHARGED THIS PAST YEAR WILL PREVAIL. (Less than 15 to pay $1.50 per month; less than 25 to pay $2.00 per month; less than 35 to pay $2.50 per month; less than 50 to pay $3.00, and all over 50 to pay $3.50.)

13—To adopt system of insignias for officers' bars used the past year. AP-

PROVED, AND THE INSIGNIA NOW IN USE WILL BE OFFICIAL.

14—To adopt the present source for official bars and badges as the official source. APPROVED, AND ALL SUPPLIES ARE MANDATED TO BE BOUGHT THROUGH THE NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT, AND NATIONAL MUST BUY FROM APPROVED SOURCE, BUT PRIVILEGE IS RESERVED TO CANCEL WHENEVER TREATMENT BY MANUFACTURER MERITS DISCONTINUANCE IN THE JUDGMENT OF NATIONAL COMMANDANT.

The following resolutions came in too late for publication in previous bulletin:

A resolution to have Constitution and By-laws sent all detachments within 30 days, and a charge of 50c each to be assessed. APPROVED (This will be done as soon as funds are available).

A resolution to set dues at $3.00 per year. DISAPPROVED, AND DUES WILL REMAIN AT $2.00 FOR MEMBERS OF DETACHMENTS AS AT PRESENT.

A resolution to insert mandate pertaining to promoters in By-laws. APPROVED, WITH BOND EXEMPTED. ALL CONTRACTS WITH PROFESSIONAL PROMOTERS MUST BE SUBMITTED TO NATIONAL FOR APPROVAL, BUT NO BOND IS REQUIRED.

A resolution setting November 10th as start of fiscal year. DISAPPROVED, and date remains October 1st.

A resolution setting dues at $1.00. DISAPPROVED (Dues are $2.00).

A resolution changing By-laws to define eligibility for membership as for Marines holding full enlistment discharges only. DISAPPROVED, AND ELIGIBILITY CLAUSE IS AS AT PRESENT, AND ANY MARINE, IRRESPECTIVE OF LENGTH OF SERVICE, IS ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP.

A resolution mandating that no insignia, buttons or other decorations be worn on caps. DISAPPROVED, AS IT WAS DECIDED THAT THIS COULD NOT BE ENFORCED.

A resolution barring members from holding more than one office. DISAPPROVED, AS IT WAS DECIDED TOO MANY WHO HOLD TWO OR MORE OFFICES AND THE VARIOUS STATE AND DIVISIONAL DEPARTMENTS WOULD SUFFER, AS MANY PREFERRED SERVICE IN THEIR OWN DETACHMENT.

A resolution changing title from "Gyrene" to "Marine." APPROVED.

A resolution to solicit aid of U. S. Marine Corps and closer cooperation, and to have recruiting sergeants of the Corps contact prospective members of the League. DISAPPROVED.

A resolution endorsing the State of California as a site for the National Convention to be held in 1937 or 1938, whichever year this department desires. APPROVED (As there will be a World's Fair and opening of two of the largest bridges in that state in one of the above years, depending upon completion of bridges, it was left to one of California's detachments to decide upon which year they will want it).

There were several other changes in the Constitution and By-laws, and the entire set of same was revised and brought up to date. As soon as funds are available these will be sent all detachments.

NEW YORK DETACHMENT No. 1

New York City

The detachment has launched an intense drive for new members in conjunction with that organized by State Commandant Chris J. Cunningham at the close of the Albany Convention, of which Harry L. Burgess, detachment adjutant, is chairman. In addition, old lists of members who have dropped out will be tabulated and a committee will visit their homes in an effort to induce them to return to good standing. Commandant Harold L. Walk is supervising this activity.

The detachment will also hold a dance, with refreshments, at its meeting rooms in Legion Headquarters, 160 Pierrepont St., Brooklyn, on Friday evening, September 20th, at 9 P. M. Manning C. Taylor and Charles Duber form the committee in charge.

A delegation from the detachment will attend the installation of our Chief of Staff, Angelo J. Cincotta, as commander of Old Glory Naval Post, American Legion, on Friday evening, October 18th, at the Knights of Columbus Club, Brooklyn. The detachment has reserved a box and the members will appear in uniform with red caps and colors.

ANGELO J. CINCOTTA,
Chief of Staff.

SAN FRANCISCO DETACHMENT

San Francisco, Cal.

Things have been happening so thick and fast out here I just could not keep up with them, but after a couple of months' silence will try to tell you what has happened.

First was our election of officers. Jack C. Worthen was elected Commandant; Roy Taylor, Senior Vice; Joe Gollob, Junior Vice; Leslie Cohen, Adjutant; M. C. Brown, Paymaster; Tom Tjonovitch, Judge Advocate; Fred Siegfried, Sergeant at Arms; Victor Wolfe, Chaplain; D. E. Thornton, Chief of Staff. A big time was had at the installation with the Oakland, San Jose and Watsonville Detachments present, as well as representatives of the other veteran organizations and the ladies' auxiliary. After the installation a pleasant time was had dancing. Beer was served and believe it or not, we had to beg the boys and girls to drink it up.

At our last meeting Commandant Worthen resigned and was replaced by Roy Taylor, Comrade Jack Lee being elected to replace Taylor as Senior Vice.

On the fourth of the month the San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose Detachments held a joint picnic and reunion at Ye OLDE TROUT FARM on Stevens Creek. There was plenty of beer and java. Our new commandant spent most of the day dishing out beer, while Mess Sergeant Michaels and Siegfried poured the java. Joe Granville was general chairman of the affair, supervised the games and awarded the prizes. A grand time was had swimming in water that was cold enough to quench a morning-after headache, and then we danced till dark.

D. E. THORNTON,
Chief of Staff.

CAPE COD DETACHMENT

Quincy, Mass.

Now that the summer is over it's time we got back on the job again. It has been a very eventful season with outings, field days, and clambakes. The last venture of the season was our field day and clambake and although we didn't make very much money, the affair was a success. We had a few showers, but that didn't dampen the spirits of the gang any.

We had the privilege of having as our honored guests the National Commandant, John F. Manning, and the National Adjutant and Paymaster, John Hinckley. Also our very efficient State Department Chief of Staff, Leslie Peever; Commandant Charlie Creaser, of Theodore Roosevelt Detachment; Past Divisional Commandant Leo Spotswood, State Chaplain Dan McKenzie, and numerous others.

Our live wire Detachment Commandant, Eric Hedin, was general chairman, assisted by Jim Thomas, clambake; Roy Rowlee, greetings and tickets; Morris Kramer, refreshments; Charlie Lunetta, sports; and Chris Finlay, timer. This affair was more or less a feeler, but let me tell you Marines, it certainly was a natural. Everything went along at top speed. Never a dull moment. Even the after-dinner speakers were good.

We had twelve sport events with two prizes for each event. Everybody participated. The climax was a special tug-of-war for women. One team was captained by National Commandant J. F. Manning and the other by "Tippy" Cayan. It was nip and tuck all the way until "Boot-top" Manning decided it was about time he got started to the New Jersey convention, and with one final tug, "Tippy" and his Cayan-ettes went sprawling. Our plans for next year's field day and clambake will be more elaborate, a much larger grove and certainly a bigger program of sports.

Our last combination house party and business meeting was held at the home of Commandant Eric Hedin. Our host was Adjutant Chris Finlay. Whist awards went to Mrs. Gilman and D. Charles Lunetta. All hands agree that these parties have served to bind us all together into a smoother working organization and to make us really acquainted with each other. We hate to see them pass on. But after all we as a group are building up and we can't afford to be standing still very long.

Our new meeting place will be at Hancock Hall, Pearl Street, Brockton. We are also inaugurating a series of 12 Whist Parties to be held on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at the hall. Plans are also under way for two or three dance socials.

So with these remarks and also greetings and happy landings to our new National Officers we will sign off for the present.

D. CHARLES LUNETTA,
Chief of Staff.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany-Troy-Schenectady, N. Y.

While I was unable to attend the National Convention, I wish to be among the many who have congratulated the Commandant on his re-election, and assure him that this Detachment shall continue as in the past to be one of his staunchest supporters.

With vacations, conventions and what have you over, we believe everyone should settle down and do some real constructive work for the League. We are. I'll try to outline some of it for you.

A series of dances has been planned to be held at least once each month. The admission will be low, so as to bring everyone out. Our main purpose in holding these affairs is to obtain new members and keep up the friendly spirit which has prevailed among our members for so long. If we accomplish this we have made more than financial gain, as friendship and good members are things that money cannot buy.

Next we are assisting the Marines in Troy to organize a new detachment. At present I believe they have about twenty members. These boys have the Marine

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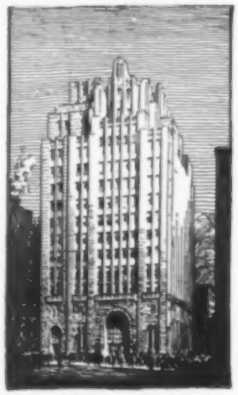

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spirit at heart and should have a real live outfit going soon.

They are all hard workers and will give some of the older detachments an idea of how quick a large membership may be built up if you really get out and push. Watch the baby outfit of the League. Watch 'em grow. We're for you one and all. Good luck, Troy.

Recently we were in receipt of a letter from a large Western detachment suggesting that the space allotted us in THE LEATHERNECK be used to tell the other outfits what sort of constructive work we have been doing and what we contemplate for the future, also ways and means to increase our membership. We heartily agree with them. Telling you how much beer John Jones drank at our last meeting does not help increase our memership, it helps drive it away. The majority of members in other detachments are not interested in the personal escapades of the various members. They want to know how many new members you've gained in the past month, and how you obtained them. Your methods may just be suited to some other detachment. What sort of affairs do you run? Are they successful? Let's hear about it. In other words we want to know what you are doing to BOOST OUR MEMBERSHIP.

As my space is about used up, I'll say adios until next month, when I'll continue my series of what we are doing for the good of the League.

LEON E. (MUSIC) WALKER,
Chief of Staff.

STATE DEPARTMENT
New Jersey

Our active State Department tripped along to the Morris County Detachment of Dover and installed the newly elected officers of that Detachment on August 31st. State Commandant Oliver Kelly read the oath and a good pep talk ensued. It appears that the Morris County Detachment will really go places, as their new officers seemed enthused and on their toes. Many activities were planned for the fall and winter months. The new officers are Albert Carruthers, Commandant; Alex W. Richter, Senior Vice; Howard J. Lynde, Junior Vice; Kenneth Moss, Judge Advocate; Joseph Mummey, Chief of Staff; John M. Flaherty, Adjutant; Shellie Brock, Paymaster; J. Robert Newkirk, Sergeant at Arms; Art W. Harding, Chaplain.

Our National Commandant, John F. Manning, was present at the installation of the Essex County Detachment of Glen Ridge on the night of August 21st. The baby detachment fell out 100 per cent to do honors to our National Commandant. He was assisted by Leslie Peevers of Lawrence, Mass., State Chief of Staff. After several photos were taken the installation of officers took place.

The new officers are: Frank L. Serpico, Commandant; Walter D. Bullard, Senior Vice; Harry D. Ryerson, Junior Vice; Carl F. Lindsley, Judge Advocate; John F. Tully, Chief of Staff; John J. Hogan, Sergeant at Arms; John W. Withers, Chaplain; Elston Swenson, Paymaster, and Anthony Festa, Adjutant. The newly elected officers and members pledged their support to their commandant. And if the enthusiasm continues as it did the night of the installation, they will be leading the state in membership. Good luck and more power to both new detachments.

EDWIN LLOYD,
State Chief of Staff.

PASSAIC COUNTY DETACHMENT
Paterson, New Jersey

The fact that we were missing from this good old magazine for the past two months does not mean that we were idle. We have visited the new detachments, one at Dover several times and the other one at Glen Ridge; also Union County at Elizabeth and the Capt. Burwell H. Clarke at Newark.

On August 19th Past Commandant Jack Dennis entertained the State Department at his home and some of the local boys dropped in to listen and discuss some of their pet ideas that would help the League. Wednesday, 21st, we made a visit to the new Essex County Detachment of Glen Ridge, to see National Commandant John F. Manning initiate new members and install officers. State Junior Vice Commandant Frank L. Serpico was elected Commandant. Good luck, Essex.

We want to congratulate the Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment of Newark on the splendid way they handled the National Convention. Chairman Charles Mayeaux is to be commended.

We are indeed glad to see John F. Manning re-elected National Commandant. As he did such splendid work in the past year, we know he has the knowledge and the ambition, and is better fitted for the job than any one we know, and the Passaic County Detachment wishes him lots of luck, the very best of health and prosperity.

National Judge Advocate Larry A. Smale deserves commendation for the old Marine Corps spirit he showed, because any man who drives all the way from Denver to Newark certainly must have the Marine Corps League interests at heart. The James E. Owens Detachment is indeed very fortunate in having such a member. Good luck, Larry.

The Passaic County Detachment has moved its headquarters to the home of Past Commandant Jack Dennis. The address is 69 East 15th Street, Paterson, New Jersey, and the phone number is Sherewood 2-6943. All messages and calls will be directed there. All Marines are cordially invited up any night; meeting nights are every Tuesday at eight-thirty. Give us a call.

JACK DENNIS,
Chief of Staff.

ESSEX COUNTY DETACHMENT
Glen Ridge, N. J.

As this is the first time that news of this detachment has appeared in these columns, your columnist will proceed to give the history of the detachment in its process of organization.

Through the efforts of the State Junior Vice Commandant, Frank L. Serpico, this detachment was organized in August, 1935. We held our first meeting at the Municipal Building, Glen Ridge, N. J., on the night of August 7th, at which time the following officers were elected: Commandant, Frank L. Serpico; Senior Vice, Walter D. Bullard; Junior Vice, Harry D. Ryerson; Judge Advocate, Carl F. Lindsey; Adjutant, Anthony H. Feast; Paymaster, Elston S. Swenson; Chief of Staff, John F. Tully; Chaplain, John W. Withers; Sergeant at Arms, John L. Hogan.

Our next meeting was held on the 21st of August, when the members were sworn in and officers installed. The State Department which conducted the ceremonies was represented by Oliver Kelly, State Commandant; Jack Dennis, State Senior Vice Commandant; Frank L. Serpico, State Junior Vice Commandant; Edwin Lloyd,

State Chief of Staff; Fred Scheitlin, State Chaplain; James Pucci, State Sergeant at Arms.

We were honored by the presence of our National Commandant, John F. Manning, and Leslie Peever, State Chief of Staff of Massachusetts. The National Commandant, assisted by Peever, installed the new officers and presented the charter to the detachment. This detachment is out to make history for itself and the Marine Corps League as a whole, so watch our smoke. See you in the next issue.

JOHN TULLY,
Chief of Staff.

CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARKE DETACHMENT

Newark, N. J.

Greetings to the newly-elected National Officers from the Capt. Burwell H. Clarke Detachment and here's hoping that the delegates got back to their various detachments safe and sound and with a good word for Newark, and as the old saying goes if you enjoyed your visit tell your friends, if not tell us. Now for a few highlights on the Convention.

The Buffalo hunt Thursday night. Who kidnapped the Buffalo?

The beer party at Hoffman's Friday afternoon.

John F. leading the grand march at the dinner and dance.

Comrade Jesse Rodgers scouting up girls for our friends from Buffalo.

Comrade Frank Bartolo, Newark, eating three chicken suppers.

State Commandant Kelly and wife, the life of every party.

The Passaic County Detachment, still the last to leave every affair.

Ray Williams, Charles A. Samback and Yours Truly, Newark, receiving campaign medals from National Commandant John F. Manning.

Jesse Rodgers left us recently to go in business in Haiti. Here's hoping he didn't leave too much jawbone behind the last time he left there.

FRANK J. WARNOCK,
Chief of Staff.

CONVENTION SMILES

Charles Mayeaux as Convention Chairman did a swell job. He left no arrangement uncovered and was on the go day and night.

There were no fumes at the brewery but in the bus coming back, "Firpo" Peever was overcome by alcohol breaths and was out far into the night.

Jack Hogan of Essex County and George French of Elmira stopped to talk in the lobby, blocking all traffic. Their combined weight is almost 600 lbs.

Bill Bush and Jack Brennan, of Homer Harkness Detachment and Jerry Bakelaar, of Newark, were the storm centers on the convention floor, with Cincotta of New York taking an occasional hand. But while the cross-fire was quite hot at times, all hands took it with good grace.

Bill's Parris Island drill sergeant retorts gave me a great kick as N.C.O.S. but as State Chaplain, Amen, brother.

Harold Walk, commandant of New York No. 1 and the Eastern Seaboard Division, did some really efficient work in his usual quiet manner.

Steve Brown, commandant of Hudson-Mohawk, Chris Cunningham, his adjutant and Maurice Illch, Past National Senior Vice Commandant, headed the upstate delegation and contributed much to the successful conduct of the business sessions. They were also generous hosts to your correspondent.

Frank Levin, delegate from Niagara Frontier of Buffalo, seemed to enjoy himself in a quiet way.

Roy S. Keene of Theodore Roosevelt Detachment arrived early from Boston with his better half and took an active part in all sessions and ceremonies. Also "Buck" and Mrs. Buchanan from Mansfield, Ohio.

Johnny Hinckley, our Adjutant-Paymaster, was the busiest man in town. He was ably assisted by Miss Lillian Smith, also from Dorchester, Mass., who helped John with official records as well as taking care of the sale of League supplies and novelties.

Frank Serpico's armored car proved quite an attraction parked outside the hotel. Thousands of passers-by stopped to look and find out what it was all about.

The dinner dance was a fitting climax to the convention. The dinner was a brilliant affair and the merry whirl of the dance drifted on almost until dawn, with hilarity increasing with the passing hours.

In passing, we thank the New Jersey State Department officers for an enjoyable evening. Commandant Kelly, Jack Breen, Jack Dennis, "Yip-pi" Ed. Lloyd and Fred Schleitlin, with their charming wives, provided good cheer, liquid and otherwise, that will carry pleasant memories for many days to come.

And in conclusion, please don't forget to send in dues and charter taxes promptly to National Headquarters in order that the efficient service of the past year may be carried on.

F. X. L.

MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO

Rattles From the Snake Ranch

(Continued from page 25)

during part of August. Dubicki is making a heavy contribution to the slush fund, and Floyd isn't doing so bad himself.

"Brownie" (Carl E. Brown), to be remembered from his athletic achievements at Pearl Harbor, has been doing good work on the post baseball team. Brown is considered a gentleman of the diamond due to his excellent sportsmanship.

As per usual, "Arky" Kluevein is wading around waiting for the chow gong to sound. He needs Gislason's support in order to thoroughly understand and appreciate life.

Something to while your leisure time away with, try figuring out what makes guys like "Lightning" Enders (our A No. 1 exponent of what Liederman can do for one) come off watch with that all gone expression in their eyes? It must be the strain and worry of carrying out the second general order for sentinels on post.

"Peanut" Ferrebee has introduced a

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special dance to San Francisco vicinity. It's something he adopted during his three years in the tropics. One more year in Oahu and he'd of been a goner.

"Joey" LaChapelle was overheard narrating a story in that on a certain hill at a certain place, apparently points east, an automobile, while being under a nolle prosequi status (or something), anyway, not using any of its power, defies all laws of gravitation and takes off uphill, backwards at that. Must be the gypsy in either Joey, the car, or the hill.

Sgt. Walter Grant has taken an abode in San Francisco during his three-month reenlistment furlough. He has an open house and anyone desiring to appease an enormous appetite or quench a gigantic thirst is welcome. The foregoing is vouchsafed by "Johnsky," "Rabbi" and "Duke."

CHINA STATION

(Continued from page 29)

and Mediterranean as their way of reaching the States, others have sailed back across the Pacific. No matter which way they left, they have been missed by the personnel of the regiment. A man who has done a great deal for the Fourth Marines is due to leave Shanghai in the near future. Anyone who has ever served in Shanghai knows Mr. Len Hall as a booster and helper of the service man. Too much cannot be said nor too much credit be given this man who gladly gave, and very often went out of his way to make the Marines feel at home in Shanghai. Recently to show the appreciation of this interest and cooperation, Colonel Beaumont presented Len Hall with a silver cigarette case, properly engraved and bearing the Marine Corps emblem.

QUANTICO NEWS
Brown Field Bulletins

(Continued from page 28)

Well, I worked on the plane all day and no one came around to see me at all. Next morning I was going to work and the man asked me how was I getting along and I told him OK, that it would all be apart by noon. Maybe you don't think he meant it but he told another man to get me away from there before he got mad and then they made me an orderly. I had worked awful hard and they was very unkind not to make allowances for me being a green mechanic on that there kind of airyplanes. If they ever let me have another chanet, I bet you I'll work all night and get it tored down in one day."

Good-bye until next time, by gosh.

DETACHMENTS
Covering the Waterfront

(Continued from page 15)

anybody ever listened to Gannon's love tales?

At the present Privates Thompson and Ghelarducci are sojourning in the sick-bay. Sgt. Manny Berkman has been transferred to Norfolk, Va., to await further transfer to the Asiatic stations. As far as arrivals are concerned, we have from Quantico, L. J. Sullivan, W. J. Petit, R. C. Wiley, and Cpl. J. E. Williams. From Shanghai: A. E. Helmich, Lambalzer, and J. Babbush. Welcome to the fold and hope you enjoy your tour of duty while stationed here. Would like to find out just who is reporting for the Bridgeport *Herald*. Been raining for the last four days, and if it keeps up we will have to build another ARK and gather what few earthly creatures are left and heave short.

Well, this is about all the news for the present, so until next month New London and I say to you, "Cherio."

DOVER DONATIONS
By Richards

There have been a few changes up here in dear old NAD (who threw that) since the last writing, so for the benefit of those who are interested, I will try to dish them out.

Captain Drew relieved Lieutenant Davis as our Commanding Officer about the 20th of August and we all sincerely hope that he likes our command. First Sergeant Banta will be leaving next week for Coco Solo, and has already been relieved of duty at this post by First Sergeant G. T. Green.

Private Magee has taken over the job as mess sergeant since Sergeant Handley has been in the hospital and I am glad to report that he is doing very fine. (That's a pretty good boost for you, isn't it Paul.) Private First Class Robinson and Private Martin have left for sea school where they are going to *try* to be sea soldiers! Privates Hartley, Ettenborough and Beard will soon be doing their stuff in Guantanamo Bay—and also at the Marine Barracks.

Among the newcomers here at the NAD are Corporals Wilson, Marcus, Earles, Ryburn, Grohowski and Adelman. Privates Sherrill, Kinnee, Grasavage and McKnight are also helping us out.

I just picked up some of the latest dope on some of these liberty hounds and it is too good to keep to myself—so here goes: Corporal Earles will soon be taking over Morgan's Inn at Lake Hopatcong—but I guess he should—'cause he has a lot of money invested there. That is the place that Corporal Marcus spent most of his liberty this summer—watching the "fan dancer." Dixie Sprouse will not visit the Ivanhoe for quite a while now—maybe he is tired of the place. "Skee-ball" Arthur says that he can go to New York now and feel sure that he is "the man about town" —'cause Martin is out of his way. Some people have all the luck anyway. "Spike" Boldt is now the Mayor—but of what I don't know. He says they have elected him Mayor down town—and it was a landslide in his favor. Private Kent spent a seventy-two in Boston the other week and he claims it took him half of that time to find out where he lived. That's the trouble with those hick towns.

Well, we will be on the air again sometime—so don't think you are getting away with something by hurrying through this.

RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 36)

the Battalion's activities will be featured by several dances and an all-Battalion-talent vaudeville show during the winter months.

The Battalion is completely up to strength, and a waiting list of more than a score of good candidates is on hand in Battalion headquarters as against any replacements to be made in the organization.

Capt. John J. Dolan, commanding A Company ("The General's Own"—all six foot men) has been complimented by the Battalion Commander and others for the fine work done in recruiting and training his new unit, and they make a fine appearance in all Battalion formations. 1st Lt. Frederick Landlaw, FMCR, commanding B Company, and with 2nd Lt. Edgar Persky as Company officer, is working hard to maintain the first place in Battalion rifle competition which they won at Sea Girt. Capt. Howard H. Houck, FMCR, in command of C Company, has planned a heavy schedule of work and social events for his unit for the coming months. All are anxious to relieve D Company of the Kincade Cup at the next encampment—with the winner equally as determined that it shall remain permanently in their possession.

Maj. Dean Kalbfleisch, USMC, Inspector-Instructor of the Battalion and Maj. Melvin Krulewitch, FMCR, Reserve Co-ordinator between Battalions, were among those who attended the military ceremonies at Prospect Park.

SCRIBBLINGS FROM THE SIXTH BATTALION

"Abe" Abramson

Camp is still ten months away, but we are preparing for it. The 1936 encampment promises to be the most successful ever held by the Philadelphia Reserves. It is the desire, hope and purpose of Captain Gannon and his staff to take a full battalion, with a band, to camp next year. Since inaugurating a recruiting drive a few weeks ago the battalion has added fourteen new men. More are to be added for the drive is gaining momentum. Each new recruit is asked upon enlisting if he is able to attend camp. If he is sworn in he must attend camp or face possible transfer to ERA for inactivity.

The new members of the battalion are Privates Mehlberger, North and Stahl, assigned to Company "A"; Privates Cooney, Spillane and Ulearey to "B"; Privates Anderson, Castro, Durnin and Galle to "C"; Privates Gass and Sadler to "D" and Privates Battista and Kretschmann to Headquarters Company.

The Sixth Battalion is glad to welcome back one of its most popular and capable officers: 2nd Lt. J. E. McLaughlin has returned from his duty with the C.C.C. Lieutenant McLaughlin has been assigned to Company "B" as commanding officer.

We also have a new adjutant in the person of Second Lieutenant Linch. Lieutenant Linch is a graduate of the ROTC and was formerly a first sergeant in the Third Battalion, 19th Reserves.

The Philadelphia Marines enjoy cordial relations with a number of veteran organizations in Philadelphia and vicinity. We frequently are asked to furnish a color guard and firing squad for some American Legion or V. F. W. post and the men of the battalion are eager to serve. One of the posts with whom we have relations is the Captain H. G. Sparrow Post, No. 1269, V. F. W., of Camden, N. J. This is an All Navy and Marine organization.

Perhaps readers of THE LEATHERNECK would want to know a little inside dope about some of the members of the Sixth Battalion. Let's look at Private First Class McGarvey. He is "Chippy" McGarvey to the "gang" and he is now "chippier" than ever since meeting that blonde. Pvt. A. DeMarco earned the title of "Gunny's Goon" at camp and is doing his best to keep his rating. Company "C," according to Sergeant Kaufman, possesses a whole staff of "Goons" in the persons of Privates Donald, Hasson and Timperly. The Sixth Battalion has a rating open. Private First Class Mattis has resigned his berth as "Chief Bartender's Mate." Private Doughty, known as "Ducky," looks "duckier" since growing his moustache. Gunnery Sergeant Sack has "crummed up" since camp. Private First Class Mitchell, known in Asbury Park as the "bold, but bald, sea-going bell-hop," expects to marry the girl he met at camp this year. And this was his fifth camp! Pvt. "Nancy" Wolf has some friends in the Pennsylvania National Guard who were at camp in Indiantown Gap. "Nancy" visited, came back and said he was glad he enlisted in the Reserve. Sergeant Price, the police sergeant, will have to sew chevrons on his dungarees if he expects any cooperation from Private Hasson, the self-styled "NCO and PFC killer." Corporal Yeager is looking for a job. He is well qualified to act as a beer sampler or mattress tester. He is also an expert on lamp post curvature and curb stone planning. In all seriousness, the "Yegg" would make a swell model for any brewery advertising. Just imagine a "Dutchie" holding a stein and saying, *"Ach, der lieber beer!"* and you are seeing the "fat but cute corporal." Private Kushall and Private Lazar are steadily in the keeping of Private First Class Euker, who supervises their step-bouncing and swimming in the rain pools. Pvt. Tim Foley wants his name "in" so his wife will believe that he does attend drills. Sergeant Major Shaw reminds people of General Butler, especially when Frank wears his new overseas cap. First Sergeant Baker looks much better in blue than in green. C Company says that they have the best gunnery sergeant in the Marine Corps in Agestine T. Castagna (more about "Augie" later). Private First Class Shinn wants to say "hello" to Privates Ferayoni and Stradtmann of Co. C, Third Battalion of Brooklyn. And, before we forget, Company C, Sixth Battalion, will show that New York outfit from "The Shores of Fifty-Second Street" what being tough on guard duty really means at Sea Girt next year.

JOLTINGS FROM COMPANY "A," 13TH BN., FMCR

This company is growing again as expected. Among the new members are John E. Merrick (ex-Marine) enlisted, and Elger Raasted (ex-Marine) back to Class IV from Class VI. Other new members are John L. Caldwell, Cecil Johnson, Adelbert J. Miller, and George M. Smith.

First Sgt. Robert W. Teorey, USMC, reported aboard the USS *Chester* for duty on the 23rd of August. We of Co. "A" will surely miss him as time goes along. Teorey, on the word of our "Top," was the fellow to go to for help of any kind. He knew his stuff and was always ready

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and willing to help the other fellow out of his difficulties.

Did anyone miss Hart's *SHINER?* It was a honey. Hart tells us that he found himself a job and is getting a discharge from the CCC.

Corporal Pfeiffer had his tonsils out between drill nights.

Did you see the "Top" on the drill field the last few drills?

This reporter wants help from you fellows in Company "A." How about it?

We are sorry to report that "Cadence" Spiers died Friday night, August 6th, from injuries received in another motorcycle accident the previous day. Private First Class Spiers enlisted in this company on February 3rd, 1933. The only drills he ever missed were when he was sick and unable to get to the Armory.

Arrangements are being made to hold a military funeral for Pfc. Charles V. Spiers.

SEA-GOING

(Continued from page 21)

The outfit was beginning to show the snap and go resulting from the efforts that First Sergeant Hughes had expended with us on the drill fields. The better side of our soldiering had been molded off by the "Top's" experienced ability; and the worldly knowledge of Gunny Gustafson.

August 17th we aided in commissioning this vessel that was to be our traveling barracks for the forthcoming two years. Having completed a month of trial runs along the Atlantic Coast the ship headed south from Norfolk on the never to be forgotten "Shakedown Cruise" to South America and the West Indies. Our first stop was Bridgetown, Barbados, B. W. I. The tropic sun wasn't sufficient to hold the men back from the mountains, beaches, and local centers of attraction. The Limey accent of the dusky natives, the ever-present call of "Hey Yank," and the water antics of the divers also shared the full interest of the men. The Island is a contrast of the old and new; with the British Colonials vying with the primitive life against the neutral background of the Tropical Isle.

October 26th was the day of reckoning for all "Polliwogs," for on this day the good ship *Tuscaloosa* entered the domain of King Neptune, exalted ruler of the briney deep. For eight hours the shell backs let on in an impressive manner (especially in spots) that we should become honored subjects of the King. The rest of the story was in the post office cancellation next day, "All hands Shellbacks."

Never before has such a variety of fun (?) been staged under one heading. Though we do have picturesque certificates they are not necessary to recall the Royal Family, Undertaker and Coffin, the Barbers and Doctors not to mention the bath tub scene and the fashion parade afterward—and the great number of empty seats at the movies for several nights following.

Our first port of call on the South American continent was Buenos Aires, Argentina. Here we were introduced to the Spanish hospitality and the lure of the pampas that flavored every contact with our southern neighbors who had previously seemed so far from our states. Every liberty hour was used pursuing some of the many interesting and inviting attractions. Some of the more popular were the barbecues, sightseeing tours, explorations of the native sport and entertainment centers and the many invitations to private homes where the sign language was very useful to those of us that "no comprende Espanol" in our efforts at being roaming Ambassadors.

Our next stay was at Montevideo, Uruguay. Although separated only by the river geographically, this city and Buenos Aires had greater difference in manners and customs of the people than one would expect, judging from their nearness to each other. However, we found no lack in the before mentioned hospitality. Foreign relations have affected the countries enough to be noticeable in their architecture, commercial affairs, and their modes of social life; yet it has not carried away the spirit that marks South America as fun loving and carefree.

Rio de Janeiro, our next port of call, was of great importance to our photographic collection because of several factors unrelated to the other cities. Although of Portugese settlement the North American influence is very pronounced here. Its natural beauty, aided by the craftsmanship of the people, has earned Rio the title of being one of if not the most attractive spot in the world. The city occupies a natural amphitheatre facing a harbor bordered by hazy blue mountains. The largest statue of Christ ever made looks down on all from the top of Corcavado and the famed Sugar Loaf rock reaches to the clouds on the other edge of the city. In Rio a mere street car ride is a treat, for it also avails one views of the surrounding scenery as the car climbs over the hills and along the mountains to the far reaching residential sections. The Brazilians delighted in gaining an audience to listen to their tales of Don Pedro and his City of Rio in days gone by.

From the mountain roads one could look down on the emerald fringed beaches rivaling even Waikiki for its charm and almost for its popularity. With so much to aid, the crew reveled in two ship dances that were momentous. And on Thanksgiving Day the American and English colonies joined with us in commemoration on board the ship.

With the end of November came our day to say farewell to South America with a lasting memory of our southern neighbor, flavored by the kindness shown us so generously and by the people that heretofore we'd known only, and unjustly, by our study of maps of the geography. A three-day stay was made at the small French colony of Martinique. The major interest here was the ruins of St. Pierre caused by the eruption of Mt. Pelee. The people are a lot of "die hards"; this spirit is symbolized in the statue "Rise From Ruin," a crushed but not beaten soul rising from the ashes of ruin to carry on from its last point of progress.

Completing structural test firing, the ship headed for New York, stopping en route at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and Norfolk, Va. The ship entered the Navy Yard for overhaul and a material inspection, affording the men an opportunity to take leave for the holidays. The remainder of the stay was taken up with the development of our basketball squad that won the intership trophy and most of the games with the outside teams. The detachment placed first string men on the ship's team in the persons of Misiorek, Scott, Vallery, Jackson, Vaitkelunas, and Merrell. Then there was enough squads right and squads left to keep the old form up to par in drill.

April the ship headed for the Canal Zone and the Fleet Base at San Pedro, Cal. The doubting Thomas's were shown that a ship in crossing the Canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific takes an Easterly course—strange but true. The ship finally

arrived safely at its destination weathering the daily aerial attacks from the *Ranger* planes—they didn't know how many times they were dropped by our dead-eye-dicks on 1 & 2 AA Guns.

Our salute at Pedro to C-in-C was followed the next day with the ship's salute to Admiral Fairfield whose flag was broken from the mainmast designating us ComCruDiv Seven. Then followed the dark and mysterious days of Fleet Problem XVI, that led us from the sunny shores (?) of California, along the Canadian and Alaskan Coasts to the Aleutian, Midway, and Hawaiian Islands. Edging our way to anchorage between towering cliffs and through fog that has Frisco's fog beat in denseness by many a bowl of soup, we arrived at Unalaska for a week of waiting and preparation for our forthcoming battle with the defending White Fleet. We were forced to wait for a clear day to do our camouflaging, for the fog was so thick that it got between the paint and the metal on the first attempt and carried away the whole coat when it started to clear up—well almost.

Having cruised over every foot of water in the ocean, we finally encountered the enemy but didn't do much battling because all hands decided it was better to lie on the beach at Waikiki than to sink battle-wagons, so we hied our "Yatches" off to Pearl Harbor to soak up the charms of the Gem of the Pacific. Honolulu really merits the far reaching fame that has grown around it the world over. Troupers visited each ship present and performed in true "HULA" style to the extreme pleasure of all hands. We are fairly certain that not much time was alloted to the maneuvers during those ten days' stay there. The visit ended too soon, but then we did gain two important pieces of information; first the Hula dance is a religious ceremony, but that just enhanced our knowledge of it, second we found that the hula skirt is not dry, brown grass but freshly gathered lily leaves or sump'n. Many forlorn glances went over the fantail till Diamond Head was shunted from view. Recollection of those days are ever present.

On our return to the States we completed our Fleet "Social Calls" with Fleet Weeks at San Diego and the Exposition; at Seattle, where the Warriors (with the *Indianapolis* detachment) drew a big hand for their crack performance in the Fourth of July Parade; at Tacoma where an enjoyable time was experienced in spite of the unsettled labor condition at that time; San Francisco and then again at San Diego with the Mammoth Fleet Review opening the activities.

Baseball and whale boat crews have the box at present. The Detachment has two potential habitats of the diamond in Scott and Vallery. Scott's impressive mound work has brought home the bacon on several occasions when defeat seemed determined to overtake the ship's team. Vallery swings a hitting piece of hickory as well as takes good care of that center section of the field. The detachment has a whale boat crew that is going places. Of course Sharit and his 250 dragging down the stern sheets isn't much help unless we can get a cut in the ballast for it, but the men are showing a commendable form since most are substituting an oar for a hoe or hay fork. Hawthorne was drafted for coxswain of the first enlistment crew and proved his worth by bringing that crew in three lengths ahead of the *Milwaukee* crew at Frisco through some choppy water. The Marines have proven themselves the fastest things aboard and pulled in ahead of the *Vestal's* crew at Tacoma. With the exception of Funk the entire bunch are new at the game, but they can keep stroke with plenty of beef to back them up.

Our present C. O. is Capt. F. M. Wulbern, who joined us upon Captain Doyle being detached to the Naval Hospital, Seattle. He is ably assisted by 2nd Lt. S. R. Shaw. To these officers we owe our appreciation for the furtherance of our military training and for the opportunity to continue our athletic activities. The execution of this program makes this detachment a fit and prepared unit of United States Marines.

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YE OLDE CHATTERBOX

(Continued from page 31)

To hear some of the old timers talk, Dempsey sure was a rip snorter in those days. There's no doubt of that from the old fire that he still retains.

Colonel Wells and Captain Skinner have made arrangements to present the team with sweaters as a gift. The team, as a whole, wishes to thank these two officers most heartily for the interest they have shown with the team throughout the season, and all the members of the team are really and truly sorry to hear that Captain Skinner will not be in Philadelphia next season due to his pending detachment from this Post.

Three of the boys who are worthy of much acclaim for their pitching efforts, are: Cpl. Nick W. Papaila, Pfc. Henry G. Goare and Pvt. Charles W. Kretzer. Private First Class Goare has proved himself a real hurler in many of the closely fought games. The coolness, calmness and collectiveness which he portrays while pitching under pressure, leads one to believe he is a second "Dizzy" Dean. These qualities have enabled Goare to win more than two-thirds of the games he has pitched. Goare has even gone so far as to chew tobacco while on the mound. I can quite readily recall the first game Henry undertook to pitch with a wad of tobacco in his jaw. It was rather a hot day and old "Hank" was having a great time exhibiting his stuff until about the fourth inning when one of the opposing ball players batted a hot one to him and caused him to swallow his chewin'. At the end of the inning "Hank" took off for the water fountain looking dizzy as a bat (I think it might have been the tobacco). However, after a few swigs of water, "Hank" regained his composure and went into the fifth inning with a new fervor, which took his adversaries by storm and the boy wonder checked up another victory for himself. Goare has now developed into quite a tobacco chawer while on the mound and isn't in the least bothered by its effects.

Cpl. Nick Papaila, who happens to be a music, made a name for himself while on the pitching staff at the Washington barracks. He was transferred up here where he immediately joined the pitching staff of the Post team. Papaila, like Goare, pitched some hair raising games and he is credited five-sixths of his total games as wins. I always wondered where Papaila got his pitching arm when one day I was informed of its source from a close associate of his. I had been informed that "Nicky" had come from a coal mining district in the back hills of Pennsylvania. Not all pitchers get their arms from pitching coal, do they, Nick? It is a good way to get started though.

The third member of the pitching staff, Pvt. Charles W. Kretzer, who reenlisted in the Marine Corps after having been discharged from the Army, joined the team after it was quite well underway. Kretzer, while serving with the Army in Honolulu, was one of the outstanding pitchers on the Schofield Barracks team. He proved his worth as a pitcher here when he hurled two no hit, no run games for the Marines.

The other remaining members who compose the team are: Pvt. Jack N. Thomas, who has done the catching for the team. In his absence, HA1/c Paddock of the Naval Hospital would take the reins. Paddock played with the Marines several previous seasons and he's known to be, around these parts, an excellent catcher. Paddock has done some excellent catching for the Marines this season. On first base we have Pfc. Patrick H. Kilroy! There's hardly any need to introduce Kilroy as he is, no doubt, well known from Shanghai to Philadelphia. Yea, he and that guy Cpl. John Locke, are sure a typical pair of Shanghai aces. I'm just trying to recall now who is was told me that "Patty" had become air minded. Oh, yes! Now I remember! It was at the Shetzline Post of the American Legion on Snyder Avenue one night when I overheard some fellows talking about some well-known aviator of the Marine Corps. Naturally, my curiosity was aroused and I had to inquire who this gentleman might be. Foolish of me not to surmise who it might have been. Why, of course, it was "Patty" Kilroy. If I'm not mistaken, I think that was the same night "Patty" was making a speed run—no, not to Pensacola via plane, but to that fashionable rendezvous of the aristocrats, the Club Grille on Race Street, via trolley. Say, Kilroy, I understand that the bartender at the Legion was promised a hop by you and, consequently, the contents of the beer keg began to dwindle quite rapidly at the time. Not mentioning any names, but I think it was a private first class drummer at the barracks, of course, not revealing his identity, the letter of his surname begins with an "M," who said to the dejected bartender that it must have been Hop's blue ribbon malt which he was promised. However, the bartender insists that "Patty" is somewhat of a flighty (?) fellow, and persists in his intention in biding his time and waiting for that big flop. Too bad that sleuth, Corporal Tupper, was transferred to the Depot or we'd have him check up and find out who this bang! bang! Marine is. I'll get the dope on him

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soon, Kilroy.

The second base position was filled by Pvt. Warren J. Robison and Pvt. Thomas C. Johnson; on third there was Cpl. William J. Sullivan, another All-Marine player, who is now on a 90-day furlough. During his absence this position was filled by Pvt. Leon S. Keeton, who played with the Motor Transport outfit in Port au Prince in 1933. Keeton is now attending the Clerical School at the Navy Yard.

At the shortstop position was HA1/c Edward Claus of the Naval Hospital. Claus was at one time on the All-Navy team, and he must be commended as being a good versatile player. He's a good short stop and an exceptionally good pitcher; furthermore, for a man his size (stands about 6 ft. 1 in.; weighs about 190), he handles himself like a real professional in the infield. In the left field position was Pfc. James J. Dougherty, Jr., that old Philadelphia flash. Dougherty is another thoroughly experienced veteran of the game, who played some neat ball in the outfield and occasionally played at the short stop position. Doc's arm is kind of giving away now. Losing the old zip, isn't she Doc? Old Father Time surely catches up with us all, old boy. The center field position was occupied by that well-known basketeer, Pfc. Sidney McMichaels and next to his post in the right field was Cpl. Stephen A. Adalac. McMichaels, you know, is the boy who has quite a reputation in basketball for having an expert eye when it comes to registering those ringers. Well, he's sure got just as good an eye when it comes to seeing that baseball zipping in. He laid on that pill aplenty this season, and when he did, it sure was good for a triple or a homer. Some of the other boys who were on the team at one time but left due to discharge and transfer, were: Pvt. John F. Giargiari and Pvt. Donald W. Robinson.

I see by the Philadelphia newspapers where Pfc. Jack Taylor has taken to the squared circle again. Jack's doing duty at the Washington barracks at the present time but comes up around our neck of the woods to do a little fighting occasionally. In August, Jack and another Marine from the Yard, Pvt. Joseph Talap, got on a card in Camden, N. J., and both boys came out victorious. Taylor had the semi-windup and Talap the preliminary preceding the semi-windup.

Talap swapped blows with a colored boy from Millville, N. J. He had his adversary on the deck six times before he was awarded the fight on a technical knockout in the third round of a six round fight. Taylor scored a knockout in the first round. Their weights were as follows: Taylor, 202 and Talap, 153.

THE JOLLIES TAKE OVER

(Continued from page 5)

The Marines were dressed by their commander, a soldierly man with a fierce, bristling mustache, in a barked string of orders that were unintelligible to the spectators.

After the usual presenting of arms and paying of compliments, the two OD's crossed and the keys were passed. The Guards' band played and the first relief moved out to change the sentries. The remainder of the two guards stood at a stiff "at ease" while the two commanders paced up and down the courtyard. The two color bearers did likewise.

As a special compliment the band of the Coldstream Guards allowed the Marine Band to play for part of the ceremony, a very rare occurrence.

When the old sentries had been relieved and had taken their posts, the old guard prepared to leave. There was another exchange of compliments and the Guards' Band formed for marching. The Coldstreams then moved out of the courtyard to a slow march, in a step more like a waltz than a military stride. On reaching the street, the cadence was changed to quick march, and away stepped the Coldstream Guards to their barracks. A few minutes later the remainder of the Marine Guard came to "slope arms" and, led by the tall drum major, shoved off for Chelsea Barracks, their London quarters.

His Majesty's Jollies had the Palace situation well in hand.

THE COURT OF BARON MULROON

(Continued from page 7)

to come just to lamp these violets."

"As an expert in flowers you're a perfect field soldier," said Cygan. "You don't even recognize daisies when you pike them off."

No more strange than anything in our world was, the massive oaken door was found to be unlatched.

"Enter, my friends," said Mulroon, with a slow nod and a sweep of the arm that you couldn't have matched anywhere for courtliness. He stationed Yensen at a great front window that looked out toward our distant ditch. "Keep your eye peeled for

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assembly, and mind your yeneral orders, Yeneral Yensen."

"As you may not know," piped up the imaginative Barrios as we filed in, "the Sergeant's grandpop retired from the Corps in the days of the wooden ships and iron men, and settled down in this private barracks."

"Smack me down if it ain't enough to make a guy tear another sheet from the old dream-book," Cygan allowed, detaching a cigarette paper."

"What did you say the old boy's rank was, Chuck?" asked Toulson, as we gazed pop-eyed at the magnificence of the interior.

"He was a range finder," replied Mulroon, using his hard voice, "in the galley." He stepped to a side table, opened a drawer and drew out a handful of cigars so much as if he had known they were there that for a moment I believed it all. Passing them around, he sank into a deep divan, saying, "The house is yours."

We made it ours, no question, stepping from room to room and from floor to floor in a complete trance, then each returning to that which intrigued him most.

It was the galley for Toulson, and shortly he was heard rummaging in the cellar, from which he emerged with a mighty armful of dust-covered bottles, which we acclaimed with a ringing cheer. No finer wine ever set our palates to tingling.

The suddenness with which the occupants had decamped was apparent in the dining room, where we found the table set for the main course of a hearty meal that had been left half-eaten.

Blalock, our minstrel of the Carolinas, brough down a mellow guitar from the billiard room aloft, and with him we were removed from any thought of war by the magic of his chording.

Williams lingered in dainty boudoirs, tenderly fingering silken gowns, with the faraway look in his eyes, and Finnegan paused at the doorway of the nursery and cynically nodded his weathered head.

Mess call pounded out sacrilegiously upon the grand piano brought us together before long, and we found that Toulson had mustered a buffet lunch fit for a general staff. Before we took our seats, Mulroon said:

"We will render the company chant—like so much lard."

We responded with right good will, and sang—

There's a red light on the track for Boozer Brown,
There's a red light on the track for Boozer Brown;
There's a red light on the track—
It'll be there when he gets back—
There's a red light on the track for Boozer Brown.

And the chorus, with even more brazen gusto—

As we go marching,
And the band begins to p, l, a, y,
You can hear them shouting,
"The raggedy-pants Marines are on parade."

There was a swift scraping of chairs, and we tore into the delicacies, with the wine flowing free.

"The soup is a trifle cool, Pierre," said Mulroon, eyeing Toulson sternly.

"Think nothing of it, Baron," put in Williams. "As good old Shakespeare said, ' 'Tis a consommé devoutly to be wished'."

"Knock off the high school stuff," retorted Mulroon, grinning.

"Any of the girls still here?" inquired Masters, whose exploits on rifle range and boulevard had won him the soubriquet of expert trifleman.

"No, but you can go upstairs and lose yourself in a cartload of chiffon."

"Guess my grandpop was never in a war after all. He used to tell me that for all things there is a time, a place, and usually a girl."

"There never was a war like this one, though."

We chattered on, with many an expression of scorn for an enemy, probably stationed a few fields beyond, who would let us get away with such a spree as this.

"They're likely busy doing the same thing we are," said Hoffman.

McGraw relieved Yensen at the lookout, and the good-natured little Dane proceeded to make up for lost time.

"That'll do for the drinking," said Mulroon, "but all hands can fill their canteens. I'm telling you, though, anybody caught zig-zag at a time like this will have me to deal with."

We assented by voice and nod, knowing Mulroon as we did. He was regarding us ruminatively now, and his good eye was expressing things for which we didn't seem to know the words. He seemed almost relieved when McGraw wheeled suddenly from his window vigil and sang out:

"They want us back on the double!"

"You hear there?" barked Mulroon, and there was a great scramble for the souvenirs that had been laid aside earlier.

He and I were the last out. As arranged, we seized a soft mattress, buskowed from a bedroom, and a thick tapestry. The latter was probably a Gobelins, and had the blankets of the household gone around we should not have taken it. This night would be more comfortable than the past two.

The mattress was unwieldy, but we struggled happily with it as we brought up the rear of the trotting file. Mulroon glanced back at the chateau, and I heard him murmur,

"In me Faaather's house are mannny mansions."

"You wouldn't be getting fatalistic, Chuck?"

"Do you see anny green in me eye?" he retorted.

We met a few battalion officers on the way back to the trench. They eyed our plunder with marked disapproval, but we stared them down. They knew what we did not know, and they said nothing.

Blalock, the bully boy, had brought along the guitar, and as darkness gathered he chorded and sang softly, the way no one piped him down, and again the sweet old spell was woven over us, especially when

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he sang "The Camion Blues," the newest and the best of them all, which he had picked up through chance contact with the Reserve Mallet, where it originated.

Lolling in the ditch on the featherbed and warmed by the tapestry, O'Connor and I lay silent, watching the stars appear. The word was passed that we would attack in the morning, but Blalock played on, the way we felt proud and triumphant. Soon Mulroon lapsed into a baronial snoring.

Roughly but silently the guard awakened us at three in the morning, and we knew well enough, as we fumbled swiftly in the dark with cartridge belts and helmets, that this was to be a day the like of which none of us had ever known.

"They can't say our last snooze wasn't done in style," said Mulroon.

"We'll sleep between these again," I predicted.

"I wouldn't know," he replied, picking up his Springfield.

The non-coms received curt orders, and we filed for the first time through the little woods that had hidden us from the enemy. Reaching the open, we deployed in the waves that the Frenchmen had taught us to use, and started across the first wheatfield.

"No artillery," Snair commented, ominously.

"Surprise attack," said Finnegan. "Maybe we'll like it better this way."

Within a minute complete and devastating hell broke loose, and we found ourselves suddenly become postgraduates in the efficacy of the Maxim machine gun, from the receiver's standpoint.

But those of us who escaped the withering fire swarmed over these outpost dealers of death, and left them mute and motionless as we plunged into the next copse.

Out ahead lay Hill 142, an elongated height extending approximately north and south. The course of our advance lay along the crest and right flank of this eminence, our lieutenant told us. Alternate woods and grainfields covered the terrain toward our objective, and we were semicircled from the enemy direction by commanding heights.

The company labored slowly and crimsonly now along its course, and presently the sun appeared and began mounting as unconcernedly as ever. It was an acrid scented inferno of burning powder, of blood, of sweat and of dust, and where now was France's beauty, her romance and wine?

We overran our objective, damn it, because two platoons had lost their few who knew where we were to call a halt. Our little group of officers and non-coms was decimated, but Skipper George was everywhere, unscathed, and the way he seized a rifle and handled it with his expert touch was better field soldiering than all the commands in the book.

Mulroon went down with a shattered left shoulder.

"A little of that first aid," he yelled, writhing.

The three nearest were upon him in a flash, just as though there were such a thing as "time out" in this strange business. They had his shirtsleeve off in no time.

"See, it's mostly in the arm. Give us a tourniquet."

They rigged one for him, and he was right side up as soon as they were. He reached for his rifle and rejoined the thin line. Flopping, he thrust his weapon forward, perched it on a hummock, and proceeded to lay them in with the old deliberation of slow fire on the Parris Island range. With no left hand to control it, his Springfield jumped unmercifully, but he did not flinch.

Presently there was a lull opposite.

"They don't like us any more," cried Hoffman, another cripple who stayed in for more.

"Mulroon," Skipper George hollered, "take these prisoners to the rear. They'll carry you."

"Aye aye, sir," said Mulroon.

A litter was rounded up for him, manned by four prisoners. Mulroon was grimmer than ever, and hostile.

"Got one good arm, got one good eye," he protested, but the four Germans, eager for the rear, already had him at the carry.

"Nice going," said Skipper George. "Come back with two of each and you can play some more."

Back toward the fateful jumping-off place, with the demoralized prisoners hotfooting it from their own fire despite their burden, Mulroon, who was bleeding too much, nevertheless raised his head and grew saucy again at sight of the distant first aid station.

Through trees and between thickets to the left he caught sight of the pale façade of his ancestral castle of yesterday.

"Hey you," he faltered, pointing out the chateau, "take me home. Savvy? *Nach heim! Verstehen sie?*"

"*Ja, gewiss, mein herr,*" replied the left forward carrier, and they obediently changed direction.

Mulroon drew his gat and fired it skyward, further unnerving the carriers, and sang, brokenly—

"*As we go marching,*
And the band begins to p. l.—"

The shell of an 88, bursting only a few feet above his upturned lips, blotted out Mulroon and his meek retainers.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE NEWS

(Continued from page 12)

An engineer must be able to design so parts of the course deal with design. Strength of materials, action of forces on objects, reactions of certain materials under certain conditions, laying roadways, building culverts, etc., are topics and subjects that are well covered in the civil engineering courses. Every city must have its sanitation. Engineers are needed to design, build, and keep these systems in good condition at all times. A more interesting study would be hard to find.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Mechanical engineering deals with the machine side of engineering, such as repairing machinery, building and assembling machines, and machinery maintenance. There are two main divisions to mechanical engineering; the mechanical division deals with Mechanical Drawing, Mathematics, Mechanics, Machine Design, Steam Engines and Boilers, and Steam Engine and Boiler Design. The second division is Shop Practice and deals with Machine shop work, Wood-Pattern making, Metal-Pattern making, Foundry work, and Tool-making.

The Mechanical Engineering is the longest course the Marine Corps Institute carries. It is not very difficult to master and really opens a large field to the student. Anyone mechanically inclined would do well to study some branch of the mechanical engineering course. There is always a need for good mechanics, toolmakers, machinists, and mechanical engineers. By correspondence study, a marine can fit himself to very capably fill any of these positions.

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on July 31	17,299
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT—July 31	1,211
Separations during August	6
	1,205
Appointments during August	0
Total Strenth on August 31	1,205
ENLISTED—Total Strength on July 31	16,089
Separations during August	348
	15,741
Joinings during August	225
Total Strength on August 31	15,966
Total Strength Marine Corps on August 31	17,171

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.

Brig. Gen. L. McCarty Little, Assistant to the Major General Commandant

Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.

Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.

Brig. Gen. George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman.
Brig. Gen. James T. Buttrick.
Col. Julian C. Smith.
Lt. Col. Alfred H. Noble.
Maj. Ford O. Rogers.
Capt. St. Julien R. Marshall.
1st Lt. Cleo R. Keen.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman.
Brig. Gen. James T. Buttrick.
Col. Julian C. Smith.
Lt. Col. Alfred H. Noble.
Maj. Ford O. Rogers.
Capt. LePage Cronmiller, Jr.
1st Lt. Cleo R. Keen.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

AUGUST 12, 1935.

Lt. Col. Thomas S. Clarke, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Wash., D. C. Authorized to delay in reporting until 1 Sept.

Lt. Col. William W. Buckley, on arrival San Francisco, detached Dept. of Pacific, to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C. Authorized to delay in reporting until 28 Sept.

Lt. Col. Oscar R. Cauldwell, orders detaching this officer from FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., revoked.

Maj. Evans O. Ames, orders detaching this officer from FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., revoked.

Capt. Stuart W. King, orders detaching this officer from FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., revoked.

Capt. Eugene F. C. Collier, orders detaching this officer from FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., revoked.

Capt. Christian F. Schlit, orders detaching this officer from FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., revoked.

Maj. Frederick R. Hoyt, about 15 Aug., detached MB, Norfolk, NYd., Portsmouth, Va., to MB, NYd., Boston, Mass.

Maj. Gilder D. Jackson, about 15 Sept., detached MB, SB, New London, Conn., to FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Rees Skinner, about 10 Sept., detached MB, NYd., Phila., Pa., to MB, SB, New London, Conn.

Capt. Luther A. Brown, orders 10 July, modified—detached MD, DP, RS, NOB, Norfolk, Va., about 30 Aug., to MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Guy B. Beatty, on 30 Aug., detached MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va., to MD, DP, RS, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

1st Lt. Cornelius P. VanNess, about 1 Sept., detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific.

(Continued on page 50)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

AUGUST 1, 1935.

Cpl. Herman Brazke—Hingham to San Diego.

Cpl. Charley Horyna—WC to New York.

Sgt. Wm. G. Reeves—SRD to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Chas. J. Pesek—FMF to Sea School.

AUGUST 2, 1935.

Sgt. Maj. Ford E. Wilkins—FMF, Quantico to FMF, San Diego.

AUGUST 3, 1935.

Cpl. Arthur Durand—FMF to Pearl Harbor.

AUGUST 5, 1935.

Sgt. Oscar A. Powell—SRD to Asiatic.

Sgt. Wm. E. Quarter—Newport to NYd., Washington, D. C.

Cpl. Ralph M. Blessing—Norfolk to Pensacola.

AUGUST 6, 1935.

Cpl. Robt. E. Schneeman—Cape May to Clerical School.

1st Sgt. Jos. A. Inferrara—WC to EC.

Sgt. Paul Petrusky—Quantico to MB, Washington, D. C.

AUGUST 7, 1935.

Cpl. Ralph K. Patterson—Quantico to Hdqrs., NBG.

Cpl. Lyman S. Wriston—WC to Philadelphia.

Sgt. Emery M. Powell—Quantico to Cuba.

AUGUST 8, 1935.

Sg. Sgt. August W. Carlson—Quantico to PI.

QM. Sgt. Chas. D. Clayton—Mare Island to Pearl Harbor.

QM. Sgt. Andrew J. Stokes—Pearl Harbor to San Diego.

QM. Sgt. Milton R. Scott—Newport to Guam.

QM. Sgt. Charles Seiler—Guam to Quantico.

QM. Sgt. Stanley H. Overman—Norfolk to Newport.

QM. Sgt. Ernesto R. Beavers—PI to NOB, Norfolk.

Cpl. Wm. M. Jones, USS. "Mississippi" to San Diego.

Cpl. Jerome Hieronymus—USS. "Northampton" to San Diego.

AUGUST 9, 1935.

Cpl. James P. White—FMF to MB, Quantico.

Cpl. Daniel P. Sandman—Portsmouth, N. H., to NOB, Norfolk.

Sgt. Wm. N. Scriven—WC to NOB, Norfolk.

1st Sgt. Wm. Halsey—Norfolk to Great Lakes.

1st Sgt. Leonard Curcey—Great Lakes to Boston.

AUGUST 10, 1935.

Sgt. Albert LeR. Jenson—SRD to San Diego.

Cpl. Robt. E. Schneeman—Cape May to Philadelphia.

Cpl. Frank Gordon—USS. "Arkansas" to Charleston.

Sgt. Jack Taylor—FMF to Boston.

Sgt. Wm. H. Hendrick—Portsmouth, N. H., to Charleston.

AUGUST 12, 1935.

Sgt. Jas. W. Burnworth—Norfolk to SRD.

Sgt. Jas. P. Evans—Norfolk to SRD.

Sgt. Carl H. Glaser—Norfolk to SRD.

Sgt. Maj. Jermiah Twohig—Asiatic to San Diego.

(Continued on page 50)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

BISHOP, Harold, 7-31-35, MB, Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.

BROWN, Linier Ray, 8-1-35, MB, Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.

ARNER, Harry Robt., 8-1-35, MB, Quantico for MB, Quantico.

FITZSIMMONS, Eugene J., 8-1-35, MB, Quantico for MB, Quantico.

HUMPHREY, Andrew J., 8-1-35, New London for SB, New London, Conn.

WILLIAMS, Walter S., 7-26-35, San Diego for San Diego.

MILLER, Benjamin, 8-3-35, Washington, D. C., for Hqrs., USMC, Washington, D. C.

GLASS, Orin, 8-2-35, Lakehurst, N. J., for Lakehurst, N. J.

JONES, Raymond G., 7-31-35, Chicago for MB, Quantico.

FAULK, William T., 8-1-35, New Orleans for SRD, New Orleans.

KYRK, Mylo R., 7-29-35, San Francisco for Mare Island.

BAMBALERE, John, 7-29-35, San Diego for San Diego.

BRENNAN, Thomas P., 7-29-35, San Francisco for USRS, San Francisco.

GOLDENBERG, Sam, 7-28-35, San Diego for NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif.

HAGERTY, Oliver P., Jr., 8-5-35, MB, NYd., Washington, D. C., for Lakehurst, N. J.

SMITH, James E., 7-28-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

TYLER, Joshua M., 8-3-35, MB, Washington, D. C., for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.

WOLFGANG, Henry F., 7-9-35, Shanghai for Shanghai.

CRYTS, Bennie, 8-4-35, Quantico for Quantico.

FLORCZAK, Frank, 8-5-35, Norfolk for Norfolk.

GREENING, Eugene E., 8-5-35, Norfolk for Norfolk.

PHILIPPI, Francis J., 8-5-35, MB, Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.

McCULLOUGH, James J., 8-6-35, RS, NYd., Philadelphia for RS, NYd., Philadelphia.

BLACKNER, Jack, 8-6-35, Chicago for MB, Quantico.

KAUSINO, Frank, 8-7-35, Dover, N. J., for Hingham, Mass.

KESSLER, Harry A., 8-5-35, USS. "Reina Mercedes" for USS. "Reina Mercedes."

HENDRICKS, Robert G., 8-4-35, San Francisco for DofS, San Francisco.

JOHNSON, James J., 8-1-35, Seattle for Seattle.

BICKART, Charles M., 8-1-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

SCHINKA, Joseph R., 8-1-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

WORD, William E., 7-30-35, San Diego for NAS, San Diego.

ROUTSAW, Otis J., 8-10-35, Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.

TAYLOR, Max C., 8-10-35, Washington, D. C., for Hqrs., USMC, Washington, D. C.

BUSTER, Ivan Leroy, 8-6-35, San Diego for San Diego.

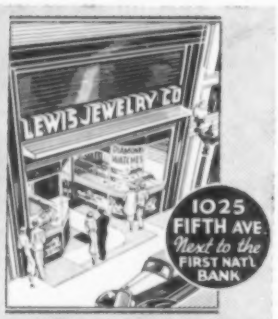
CHARPENTIER, Emile A., 8-10-35, MB, Washington, D. C., for Sou. Rectg.

CROYLE, Ward W., 8-3-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

EARSOM, Charles D., Jr., 8-4-35, Sunnyvale for NAS, Sunnyvale.

OXFORD, Walter H., 8-2-35, Sunnyvale for NAS, Sunnyvale.

(Continued on page 52)



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WASHINGTON, D. C.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 49)

Cpl. Hohn M. Picarski—FMF, Quantico to MB, Quantico.
Cpl. Charles I. Rough—NYd., Washington, D. C., to Hawthorne.
Sgt. Jack Tucker—Norfolk to Boston.
Sgt. Claud A. Mudd—FMF to NOB, Norfolk.
Cpl. Harry D. Ryburn—FMF to Dover.
AUGUST 14, 1935.
Cpl. Jose Llera—USS. "Trenton" to MB, Washington, D. C.
QM. Sgt. Roy E. Hagerdon—Norfolk to Newport.
Sgt. Maj. Alexander J. Fliey—WC to Norfolk.
Cpl. Wm. N. Rozier—PI to New York.
1st Sgt. Jos. W. Peden—New Orleans to San Diego.
Sgt. Wm. E. Farmer—New Orleans to Cuba.
Sgt. Ezra L. Ewing—Yorktown to Coco Solo.
Sgt. Geo. E. Demetrion—Yorktown to Cuba.
Cpl. Darius W. Lowe—Indian Head to Cuba.
AUGUST 15, 1935.
Cpl. Geo. A. Kelleher—Pearl Harbor to ECUS.
Sgt. Earl P. Wiseman—Cuba to Coco Solo.
Sgt. Anderson L. Mullinix—Yorktown to Pearl Harbor.
AUGUST 16, 1935.
Sgt. Harry V. Bernstein—FMF to Pearl Harbor.
Cpl. Hubert Graves—Portsmouth, N. H., to Guam.
Qm. Sgt. Roy E. Hagerdon—NOB, Norfolk to Philadelphia, orders to Newport revoked.
QM. Sgt. Garlin J. Price—Philadelphia to Guam.
AUGUST 17, 1935.
Cpl. Robt. C. Jones—WC to Philadelphia.
Cpl. Wm. G. Dempsey—WC to NOB, Norfolk.
1st Sgt. Jos. L. Coleman—Norfolk to Quantico.
QM. Sgt. Thos. H. Dougan—FMF, Quantico to FMF, San Diego.
AUGUST 19, 1935.
Sgt. Maj. Arthur H. Steele—FMF to Asiatic.
Cpl. Alfred Brooks—FMF to MB, Quantico.
1st Sgt. James J. Jordan—MB, Washington, D. C., to Asiatic.
Cpl. Jos. J. Vlach—New York to Charleston, S. C.
Sgt. Lucian C. Gifford—Quantico to Ft. Mifflin.
Cpl. Floyd S. Edwards—PI to DofS, Philadelphia.
Cpl. Orville E. Rehm—Ft. Mifflin to DofS, Philadelphia.
Sgt. Walter Smulski—RS, New York to Cuba.
AUGUST 21, 1935.
MT. Sgt. Albert E. Gernert—San Diego to Quantico.
1st Sgt. John F. Fitzgerald-Brown—Quantico to Asiatic.
1st Sgt. Ernest S. Conn—PI to Asiatic.
Cpl. John M. Cheek—Norfolk to Asiatic.
Cpl. Wm. H. Meadors—USS. "Mississippi" to San Diego.
AUGUST 22, 1935.
Sgt. Wm. E. Fuller—Indian Head to Norfolk.
Sgt. John R. Howard—Norfolk to NYd., Washington, D. C.
1st Sgt. George T. Green—Norfolk to Dover.
AUGUST 23, 1935.
Sgt. Hurb Cox—Quantico to Yorktown.
Sgt. Maj. Arthur E. Abbott—Coco Solo to MB, Washington.
QM. Sgt. Jack Clifford—Quantico to Aircraft One.
AUGUST 24, 1935.
Cpl. Bynum W. Sutton—WC to Pensacola.
AUGUST 26, 1935.
Cpl. Edgar A. Riggs—MB, Washington to Asiatic.
Cpl. Chas. A. Hyman—Norfolk to Pensacola.
Cpl. John Coats—USS. "Taylor" to So. Charleston.
AUGUST 27, 1935.
Gy-Sgt. Philip T. Odien—Norfolk to San Diego.
1st Sgt. Otto N. Roos—Indian Head to Asiatic.
Cpl. Wm. T. Deason—FMF, Quantico to NYd., Washington, D. C.
AUGUST 28, 1935.
Cpl. Francis G. Knapp—Norfolk to Quantico.
Cpl. Kenneth R. Brown—Norfolk to Asiatic.
Cpl. John J. O'Connell—Portsmouth, N. H., to Asiatic.
QM. Sgt. Martin W. Texler—Quantico to NYd., Washington, D. C.
AUGUST 29, 1935.
Sgt. George A. Crasper—Great Lakes to FMF, San Diego.
Cpl. Clarence G. Burns—MB, Washington, D. C., to PI.
Sgt. Floyd C. Maner—RS, Norfolk to San Diego.
1st Sgt. Claude X. Sartorius—Norfolk to Indian Head.
AUGUST 30, 1935.
Gy-Sgt. Sanford N. Young—Norfolk to FMF, Quantico.
AUGUST 31, 1935.
Cpl. Edward Carver—Norfolk to Yorktown.

U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 49)

1st Lt. Ernest R. West, about 10 Sept., detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay 1 month en route.
1st Lt. Edward H. Forney, Jr., detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.
1st Lt. Billy W. King, detached MB, NYd., Mare Island, Calif., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
AUGUST 16, 1935.
Col. Frederick A. Barker, orders detaching this officer MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Wash., D. C., revoked.
Lt. Col. David L. S. Brewster, about 1 Sept., detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific.
Lt. Col. William B. Sullivan, on reporting relief about 1 Oct., detached OIC, Western Rectg. Div., San Francisco, Calif., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
Maj. Thomas P. Cheatham, orders 6 Aug., detaching this officer MB, Quantico, Va., to Rectg. Dist., Pittsburgh, revoked. On or about 20 Aug., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd., Phila., Pa.
Lt. Col. James L. Underhill, on transfer of Flag, Commander, Battleship Div. No. 3, transferred from USS. "New Mexico" to USS. "Idaho."
Maj. David R. Nimmer, on or about 29 Aug., detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.
Maj. George F. Stokes, AQM, on 20 Aug., detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps., Wash., D. C., to Army Industrial College, Wash., D. C.
Maj. Merwin H. Silverthorn, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified and assigned duty Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.
Maj. Robert L. Montague, on reporting MB, Quantico, Va., assigned to duty with Fleet Marine Force, that post.
Maj. Fred G. Patchen, about 7 Sept., detached MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J., to MB, NYd., Pearl Harbor, T. H., via SS. "Lurline," sailing San Francisco, Calif., 15 Oct. Authorized delay en route San Francisco until 14 Oct.
Capt. Edward A. Craig, on 1 Sept., relieved present duties at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and assigned to Fleet Marine Force, that Base.
Capt. Stephen F. Drew, detached MB, NYd., New York, N. Y., to MB, NAD, Dover, N. J.
Capt. William W. Davidson, on completion temporary duty at Camp Perry, about 30 Sept., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, USS. "New York." Authorized delay 14 days in reporting "New York."
Capt. Alfred C. Cottrell, on reporting Capt. Davidson, detached MD, USS. "New York" to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.
1st Lt. Ion M. Bethel, on completion temporary duty at Camp Perry, about 30 Sept., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd., Mare Island, Calif. Authorized delay 2 months reporting NYd., Mare Island.
1st Lt. Dudley W. Davis, detached MB, NAD, Dover, N. J., to MB, NYd., New York, N. Y.
2nd Lt. David S. McDougal, on completion temporary duty at Camp Perry, about 30 Sept., detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized delay 15 days reporting NOB, San Diego.
AUGUST 20, 1935.
Maj. William A. Worton, detached MB,

Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Maj. Thomas P. Cheatham, AQM, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster, effective 14 Aug., 1935.

Maj. Edgar S. Tuttle, AQM, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster, effective 15 Aug., 1935.

Maj. Fred G. Patchen, AQM, detailed an Assistant Quartermaster, effective 15 Aug., 1935.

Capt. William F. Beattie, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS. "President Lincoln," due San Francisco, 17 Sept.

1st Lt. Thomas G. Ennis, on 22 Aug., detached Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Paul Moret, on completion of temporary aviation duty at NA, Annapolis, Md., about 15 Dec., detached Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico Va.

2nd Lt. Donald W. Fuller, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NYd., Phila., Pa.

Following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 14 Aug., 1935, to rank from the dates shown:

Col. Samuel M. Harrington, 30 June, 1935, No. 5.

Lt. Col. Leo D. Hermle, 27 July, 1935, No. 1.

Lt. Col. Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., 27 July, 1935, No. 2.

Lt. Col. Robert Blake, 1 Aug., 1935, No. 1.

Maj. William M. Marshall, 29 May, 1934, No. 10.

Maj. Eugene F. C. Collier, 30 June, 1935, No. 2.

Maj. Lee H. Brown, 27 July, 1935, No. 1.

Maj. Richard Livingston, 27 July, 1935, No. 3.

Maj. Fred S. Robillard, 27 July, 1935, No. 5.

Capt. Leslie H. Wellman, 1 June, 1935, No. 4.

Capt. William C. Lemly, 1 June, 1935, No. 6.

Capt. Charles W. Kail, 1 June, 1935, No. 8.

Capt. James E. Kerr, 27 July, 1935, No. 1.

Capt. William G. Manley, 27 July, 1935, No. 2.

Capt. Albert D. Cooley, 27 July, 1935, No. 3.

Capt. Theodore A. Holdahl, 27 July, 1935, No. 4.

Capt. Robert O. Bare, 27 July, 1935, No. 10.

Capt. Charles L. Fike, 27 July, 1935, No. 12.

1st Lt. Thomas J. Colley, 2 June, 1935, No. 5.

1st Lt. Marion A. Fewcett, 2 June, 1935, No. 13.

1st Lt. Robert O. Bisson, 2 June, 1935, No. 14.

AUGUST 26, 1935

Maj. Alton A. Gladden, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Ralph C. Alberger, detached MB, NYd., Phila., Pa., to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Joseph M. Swinnerton, on arrival San Francisco, assigned to duty MB, NYd., Marine Island, Calif.

Capt. Lloyd R. Pugh, on arrival San Francisco, assigned to duty MD, NP, NYd., Mare Island, Calif.

Capt. Evans F. Carlson, on arrival San Francisco, assigned to duty FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. William Liske, on 1 Sept., detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home. Retired as of 1 Nov., 1935.

QM. Clk. Alexander N. Entringer, on or about 10 Sept., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay in reporting NOB, San Diego, until 1 Oct.

AUGUST 30, 1935.

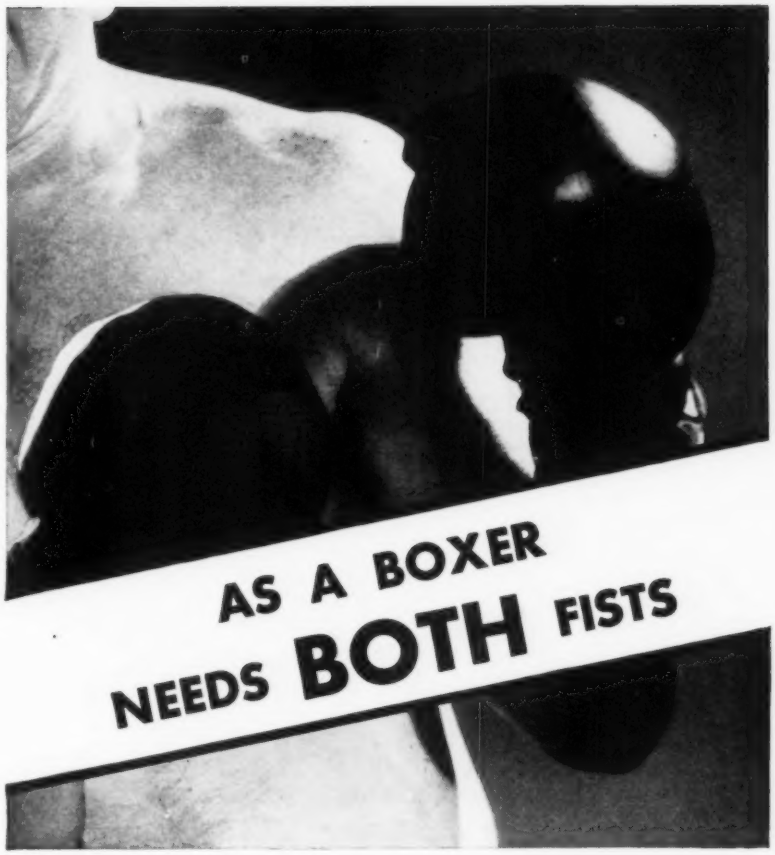
Maj. Jacob Lienhard, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Recruiting District of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Capt. Clyde P. Matteson, on 1 Sept., detached MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla., and ordered home to await retirement.

Capt. Clyde H. Hartsel, on or about 1 Sept., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C. Authorized to delay one month and five days in reporting at Hdqrs.

1st Lt. Lionel C. Goudeau, assigned to duty with FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. John B. Hill, about 10 Sept., detached MB, NTS, Newport, R. I., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USS. "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, 21 Oct.



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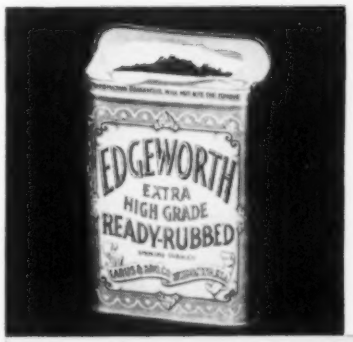

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Authorized to delay en route San Francisco until 20 Oct.

Following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 22 August, 1935, with rank from the dates indicated:

Col. Harold L. Parsons, 27 July, 1935, No. 1.

Col. Julian C. Smith, 27 July, 1935, No. 2.

Lt. Col. Alfred H. Noble, 1 August 1935, No. 2.

Lt. Col. Frank Whitehead, 27 July, 1935, No. 3.

Lt. Col. Louis W. Whaley, 30 June, 1935, No. 3.

Lt. Col. Roswell Winans, 27 July, 1935, No. 4.

Maj. Richard O. Sanderson, 1 July, 1935, No. 1.

Maj. Edwin J. Mund, 1 July, 1935, No. 2.

Maj. Julian P. Brown, 1 August, 1935, No. 4.

Maj. Harold C. Major, 27 July, 1935, No. 4.

Maj. Herman R. Anderson, 27 July, 1935, No. 7.

Maj. Clarence M. Ruffner, 27 July, 1935, No. 8.

Capt. James H. N. Hudnall, 1 August, 1935, No. 2.

Capt. Thomas C. Perrin, 1 August, 1935, No. 5.

Capt. James E. Jones, 27 July, 1935, No. 7.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1935.

Capt. Alfred C. Cottrell, orders 15 Aug., modified, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, instead of to Fleet Marine Force, that station.

Capt. Julian N. Frisbie, about 5 Oct., detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., via USS. "Chaumont," sailing San Diego, 7 Oct.

1st Lt. Robert L. Skidmore, detached 2nd Brig., Fleet Marine Force, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to Aircraft 2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. George H. Cloud, on or about 10 Oct., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Wash., D. C.

1st Lt. Ernest W. Fry, Jr., detached Dept. of Pacific to MB, Parris Island, S. C., via USAT "Republic," sailing San Francisco, Calif., 14 Sept., 1935.

1st Lt. Frederick L. Wieseman, about 23 Sept., detached MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Ch. Pay Clk. Frealigh R. Powers, assigned to duty with FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Pay Clk. Ernest M. Jones, assigned to duty with FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

The following named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, subject to confirmation, on 30 August, 1935, with rank from the dates indicated:

Maj. George T. Hall, 1 August, 1935, No. 1.

Maj. Robert C. Kilmartin, 1 August, 1935, No. 2.

Capt. Herbert P. Becker, 27 July, 1935, No. 8.

Capt. William C. Purple, 27 July, 1935, No. 9.

Capt. Perry K. Smith, 27 July, 1935, No. 11.

Capt. Charles F. Cresswell, 27 July, 1935, No. 15.

Capt. Walter J. Stuart, 1 August, 1935, No. 1.

Capt. Charles G. Meints, 1 August, 1935, No. 3.

Capt. Alexander W. Kreiser, 1 August, 1935, No. 4.

1st Lt. George Corson, 2 June, 1935, No. 9.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 49)

REIMAN, Arthur B., 7-19-35, Peiping for Peiping.
SCRIVEN, William N., 8-4-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
SHOEMAKER, Gail L., 8-6-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
BROOKEY, Leo A., 8-7-35, San Diego for San Diego.
BRUNSON, Joseph B., 8-3-35, Bremerton for Bremerton.
CROCKATT, Wallace W., 8-8-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
FLECKNER, Clyde O., 8-8-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
HARTMAN, Harvey, 8-3-35, San Diego for San Diego.
HUMPHREY, Urban J., 8-10-35, Quantico for Quantico.
PICKERING, Ray W., 8-12-35, Quantico for Quantico.
POWELL, Emery M., 8-11-35, Wakefield for Wakefield, Mass.
SNYDER, Harry C., 8-7-35, San Diego for San Diego.
SPRINGS, Walter F., 8-7-35, San Diego for San Diego.
SPURLOCK, Charles L., 8-6-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
BROWN, Norman F., 8-14-35, New York for Cavite.
STEINSDOERFER, Joseph G., 8-13-35, Parris Island for Parris Island.
WEATHERFORD, John G., 8-13-35, Pensacola for Pensacola.
RODER, Morris, 8-15-35, New York for Quantico.
RODRIGUEZ, Andres, 8-14-35, Chicago for MB, Quantico.
AKIN, Lawrence B., 8-15-35, Quantico for Quantico.
KINSMAN, Walter Lewis, 8-15-35, Quantico for Quantico.
BANISH, John Louis, 8-16-35, Quantico for Quantico.
MORGAN, Virgil W., 8-10-35, San Diego for San Diego.
PAWLOSKI, Joseph A., 8-15-35, Quantico for Quantico.
ALLISON, Rufus R., 8-17-35, St. Julien's Creek for St. Julien's Creek.
ANDERSON, Bermon E., 8-16-35, Parris Island for Parris Island.
BOERKE, Adam T., 8-10-35, San Diego for San Diego.
DAVIS, Charles H., 8-17-35, Quantico for Quantico.
ELDRIDGE, Noble, 8-17-35, Portsmouth, Va., for Portsmouth, Va.
GUILMET, Oliver A., 8-19-35, Wakefield for Wakefield.
HIBBARD, Roscoe C., 8-17-35, Quantico for Quantico.
HOUNTIS, William B., 8-13-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
JENNESS, Elmer W., 8-17-35, Yorktown, Va., for Yorktown, Va.
KRUSE, Eugene A., 8-12-35, Seattle for Seattle.
LONG, William T., Jr., 8-17-35, Quantico for Quantico.
McGOWAN, Charles W., 8-12-35, San Diego for San Diego.
McNEILL, Vinson A., 8-16-35, So. Charleston, W. Va., for Parris Island.
SKENDALL, Frank, 8-13-35, San Diego for San Diego.
COOLEY, Clyde H., 8-19-35, Pittsburgh for Philadelphia.
ROGERS, Victor Hugo, 8-20-35, Washington, D. C., for Hqrs., USMC, Washington, D. C.
GRIFFITH, Arthur T., 8-14-35, Portland, Ore., for Bremerton.
COMPTON, Arthur A., 8-14-35, San Diego for San Diego.
MAGUIRE, John J., 8-18-35, New London for New London.
MIOTKE, Leo Louis, 8-19-35, MB, Washington, D. C., for MB, Washington, D. C.
MORAN, JOHN M., Jr., 8-17-35, Portsmouth, N. H., for Portsmouth, N. H.
STRABA, Albert, 8-19-35, Quantico for Quantico.
STRIBLING, Thaddeus W., 8-15-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
CRAWFORD, Robert G., 8-19-35, Pensacola for Pensacola.
HODO, Kenneth E., 8-15-35, San Diego for San Diego.
VAS, Louis, 8-20-35, Quantico for Quantico.
AUTRY, Oris F., 8-21-35, Washington, D. C., for Quantico.
MERWIN, Gordon H., 8-22-35, New York for MB, NYd., Washington, D. C.
GUGENBERGER, Eugene T., 8-15-35, San Diego for San Diego.
CLARK, Norman R., 8-22-35, Quantico for Quantico.
EVERTS, Allen W., 8-16-35, Hawthorne for San Diego.
VICKERS, Jewel M., 8-16-35, San Diego for San Diego.
MacKENZIE, Joseph, 8-23-35, Pittsburgh for New York.
McINNISH, John E., 8-20-35, San Francisco for San Francisco.
BENJAMIN, Allen S., 7-30-35, Shanghai for Shanghai.
GOEHRING, McKinley, 8-19-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
GRANT, Walter C., 8-18-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
SMITH, Abraham VanR., 8-19-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
SMITH, Irvin Solomon, 7-28-35, Shanghai for Shanghai.

YOUNG, Matthew J., 8-1-35, Shanghai for Shanghai.
EPPERSON, Robert L., 8-21-35, Los Angeles for MD, USS. "New Mexico."
ALDER, Asa, 8-20-35, San Diego for San Diego.
CARGILE, Oscar W., 8-18-35, San Diego for San Diego.
COOPER, Charles P., 8-20-35, San Diego for San Diego.
CORNELL, John E., 8-20-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
DANIELS, Asa, 8-19-35, San Diego for San Diego.
RICHARDS, Edward, 7-28-35, Peiping for Peiping.
SMITH, Robert A., 8-19-35, San Diego for San Diego.
STEPANUK, Tony, 8-18-35, San Diego for San Diego.
THOMAS, Ben T., Jr., 8-18-35, San Diego for San Diego.
BARTON, Murdock Renfrew, 8-25-35, Quantico for Quantico.
CORBETT, Patrick, 8-21-35, San Diego for San Diego.
HOUGHTALING, William L., 8-21-35, Bremerton for Bremerton.
RUHL, Edgar F., 8-26-35, Quantico for Quantico.
STEVENS, Earl E., 8-21-35, Bremerton for Bremerton.
TOHLA, Charles H., 8-26-35, MB, Washington, D. C., for Marine Band, Washington, D. C.
TUSON, Vernon A., 8-21-35, San Diego for San Diego.
AVILLA, Arthur Louis, 8-27-35, Quantico for Quantico.
MELEAR, Jessee B., 8-27-35, Quantico for Quantico.
GUY, John Clifford, 8-28-35, Boston for Quantico.
THACKER, Raymond Louis, 8-28-35, Washington, D. C., for Quantico.
WHITE, Joseph G., 8-28-35, New York for Boston.
WINDSOR, Rebie A., 8-29-35, Washington, D. C., for Hqrs., USMC, Washington, D. C.
HALL, Haywood P., 8-28-35, Charleston, S. C., for Charleston, S. C.
PETERSEN, Emil L., 8-28-35, Quantico for Quantico.
GORDONO, Michael G., 8-29-35, Pittsburgh for Quantico.
LUMA, Alex, 8-29-35, Pittsburgh for Quantico.
CADDIN, Walter J., 8-29-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
ENGLEMAN, Theodore R., 8-26-35, San Francisco for Mare Island.
CITRINI, Nick, 8-30-35, Portsmouth, N. H., for Portsmouth, N. H.
HORYNA, Charley, 8-25-35, Mare Island for New York.
MacDONALD, Sherman P., 8-26-35, San Diego for San Diego.
GASKIN, George J., 8-29-35, New York for Iona Island, New York.
HATFIELD, Glen R., 8-27-35, San Diego for San Diego.
JAMES, Charlie P., 8-27-35, San Francisco for Rec. Ship, San Francisco.
PETERSON, Francis D., 8-27-35, San Diego for San Diego.
RANDALL, Roland W., 8-22-35, Seattle for Bremerton.
DANIEL, Earle E., 8-28-35, USS. "Arizona" for MD, USS. "Arizona."
DOGAN, Hubert H., 8-25-35, San Diego for San Diego.
ELLERY, James Michiel, 8-27-35, San Diego for San Diego.
GOSSELIN, John R., 8-31-35, Hingham for Hingham.
HENRY, Wallace, 8-22-35, San Diego for San Diego.
IRWIN, Charles A., 8-23-35, San Diego for San Diego.
McINTOSH, Howard R., 8-23-35, San Diego for San Diego.
MULLEN, Edward A., Sr., 8-29-35, San Diego for San Diego.
OLAGUEZ, August A., 8-22-35, San Diego for San Diego.
PETERSON, William J., 8-22-35, San Diego for San Diego.
PRICE, Caryll A., 8-23-35, San Diego for San Diego.
STAHL, James D., 8-28-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
TYSON, Hoke S., 8-29-35, San Diego for San Diego.
LAWRENCE, Aldwin B., 9-3-35, Washington, D. C., for Cavite.
RICHARDS, Carl, 9-1-35, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.
BEATTY, Arthur F., Jr., 9-3-35, South Charleston, W. Va., for South Charleston.
GARRIS, James E., 8-31-35, Quantico for Quantico.
CINDRICH, Joseph J., 9-5-35, Washington, D. C., for MB, NYd., Washington, D. C.
CARROLL, Patrick J., 9-3-35, New Orleans for Parris Island.
JOHNSON, Alvin E., 9-4-35, Camp Perry, Ohio, for Camp Perry, Ohio.
THOMAS, John R., 9-5-35, Camp Perry, Ohio, for Camp Perry, Ohio.

TENTATIVE SAILINGS
Vessels of the Naval Transportation Service

CHAUMONT—Arrive Honolulu 8 Sept., leave 10 Sept.; arrive San Francisco 17 Sept., leave 1 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 3 Oct., leave 4 Oct.; arrive San Diego 5 Oct., leave 7 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 17 Oct., leave 19 Oct.; arrive Guantanamo 22 Oct., leave 22 Oct.; arrive Norfolk 26 Oct.

Will depart Norfolk about 9 Nov. for West Coast.

HENDERSON—Leave N.O.B. Norfolk 10 Sept.; arrive Guantanamo 14 Sept., leave 14 Sept.; arrive Canal Zone 17 Sept., leave 20 Sept.; arrive San Diego 1 Oct., leave 2 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 3 Oct., leave 5 Oct.; arrive Mare Island 7 Oct.

Will depart Mare Island about 21 Oct. for the Asiatic Station.

NITRO—Leave San Diego 4 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 5 Sept., leave 11 Sept.; arrive Mare Island 13 Sept., leave 26 Sept.; arrive Puget Sound 29 Sept., leave 7 Oct.; arrive Mare Island 10 Oct., leave 19 Oct.; arrive San Pedro 21 Oct., leave 24 Oct.; arrive San Diego 25 Oct., leave 29 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 8 Nov., leave 11 Nov.; arrive Guantanamo 14 Nov., leave 14 Nov.; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 18 Nov.

RAMAPO—Leave Mare Island 25 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 27 Sept., leave 2 Oct.; arrive Manila 2 Nov., leave 16 Nov.; arrive San Diego 16 Dec.

SALINAS—Leave Norfolk-Yorktown 5 Sept.; arrive Port Arthur 13 Sept., leave 14 Sept.; arrive Norfolk-Yorktown 22 Sept., leave 7 Oct.

SIRIUS—Leave Puget Sound Area 9 Sept.; arrive Mare Island 12 Sept., leave 25 Sept.; arrive San Pedro 27 Sept., leave 30 Sept.; arrive San Diego 1 Oct., leave 3 Oct.; arrive Canal Zone 15 Oct., leave 18 Oct.; arrive Guantanamo 21 Oct., leave 21 Oct.; arrive N.O.B. Norfolk 25 Oct.

VEGA—Leave N.O.B. Norfolk 12 Nov.; arrive Guantanamo 16 Nov., leave 16 Nov.; arrive Canal Zone 19 Nov., leave 25 Nov.; arrive San Diego 5 Dec., leave 10 Dec.; arrive San Pedro 10 Dec., leave 12 Dec.; arrive Mare Island 14 Dec., leave 28 Dec.; arrive Puget Sound 31 Dec., leave 8 Jan.

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EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN
AUGUST 1, 1935
Changes in Courses

The Cookery course has been discontinued. Students now enrolled for this course will be permitted to complete it, provided they do so within a reasonable length of time.

The Spanish course has recently been revised and is now better adapted to the needs of the Marine Corps. This revision includes a complete new set of questionnaires and a "Guide to Pronunciation" prepared specially for use by the Marine Corps Institute.

Graduates for the Month of July

1st Lt. Henry T. Elrod—Complete Radio.
2nd Lt. Michael S. Currin—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lt. Bennet G. Powers—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lt. Paul W. Russell—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
Capt. George W. Walker—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lt. James T. Wilbur—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
Cpl. Alpha C. Floyd—Civil Service Clerical.
Cpl. Jim C. Gates—Complete Radio.
Pfc. Luther R. Fain—Good English.
Pfc. Oscar J. German, Jr.—Aviation Engines.
Pfc. Chester R. Land—Practical Electrician's.
Pfc. Ralph L. Johnson—Aviation Mechanics.
Pfc. Robert H. Morris—Diversified Farming.
Pvt. Lawrence Baldinus—Aviation Mechanics.
Pvt. Woodrow W. Barnes—Building Contractor's.
Pvt. David H. Cain—Good English.
Pvt. Charles C. Calvert—Immigration Patrol Inspector.
Pvt. William E. Cox, Gas and Electric Welding.
Pvt. James R. Coyle—Radio Operating.
Pvt. Lawrence J. Damico—Good English.
Pvt. Leroy C. Ferris—Short Chemistry.
Pvt. John U. Fohner—Salesmanship and Real Estate.
Pvt. John U. Fohner—Salesmanship and Sales Management.
Pvt. George F. Foote—Elementary Elec. Engineering.
Pvt. Leonard A. Gerdeman—Airplane Maintenance.
Pvt. Joel W. Gleason, Jr.—Complete Radio.
Pvt. Cecil H. Kingry—Complete Radio.
Pvt. Rex R. Leonard—Auto Mechanics.
Pvt. Joseph Petrelli—Immigration Inspector.
Pvt. Oliver Price—Aviation Engines.
Pvt. Shannon L. Shemwell—Railway Postal Clerk.
Pvt. Frankie G. Shirley—Inspector of Customs.
Pvt. Denver W. Scott—Complete Radio.
Pvt. Edgar Tabor—Salesmanship.
Pvt. McRay Thomas—Good English.
Pvt. Alexander Welter, Jr.—Carpenter and Millwork.
Pvt. Alexander Welter, Jr.—Carpenter Foreman's.
Pvt. Everett F. Woodard—Airplane Maintenance.
Pvt. Everett F. Woodard—Aviation Engines.

U. S. Marine Corps Institute Activity

Total number students enrolled July 31, 1935	4,577
Students enrolled during July, 1935	373
Students enrolled during June, 1935	394
Students disenrolled during July, 1935	291
Lesson papers received during May, 1935	3,800
Lesson papers received during June, 1935	3,860
Lesson Papers received during July, 1935	3,861
Total lesson papers received since establishment	601,203
Graduates during month of July, 1935	39
Graduates since establishment	6,733
I. C. S. Diplomas awarded since establishment	6,489
Graduates Post Exchange Bookkeeping and Accounting	244

Classification

Enlisted	3,666
Commissioned	63
Navy Enlisted	54
Navy Commissioned	5
Enlisted FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE	768
Commissioned FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE	15
Dependents	6
Total	4,577

The Following are Eligible for Enrollment

Officers and enlisted men of the regular Marine Corps.

Naval personnel serving with the Marine Corps.

Personnel of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty or attached to Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Companies, or serving with Fleet.

Reserve Aviation Squadrons and Aviation Service Companys.

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Officers and enlisted on the retired list. Marine General Court-Martial prisoners. Dependents of Marines upon payment of textbooks used.

DEATHS

Officers

DUNK, Edward F., 1st Lt., retired, died July 18, 1935, of disease at Villa Park, Ill. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary McK. Dunk, wife, 303 South Illinois Ave., Villa Park, Ill.

STEPHENS, Ernest J., Pay Clerk, retired, died August 21, 1935, of disease at U. S. Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif. Next of kin: Miss Lillian J. Stephens, daughter, 1517 Virginia St., Berkeley, Calif.

ORTON, William H., 2nd Lt., USMCR, inactive, died August 11, 1935, by drowning at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. W. H. Orton, wife, 2074 Howard Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.

VANDOREN, Lucian H., Major, USMCR, inactive, died August 19, 1935, of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Katherine S. Vandoren, wife, 3971 Harrison St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Enlisted Men

ARNDT, Lloyd B., Pfc., died August 5, 1935, as the result of an automobile accident at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mr. Benjamin C. Arndt, father, R. F. D. No. 2, Mondamin, Iowa.

FLIEY, Alexander J., Sgt. Maj., died August 20, 1935, of disease at U. S. Naval Hospital, Canacao, Philippine Islands. Next of kin: Miss Bertie Fliey, sister, 10606 Englewood Drive, Cleveland, Ohio.

GARNAVICH, Frank E., Pvt., accidentally drowned July 24, 1935, in Piscataqua River, Portsmouth, N. H. Next of kin: Frank Garnavich, father, 1604 South Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

KOVALESKI, Theodore, Pvt., drowned August 5, 1935, in Chesapeake Bay while en route from Philadelphia, Pa., to Norfolk, Va. Next of kin: Joseph Sakaluski, step-father, 416 W. Coal St., Minersville, Pa.

LOWE, Robert S., Pvt., died August 24, 1935, of disease on board the USS. "Chaumont." Next of kin: Mrs. Norma M. Lowe, mother, 2409 Northeast Union Ave., Portland, Ore.

PURTLE, John T., Pvt., died August 26, 1935, as the result of an automobile accident at Richmond, Va. Next of kin: Mrs. E. J. Purtle, mother, Route No. 4, Little Rock, Ark.

WIND, Jack V., Pvt., died August 5, 1935, at Seattle, Wash. Next of kin: Mr. Jack Wind, father, 653 Bonnie Beach Place, Los Angeles, Calif.

BIGLER, Charles E., 1st Sgt., USMC, retired, died May 22, 1935, of disease at Roosevelt, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Bigler, wife, 397 Babylon Turnpike, Freeport, Long Island, N. Y.

THOMPSON, John S., QM. Sgt., USMC, retired, died February 28, 1935, of disease at Sterling, Colo. Next of kin: Mrs. Grace G. Thompson, wife, 704 N. Fourth St., Sterling, Colo.

STEARNS, Charles B., Sgt., Class II (d), FMCR, inactive, died July 9, 1935, at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Iva B. Buffaloe, step-mother, Box 226, Oxford, Miss.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

MT. Sgt. Frank J. Van, Class II (d), FMCR., August 15, 1935. Future address: Box 20, Route 1, Gresham, Ore.

Sgt. John J. Yarwood, Class II (b), August 21, 1935. Future address: Not recorded; assigned SRA.

Sgt. Oliver A. Cote, Class II (b), August 31, 1935. Future address: 12 Acorn Court, New London, Conn.

MT. Sgt. Glen Charles Personius, Class II (d), November 10, 1935. Future address: 7 Tieh Chiang Yuan, Peiping, China.

MT. Sgt. Fred Daniel Milam, Class II (d), August 30, 1935. Future address: General Delivery, Selma, Iowa.

RETIREMENTS

The following named men were placed on the retired list of enlisted men of the U. S. Marine Corps on the date set opposite each name:

Gy-Sgt. Gurdon F. Charsha, FMCR, August 1, 1935.
Sgt. Charles M. Evans, FMCR, August 1, 1935.
Cpl. James C. Strange, FMCR, August 1, 1935.
ST. Sgt. James W. Brown, USMC, August 1, 1935.
QM. Sgt. Barnett Neidle, FMCR, September 1, 1935.
QM. Sgt. Scudder Riddle, FMCR, September 1, 1935.
Sgt. Charles Hamm, FMCR, September 1, 1935.
Sgt. William R. Jones, FMCR, September 1, 1935.
Sgt. John Charles Smith, FMCR, September 1, 1935.
1st Sgt. Peter J. Schmid, USMC, September 1, 1935.
Sgt. Maj. Edwin O. Swift, USMC, September 1, 1935.

RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

2nd Lt. Hugh H. Mathews, San Diego, Calif., with rank from 30 July, 1935.

Naval Aviation Cadet Zane Thompson, Jr., Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, 3 July, 1935.

2nd Lt. Sumner W. Meredith, Roxbury, Mass., with rank from 23 August, 1935.

2nd Lt. Donald L. Dickson, Worcester, Mass., with rank from 23 August, 1935.

2nd Lt. Edward A. Kusich, San Francisco, Calif., with rank from 16 August, 1935.

Promotions

1st Lt. Herbert Clark, Jr., East St. Louis, Ill., with rank from 25 May, 1935.

1st Lt. Lawrence J. Dervaire, Montrose, Iowa, with rank from 25 May, 1935.

1st Lt. William J. Dow, South Portland, Maine, with rank from 25 May, 1935.

1st Lt. Sinclair T. Drivar, Los Angeles, Calif., with rank from 25 May, 1935.

1st Lt. Malcolm B. Calbreath, Webster, N. Y., with rank from 25 May, 1935.

1st Lt. Cecil A. Jamison, West Pittston, Pa., with rank from 25 May, 1935.

1st Lt. John G. Kapowich, Worcester, Mass., with rank from 25 May, 1935.

SENIORITY LISTING OF SERGEANTS MAJOR

AS OF SEPTEMBER, 1935

No.	Name	Date of rank
1.	Rice, Loyd B.	Nov. 1, 1917
2.	Moore, Lacey	April 12, 1918
3.	Larn, Horace	April 12, 1919
4.	Schneider, Oliver M.	Aug. 5, 1919
5.	Lang, Arthur J.	Oct. 27, 1919
6.	Dean, Samuel C.	Nov. 1, 1919
7.	Alexander, Leland H.	Dec. 30, 1919
8.	Smith, Eugene F.	Jan. 2, 1920
9.	McCallum, Charles P.	Jan. 27, 1920
10.	Kloth, Henry F.	July 3, 1920
11.	Hanford, Chester O.	July 30, 1926
12.	Carroll, William H.	Dec. 23, 1927
13.	Plumadore, Joseph A.	Jan. 7, 1929
14.	Lynch, Patrick J.	July 3, 1929
15.	Karchner, George B.	Aug. 20, 1929
16.	Wright, Ernest C.	Dec. 16, 1929
17.	Atkinson, Bennie C.	May 7, 1930
18.	Newgarde, Harvey S.	July 1, 1930
19.	White, Charles A.	July 1, 1930
20.	Lane, James R.	Nov. 5, 1930
21.	Steele, Arthur H.	Nov. 5, 1930
22.	Dickerson, Percy J.	Nov. 17, 1930
23.	Pince, William	Jan. 20, 1932
24.	Davis, Charles	May 4, 1932
25.	Twohig, Jeremiah	June 18, 1932
26.	Harrmann, William W.	July 21, 1932
27.	Cartmell, Hall V.	Oct. 18, 1932
28.	Carbary, James	July 20, 1934
29.	Clayton, Raymond	July 23, 1934
30.	Siegenthaler, Fred	Sept. 5, 1934
31.	Dietz, Cecil M.	Oct. 3, 1934
32.	Wilkins, Ford E.	Oct. 4, 1934
33.	Burton, Teresa C.	Feb. 1, 1935
34.	Florea, Hiram H.	Feb. 1, 1935
35.	Miller, Lewis	July 8, 1935
36.	Paul, William	July 12, 1935
37.	Abbott, Arthur E.	Aug. 11, 1935
38.	Bertol, Louis N.	Sept. 3, 1935

SERGEANTS MAJOR (A. & I.)

No.	Name	Date of rank
1.	Darr, Albert C.	Nov. 25, 1918
2.	Rogers, Victor H.	July 3, 1920
3.	Miller, Frank H.	Oct. 6, 1920
4.	Fisher, Frank L.	Nov. 2, 1921
5.	Moore, Fred'k J.	Oct. 9, 1923
6.	Cummings, George C.	July 31, 1926
7.	Ramberg, William T.	Oct. 26, 1928 (1)
8.	Thomas, Wesley J.	Oct. 26, 1928 (2)
9.	Krah, Joseph E.	Oct. 26, 1928 (3)
10.	Keller, William R.	March 1, 1930
11.	Sinopoli, Jack	June 2, 1930
12.	Carley, Thomas F.	April 1, 1931
13.	Larimore, Corey E.	Jan. 1, 1935
14.	Davis, Henry E.	April 6, 1935

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.....

NEW ADDRESS .....

.....

1st Lt. Albert C. Kuehnert, Cleveland, Ohio, with rank from 25 May, 1935.
1st Lt. Ernest S. Kaylor, Peoria, Ill., with rank from 25 May, 1935.
1st Lt. Arthur B. Maas, St. Paul, Minn., with rank from 25 May, 1935.
1st Lt. Henry T. Rudolf, Steubenville, Ohio, with rank from 25 May, 1935.
1st Lt. Wm. C. Shiels, Carmel, Calif, with rank from 25 May, 1935.
1st Lt. Leonard W. Ashwell, Seattle, Wash., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Roswell B. Burchard, Washington, D. C., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. LeRoy T. Campbell, Detroit, Mich., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Donald D. Flora, Detroit, Mich., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Loren H. Fryer, St. Louis, Mo., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Harold A. Johnson, Los Angeles, Calif., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Joseph Lyman, Chestnut Hill, Mass., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Lyle H. Meyer, Milwaukee, Wis., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Benjamin B. Southworth, Schoolcraft, Mich., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Daniel W. Porrey, Jr., Deer Isle, Maine, with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Lloyd E. Wagner, Portland, Ore., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Robert C. Bradford, Oklahoma City, Okla., with rank from 25 May, 1935.
1st Lt. Willis E. Hicks, Burlington, Iowa, with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Harry A. Mullarky, St. Paul, Minn., with rank from 25 May, 1935.
1st Lt. Tracy S. Smith, Detroit, Mich., with rank from 25 May, 1935.
1st Lt. William B. Barber, Quantico, Va., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Thomas C. Colt, Jr., Richmond, Va., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Donald M. Marshall, Santa Monica, Calif., with rank from 25 May, 1935.
1st Lt. Francis H. Bradbury, Newark, N. J., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Lewis H. Delano, Jr., Orleans, Mass., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Willard Reed, Jr., New York, N. Y., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
1st Lt. Frederick S. Angstadt, Chicago, Ill., with rank from 24 July, 1935.
Capt. Philip G. Strong, Hinckley, Calif., with rank from 16 August, 1935.

Separations

2nd Lt. William E. Hooper, discharged, 10 August, 1935.
2nd Lt. Alton P. Sparkman, discharged, 10 August, 1935.
2nd Lt. Edwin B. Rose, discharged, 10 August, 1935.
2nd Lt. Frank B. Birthright, resigned, 22 August, 1935.
Maj. Carroll F. Byrd, resigned, 22 August, 1935.
2nd Lt. Norman T. Jelly, resigned, 22 August, 1935.
2nd Lt. William F. McDonnell, discharged, 22 August, 1935.
2nd Lt. Charles C. Parker, resigned, 30 August, 1935.
2nd Lt. Harry Gusack, discharged, 28 August, 1935.
MarGnr. William E. Johns, discharged, 28 August, 1935.
Maj. Joseph J. Hurley, died, August, 1935.
Maj. Lucien H. Vandoren, died, 19 August, 1935.
2nd Lt. William H. Orton, died, 11 August, 1935.

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2nd Lt. Fred N. Burlew, died, 1 September, 1935.

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a score of 330 or better over the rifle qualification course for the target year 1935 since publication of the July Bulletin:

Capt. Merritt A. Edson	336
Gy-Sgt. John Blakley	336
1st Lt. Albert F. Moe	333
2nd Lt. Walter Asmuth, Jr.	332
Cpl. Emmett W. Orr	332
Pvt. John G. Jones	331
1st Lt. Frank M. Reinecke	330
Something to Shoot at	
Pfc. Louie E. Painter	339

HIGH SCORE (Pistol)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage of 95 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1935 since publication of the July Bulletin:

1st Lt. Joseph W. Earnshaw	97
1st Sgt. Johnson B. Hill	97
Gy-Sgt. John Hamas	97
Gy-Sgt. Ray Trevelyan	97
1st Lt. Alpha L. Bowser, Jr.	96
1st Lt. Edson L. Lyman	96
1st Lt. Coit D. Silard	96
MarGnr. William A. Lee	96
Gy-Sgt. Charles R. Jackson	96
Cpl. Marko G. Belovich	96
Tpr. Jim T. Childers	96
Tpr. David Pearl	96
1st Lt. Robert E. Fojt	95
Something to Shoot at	
1st Sgt. John D. Bellora	99
1st Sgt. Bernard G. Betke	99
Gy-Sgt. Roy M. Fowel	99
Sgt. Broox E. Clements	99

Headquarters Bulletin

PROMOTION EXAMINATIONS IN SPANISH

Beginning 1 January, 1936, second lieutenants and first lieutenants will be required to take an examination in Spanish in order to qualify for promotion. This is required by the change in Marine Corps Manual announced in Circular Letter No. 152.

COMMENDATION

The President of Nicaragua has conferred the Presidential Medal of Merit on Col. Charles F. B. Price, in recognition of the valuable services rendered by him to Nicaragua. The decoration and citation will be held by the State Department until acceptance is authorized by Congress.

EXAMINATION FOR PROMOTION

The following officers will be examined for promotion to the next higher rank on or about 14 October, 1935:

CAPTAIN

Ralph R. Robinson
Hamilton M. H. Fleming
Frederick E. Stack
Merritt A. Edson
Curtis W. LeGette
Joseph H. Fellows
Louis G. DeHaven
Lester A. Dessez

FIRST LIEUTENANT

Samuel K. Bird
Walter I. Jordan
Edwin C. Ferguson
Homer L. Litzenberg
Theodore B. Millard
Samuel S. Ballentine
James P. S. Devereux
Harold D. Harris
Martin S. Rahiser
Frank J. Uhlig
Adolph Zuber
Robert E. Hogaboom
Francis H. Brink
James Snedeker
John D. Blanchard
John N. Hart
Lionel C. Goudeau
Alfred R. Pefley

TARGET PRACTICE

Rifle Qualification Firing at the Principal Ranges So Far Recorded for the Target Year 1935

Recruits	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksmen	Unqualified	Qual.
Camp Wesley Harris	36—12%	86—27%	140—44%	52—17%	83%
Cape May	33—11%	79—26%	137—44%	59—19%	81%
Guantanamo Bay	27—13%	53—26%	70—34%	57—27%	73%
Hongkew	32—05%	120—18%	337—50%	187—27%	73%
International	6—04%	32—22%	76—52%	33—22%	78%
Maquinaya	36—10%	95—26%	163—45%	70—19%	81%
Mare Island	39—17%	69—29%	87—37%	39—17%	83%
Newport	7—09%	14—19%	29—38%	26—34%	66%
Parris Island	43—13%	87—27%	130—40%	67—20%	80%
Puuloa Point	30—12%	70—28%	88—36%	60—24%	76%
Quantico	136—07%	521—28%	852—45%	378—20%	80%
San Diego	251—19%	425—33%	469—36%	160—12%	88%
Wakefield	43—19%	45—20%	79—36%	56—25%	75%
Other Ranges	140—15%	234—25%	330—36%	216—24%	76%
	859—12%	1930—27%	2987—41%	1460—20%	80%
Parris Island	21—02%	158—18%	451—51%	253—29%	71%
San Diego	18—03%	109—21%	294—57%	98—19%	81%
MARINE CORPS	898—10%	2197—26%	3732—43%	1811—21%	79%

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It is impossible to explain in letters to friends or relatives all they want to know about your service in the U. S. Marine Corps. Just fill in this blank and let your folks read all these things from month to month during the coming year. Each number contains exclusive news, pictures, and features from all over the world where Marines are on duty.

If you could step into our office and read some of the hundreds of letters received from friends and relatives of Marines who have sent THE LEATHERNECK back home, and see how eager and well pleased these people are to have the magazine sent to them, you would not hesitate a moment to fill in and return the attached subscription blank.

Editor of The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C.

Here is my $2.50. Please put the following name on your subscription list for one year.

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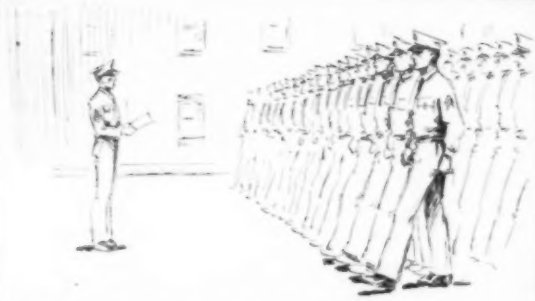
MARINE ODDITIES

BETWEEN THEM THEY COVER THE WORLD

THE TWO GREAT MARINE CORPS OF THE WORLD, THE U.S. AND THE ROYAL MARINES HAVE INSIGNIA QUITE SIMILAR IN FOUNDATION. EACH HAS A HALF A WORLD DISPLAYED ON ITS DEVICE, BUT THE U.S. HAS ONE HALF AND THE BRITISH THE OTHER. PUT THEM TOGETHER AND THE WORLD IS COVERED.

CAPTAIN GAINES MOSELEY, 5TH MARINES RAISED THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG ON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

COLONEL HENRY ROOSEVELT, USMC., THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, WAS ONE OF THE FIRST MARINE OFFICERS TO TAKE UP POLO. BACK IN THE PHILIPPINE DAYS OF 1903 WHEN HE WAS A CAPTAIN, HE PLAYED ON THE OLD CAVITE PARADE GROUND. AMONG THOSE WITH WHOM HE PLAYED WERE THE THEN LIEUTENANTS TURRILL, MEADE AND HUGHES.



DURING A RECENT CALL FOR VOLUNTEER BLOOD DONORS FOR A TRANSFUSION, THE ENTIRE MARINE DETACHMENT AT THE PHILADELPHIA NAVY YARD RESPONDED

WHILE BEING TAKEN TO A SLAUGHTER HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA A 1300 LB. STEER BROKE LOOSE. AFTER A TWO MILE CHASE BY POLICEMEN THE STEER DASHED INTO THE NAVY YARD, BOWLING OVER PVT. ROBERT HERSTEIN WHEN HE MADE A DIVE FOR ITS HORNS. COL. L.F. GULICK CALLED FOR VOLUNTEERS AND FIFTY "COWBOYS" WENT AFTER THE ANIMAL. PVT. ROBERT R. THOMPSON LASSOED THE STEER BUT WAS DRAGGED FIFTY FEET. PVT. JAMES TYER JR. FINALLY CAUGHT THE LARIAT AND THREW THE ANIMAL.

STATION

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☐ Agriculture	☐ Civil & Structural Eng.	☐ Salesmanship	☐ Electricity	☐ Mathematics
☐ Poultry	☐ Plumbing	☐ Shop Practice	☐ English	☐ Gas Engines
☐ Architecture	☐ Heating	☐ Telephony & Telegraphy	☐ First Year College	☐ Diesel Engines
☐ Contracting & Bldg.	☐ Ventilation	☐ Traffic Management	☐ Grade School	☐ French
☐ Automobile	☐ Steam Fitting	☐ Civil Service	☐ High School	☐ Spanish
☐ Aviation	☐ Air Conditioning	☐ Commercial Courses	☐ Naval Academy Prep.	☐ Mechanical Eng.
☐ Business Management	☐ Radio	☐ Good English	☐ Warrant Officer's Prep.	☐ Navigation
☐ Service Station Salesmanship				

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Organization.....

Station.....

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TRACK STAR. James Bausch reports: "Camels are so mild they don't get my wind or cut down my endurance. And Camel is a better-tasting cigarette; always rich and mellow."

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DIVER. Harold ("Dutch") Smith says: "After a meet, a Camel restores my energy. And what's equally important to me—Camels never affect my endurance or interfere with my wind."

JANE FAUNTZ, Olympic Swimming and Diving Star. "Since I started smoking, I have always smoked Camels," says Miss Fauntz. "They do not get my wind or jangle my nerves." Other champions agree as to the mildness of Camels... their fragrance and flavor... their good taste. Athletes say Camels don't fray their nerves or get their wind.

GOLF CHAMPION. Gene Sarazen says: "Playing as much as I do, I *hate* to keep in 'condition.' I smoke Camels. They are so mild they never get my wind—never upset my nerves."

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